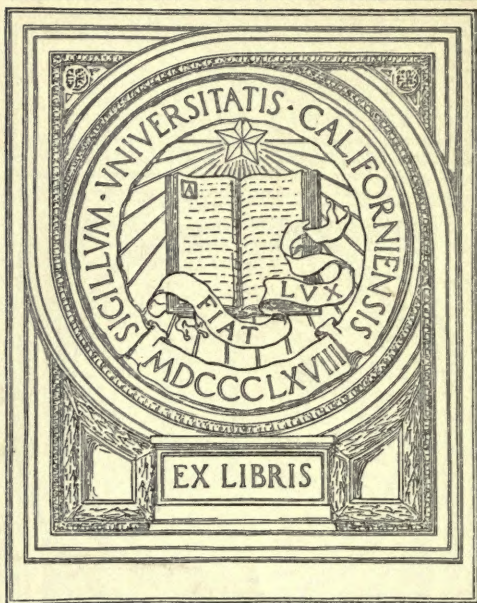



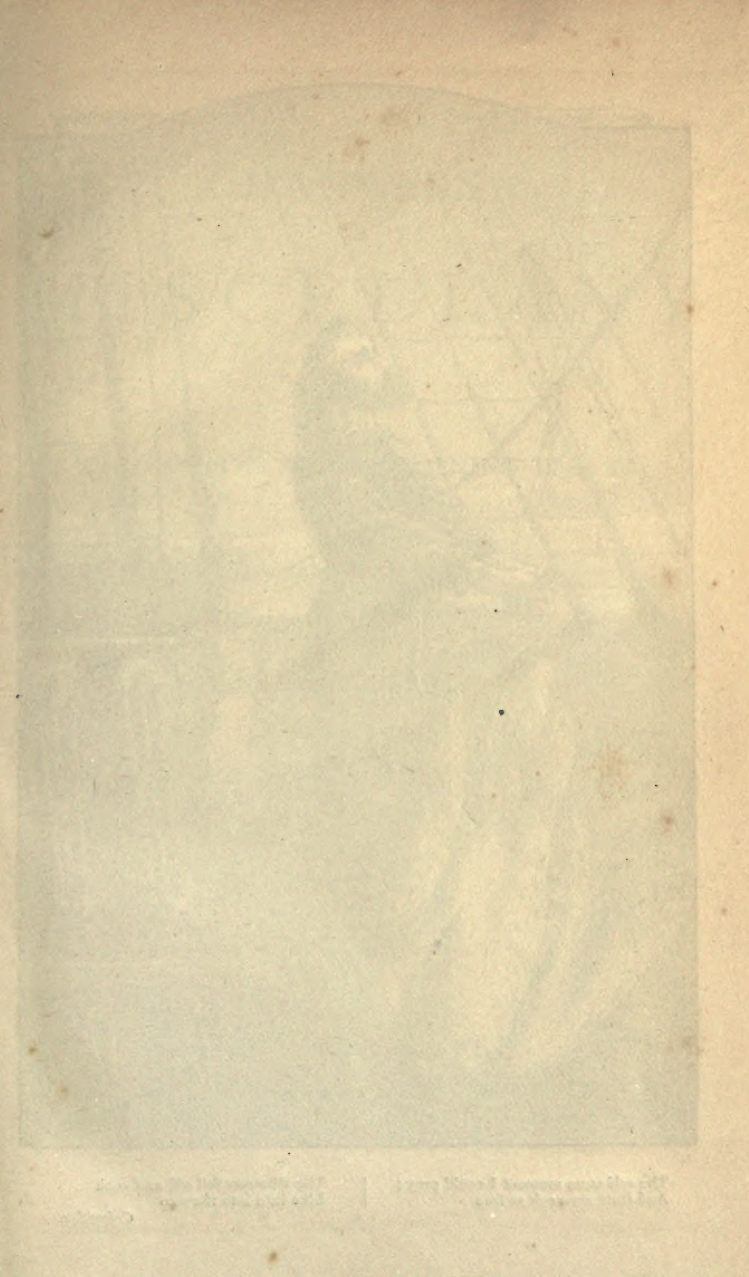
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



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The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free

The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

Coleridge.

CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

VOL. IV.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

FIVE hundred years ago, a considerable part of France was under the rule of the kings of England. The manner in which the English gained possession of territories in that country is perhaps not very generally known. When William, Duke of Normandy, fixed by conquest his sway over England, he still retained his Norman possessions. These, with some other districts, descended as an heritage to the English crown, so that, in process of time, when the invasion of the Normans was forgotten, it almost appeared as if the English had intruded themselves into Normandy, instead of the Norman dukes having intruded themselves into England. With Normandy as a stronghold, the English monarchs contrived to extend their possessions in France by means of wars, for which it was always easy to find a pretext. Besides this odious practice, there was another means of extending kingdoms much resorted to in these times. This consisted in the intermarriage of princes and princesses. When the son of an English king married the daughter and heiress of a French duke, and when the duke died, his possessions, including all the people upon them, became, as a matter of course, the lawful patrimony of his daughter's family. Vast possessions, in what is now included under the name France, were thus added to the English crown. One of the most sweeping encroachments of this kind arose from the marriage of a daughter of Charles VI. of France to Henry V. of England. When Charles VI. died

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(1422), the succession was settled on his son-in-law Henry, to the exclusion of a son, Charles—a man of weak dispositions. Henry V. died before he was installed in this splendid acquisition, but he left a son, Henry VI., who inherited his claims, and though only a child, was acknowledged as king by the greater part of France, and crowned in Paris. This event gave the English a much more extended footing in France than they ever had before. In point of fact, with the exception of certain provinces under independent dukes and counts, they had a complete mastery in the country, and the sovereigns were henceforth styled kings of France and England.

What, it may be asked, were the feelings of the French people on finding themselves so coolly handed over to a foreign power? At the time we speak of, the people at large were for the greater part serfs or bondsmen, under powerful nobles, and to them one king was generally as good as another. Their occasional oppression under these feudal chiefs was their principal grievance, and sometimes they arose in immense numbers and slew the nobility and their families. A dreadful outburst of this nature occurred about the year 1358, and is known in history as the revolt of the *Jacquerie*. Sometimes much blood was also shed by the contentions of rival dukes, each bringing his vassals into the field to fight against the other. A fierce civil war of this kind took place a short time previous to the accession of Henry VI.

This young king being incapable of ruling in his own person, his government in France was conducted by the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester. These noblemen had a difficult part to act; for Charles, the Dauphin, or son of the late king of France, had a party in the state who favoured his preferable claims to the throne; and, besides, the civil broils among the noblesse and peasantry kept everything unsettled. The English power, fortified by the Duke of Burgundy, was, however, supreme. All the towns and forts were garrisoned with English soldiers; and it is not unlikely that, with prudent management, and with a popular monarch, France would have irrevocably become a province of England.

Such a misfortune for both countries was prevented in a most singular manner by the intrepidity of a peasant-girl; and it is the story of this girl that we now propose to tell, and we tell it to the shame of the English nation—the shame of bigotry—the shame of having cruelly maltreated an innocent and patriotic maiden.

EARLY LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Jeanne Darc, or, as we translate the name, Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1412. Her parents—Jacques Darc, and his wife Isabelle—were cottagers, who dwelt in Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine, in the north-eastern part of France. Joan had a sister who died young, and three brothers, who lived to reap advantages

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from their sister's heroism. Jacques Darc and his wife were honest and industrious people, who entertained no other ambition than that of bringing up their children creditably in their own station. Joan was not instructed in reading or writing—but we must remember that such accomplishments were rare at the time when printing was unknown, and when learning was confined almost entirely to the priests. It is certain, however, that she had many comparative advantages; her parents were distinguished for piety and good-conduct, and there can be no doubt that she was early instructed by them in the tenets of the Christian religion. Her mother taught her to spin and to sew; and from every record of her early years, we may gather that she was looked upon as a modest, industrious, kind-hearted girl; and sufficiently distinguished for the fervour of her religious impressions, to be sometimes laughed at by her companions for preferring to attend church to joining with them in the song or the dance. There are many testimonials of her zeal and devotion in the exercises of religion, which she appears to have always performed without show or affectation. And often, when occupied in the fields weeding or reaping, she was known to separate from her companions, and afterwards found offering up her prayers in some secluded nook. When we add that she was also distinguished by shyness and timidity, thoughtful observers may perhaps discover a key to her character.

Joan of Arc has never been represented as a person of many words; and certainly the simplest clue to her extraordinary history would be found in considering her of that earnest, thoughtful temperament which broods constantly on the ideas which have once taken fast hold of the mind, and which, when joined to a vivid imagination and high-toned moral feeling, is sure to produce a warm but sincere enthusiast.

In the neighbourhood¹ of the village of Domremy, on the road which led to Neufchâteau, there was a fine old beech-tree, whose arching boughs, descending to the ground, formed a kind of vault, and which, time out of mind, had been called 'the Fairies' Tree.' Near to it there arose a spring called the 'Fairies' Well.' The tree and spring were the objects of superstitious offerings by the ignorant villagers; but not so to Joan of Arc, who would attend no *fêtes* and dances in honour of the tree or well; and on all such occasions she preferred to carry garlands of flowers to hang at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Domremy.

If we add that Joan, as she grew up, was not confined to household duties; that, on the contrary, she was accustomed to frequent outdoor employment, and often drove cattle and horses to graze and to water, mounting the latter with little or no accoutrements, which might well account for the equestrian skill and fearless riding she afterwards displayed, we believe we have related all by which her early girlhood was distinguished..

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But, with her warm enthusiasm and ardent imagination, the village girl must have been an eager listener to the many tales of outrage, woe, and suffering inseparable from the condition of her oppressed country; and which, from far and near, must have floated on the breath of rumour even to Domremy. We learn that, with one single exception, the villagers were all Armagnacs, as the adherents of Charles were called, from the part which the Count d'Armagnac took in the struggle; but that the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Masey were of the rival party of Burgundians. We learn, too, that the children of both places carried out the factious animosities of their elders into their own childish play; and that mock-fights, in which sticks and stones often proved dangerous weapons, were common between them. Joan had frequently beheld her young friends and her own brothers covered with blood after these fierce encounters; and while such things were proofs of the strong party-feelings which existed under an apparent calm, they must themselves have kept alive and kindled the very enthusiasm from which they sprung. Nay, on one occasion at least, their country's troubles came more nearly home to the villagers of Domremy than through mimic fights, or the echoing reports of far-off calamities. A party of Burgundian cavalry drove them, with their families and flocks, from their peaceful homes, and compelled them to take refuge elsewhere. On this occasion the family of Darc found shelter in a hostelry at Neufchâteau, a town which, belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, was safe from aggression. Here they remained fifteen days, during which time it is highly probable that Joan, as some return for the hospitality and protection afforded, assisted in many domestic offices; at anyrate, this conjecture is the only foundation for the story of Joan having been servant at an inn, a story first related by a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by English historians.

Joan was between thirteen and fourteen years of age when, according to her own account, she began to see visions, and hear the voices of departed saints calling upon her to re-establish the throne of France. Now that time has removed the mists of prejudice, and reason, with many helps from science and experience, is allowed to rule our opinions, we see in these supposed preternatural revelations only the workings of an ardent and imaginative temperament. Swayed by those two powerful emotions, religious and political enthusiasm, Joan was no impostor. Her mind, feeding upon itself, had become in some measure deranged, and produced those impressions which the simplicity of her own nature interpreted as direct messages from Heaven. This belief is indeed the only satisfactory key to her conduct: she believed herself a chosen instrument in the hands of the Deity, and by the strength of this faith the heroine was supported.

The battles of Crevant and Verneuil had apparently annihilated

the hopes of the Dauphin—or, as we will more properly call him, Charles VII.—when Joan believed herself to be first visited by supernatural agents. Of course her own testimony is the only one afforded. She said that, when sitting one summer day in her father's garden, she saw a shining light in the direction of the church, and heard a voice bidding her continue pious and good, and assuring her that God would bless her. The second vision took a far more distinct form. On this occasion, she says, she was tending her flocks in the fields when she heard the same voice, but she beheld also the majestic forms of St Catharine and St Margaret, while the voice announced itself as that of the Archangel Michael. It now delivered some mysterious words, intimating that France should be delivered from the English yoke through her means. This second vision filled her soul with rapture; and, as a token of gratitude to the Most High for choosing her as an instrument of his will, she took a vow to remain unmarried, and to devote herself entirely to her mission.

Her own family seem to have treated these rhapsodies very lightly; although it is reported that her father, dreading she might be worked on by some men-at-arms, and induced to follow the army, declared that 'he would rather drown her with his own hands,' than live to witness such a thing. Meanwhile she was sought in marriage by an honest yeoman, whose suit was warmly encouraged by her parents. Joan, however, positively refused; and the lover resorted to the singular expedient of declaring she had promised him marriage, and citing her before a legal tribunal, believing they would compel her to fulfil the same. But the maid undertook her own defence; and having declared on oath that she had made no such promise, sentence was given in her favour. From this otherwise unimportant incident we may gather two facts—namely, that Joan was already possessed of great firmness, and that her character for honour and veracity stood high.

Public events now began to excite party-feeling to the highest pitch. The Duke of Bedford had returned to France, and, including a reinforcement from Burgundy, had sent forth a mighty army against Charles. He had intrusted its command to the Earl of Salisbury, who was assisted by the valiant officers, Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, and Sir William Gladsdale. Salisbury having reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which had offered but a feeble resistance to his arms, proceeded to the chief object of the enterprise, the siege of Orleans, a city which commanded the Loire and the entrance to the southern provinces, and was the last stronghold of Charles and his party. Had Orleans been subdued, the troops of Bedford might easily have penetrated the open country beyond the Loire, and have driven the court of Charles to seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné.

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It was in the month of October 1428 that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury ; but happily his design had been foreseen, and every preparation had been made both by the French king and the inhabitants themselves to prepare for a long and desperate defence. The Sire de Gaucourt was appointed governor ; and two of the bravest captains of the age, Pothon de Saintrailles, and Dunois, threw themselves, with a large body of followers, into the city, while the citizens on their part shewed the most patriotic spirit. They brought to the common stock even a larger sum than the heavy taxes they had imposed upon themselves ; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the opposite or south bank of the Loire, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford shelter to the English ; and from a similar motive the vineyards and gardens within two miles of the city were laid waste. The men competent to bear arms were enrolled for that purpose, while the remainder of the inhabitants employed themselves almost unceasingly in prayer, and in bearing the relics from church to church with solemn processions.

The first assault of the enemy was directed against the bulwark which defended the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank ; and after a vigorous resistance, and considerable loss, they dislodged the towns-people from the place. The latter now planted themselves at two towers which had been erected some way forward on the bridge, and breaking down one of the arches behind them for the security of the city, kept up their own communication with it only by planks and beams, which could be in a moment removed. But the next day Sir William Gladsdale, finding the waters of the Loire sufficiently shallow, waded with his men to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He then connected them with the bulwark already obtained, and formed a fort, which enabled him to plant a battery against the apparently devoted city. This success, however, cost the life of the Earl of Salisbury, who, a few days afterwards, having ascended one of these towers to view the works, and examine more nearly the enemy's walls, was killed by a splinter from a cannon-ball—this, by the way, being one of the earliest sieges at which cannon was found to be of importance. The Earl of Suffolk succeeded to the command ; and after experiencing in several attacks the stubborn resolution of the besieged, he resolved to surround the city with forts, and reduce it by all the horrors of famine.

The winter was occupied in the construction of these forts, though numerous assaults from the one party, and sallies from the other, bore witness to the undiminished energy of the besiegers, and the untiring constancy of the besieged. While the English works remained incomplete, food and reinforcements occasionally found their way into Orleans ; and as the French troops beyond ravaged the country, it sometimes happened that they cut off the necessary

supplies of the English. Yet, on the whole, both the stores and garrison of Orleans sensibly diminished; and as the besieged saw tower after tower arising to complete the circle which was to bind them, it became evident that, unless some surprising effort was made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

JOAN SETS OUT ON HER MISSION.

The news of the events just related kindled the fervent imagination of Joan to its highest pitch. For a time, her visions and the instructions of 'her voices' might have wavered somewhat indistinctly, but now they clearly indicated two objects which she was to achieve—first, the raising of the siege of Orleans; and secondly, that Charles should be solemnly crowned at Rheims. In the latter promise we may clearly trace the influence of that firm religious faith which had always been so strong an element in Joan's character; for to the priests and to the pious among the populace, Charles was not a lawful king until his claims were thus sanctified—his head encircled with the ancient crown, and anointed with the holy oil.

But the time for action was at hand; and Joan determined that her first step should be to seek an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, and, revealing her visions to him, entreat his assistance to reach the king's presence. She dared not impart her scheme to her parents, knowing that they would throw additional obstacles in her way; but strong in the belief that hers was a divine commission, that was to supersede even the ties of filial duty, the maid had now recourse to stratagem. She feigned a strong desire to pay a visit of a few days to her maternal uncle, Durand Laxart, who resided at the village of Petit Burey, situated between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. She contrived to have her wishes intimated to him, and Laxart himself came to fetch his niece, and to gain her parents' consent to the visit. It was in this manner that Joan of Arc left that humble home to which she was never more to return.

It would seem that Joan had a strong affection for this uncle, and much confidence in him; for, during the seven or eight days she remained at his house, she confided all her visions, hopes, and aspirations to him. Eloquent must have been her words, for it is quite clear that she persuaded Laxart of the truth of her mission; and we can understand with what rapture Joan, now about seventeen or eighteen years of age, felt that there was one at least who treated these holy revelations with due respect. Laxart, in fact, decided on going to the governor himself as a messenger from his niece; but when he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, Baudricourt treated these mysterious promises with the utmost ridicule,

and advised him 'to box her ears, and send her back to her parents.' Yet so far from being disheartened by this failure, Joan resolved to see him herself, declaring that she would go alone if need be. Her uncle, however, accompanied her.

It was with great difficulty that the peasant-girl obtained admission to the governor; and when in his presence, it was yet more difficult to win from him a patient hearing. But she opposed the energy of a determined will to derision and contempt, and determined to remain at Vaucouleurs, almost literally dividing her time between passionate appeals to the governor and fervent prayers in the church.

Once for a short time she returned to the village of Petit Burey, to await there the governor's answer; but she soon came back to Vaucouleurs, to renew her entreaties and protestations, declaring that she must, and she would reach the presence of the king, even if in doing so 'she wore through her feet to her knees.' Joan and her uncle lodged at Vaucouleurs at the house of a cartwright, with whose wife the maid formed an intimate acquaintance, being accompanied by her everywhere when her uncle was not at her side. This circumstance, carefully recorded, argues, we think, that Joan had already formed a plan from which she never deviated. In her after-career, as now, it was her custom in every town to choose some matron of irreproachable character as her companion and protectress. But to return to Vaucouleurs. Though she was slow in persuading the governor to listen either to her promises or requests, her fervent piety and earnest entreaties made a great impression on the towns-people. At last, Baudricourt consented to write to King Charles, and refer the question of her journey to his decision. Meanwhile, she had made two converts at Vaucouleurs of some importance. The first of these was a gentleman surnamed De Metz, who declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him, and who promised, 'on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, to lead her before the king.' The other was Bertrand de Poulengy, a gentleman who had been present at her first interview with Baudricourt, and who also resolved to escort her on her journey. The fame of Joan had also by this time reached the Duke of Lorraine, who sent for her, considering that, if she were endowed with supernatural powers, she could cure him of a dangerous disease under which he was suffering. But Joan replied, with truthful simplicity, that her mission was not to that prince, nor had she such a gift as that he desired. The duke dismissed her with a present of four livres, which were most probably highly acceptable; for though Baudricourt, worked on by De Metz and Poulengy, and by the force of popular opinion, was now consenting to her departure, the only assistance he rendered her was the present of a sword. Whether the governor had received any answer or not to the letter he had addressed to the king, is not recorded; but it was the honest Durand Laxart who, assisted by another countryman, borrowed the money

wherewith to purchase a horse for Joan's use ; and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, though it appears he was afterwards reimbursed by the king. The maid, by command, as she said, of ' her voices,' assumed male attire, which she wore throughout her expedition ; and Baudricourt so far protected her as to require an oath from her escort that they would take all possible means to conduct her safely to the court.

The news of these proceedings caused great consternation at Domremy. The parents of the maid hastened to Vaucouleurs ; but their dissuasions failed to shake her resolutions ; though she appears to have suffered greatly at witnessing their grief, and to have been uneasy until she received their forgiveness. There is no doubt this was shortly awarded to her. It was not according to human experience that Joan's immediate family should have been the first to acknowledge her as a ' prophetess ;' but neither were they the last ; and we find that, shortly afterwards, when at Touraine, she was joined by her youngest brother Pierre. Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February 1428 ; her escort consisting of six persons—namely, the Sires de Poulengy and de Metz, each with an attendant, a king's archer, and a certain Colet de Vienne, who is styled a king's messenger. Their direct road lay through a track of hostile country, where they would be exposed to the attacks of Burgundian and English soldiery ; to avoid which danger they chose the most unfrequented by-paths, traversed thick forests, and forded large rivers. But the maid seemed indifferent to toil or danger, her chief complaint being, that her escort would not allow her to stop so often as she desired to attend public worship in the churches.

They crossed the Loire at Gien, and, now on friendly ground, Joan began openly to declare her mission, announcing to all whom she met that she was sent from God to crown the king, and release the faithful city of Orleans. Wild as the story was, we should remember that it was an age when religion was superstition ; and no wonder that, when the news of a coming deliverer sent from Heaven reached the poor besieged, the hard-pressed dispirited band should welcome this bright ray of hope with renewed confidence. They seemed indeed well-nigh to have despaired of human aid. While Joan was detained at Vaucouleurs by Baudricourt's indecision, the besieged had besought the king once more to afford them some assistance ; and it was with the utmost difficulty Charles had mustered 3000 men. These, under the command of the Count of Clermont, were joined by 1000 men from the garrison, the plan being to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf opposed only 2000 soldiers to this force ; but so harassed, and weakened, and dispirited must the French have been, that they were completely routed, leaving 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was called

JOAN OF ARC,

the 'Battle of Herrings,' because the provisions under the charge of Fastolf chiefly consisted of salt-fish, for the use of the English army during Lent.

In the meantime, the young king, surrounded at the castle of Chinon, the retreat he had chosen, by pusillanimous counsellors, was more than half persuaded to abandon Orleans to its fate, and at once take refuge in the mountainous recesses of Dauphiné and Languedoc. But happily, the advice of some more patriotic spirit prevailed, and no such craven steps were taken.

Arrived at the village of St Catharine de Fierbois, a few leagues from Chinon, a messenger was despatched from Joan to the king; and though permission was easily awarded for her to proceed to a hostelry at the latter place, much grave deliberation ensued before she could be admitted to the royal presence. Some considered her a sorceress empowered by the Evil One; others looked upon her as a mad enthusiast; while not a few considered that, at so sad a crisis as the present, no promised means of deliverance, however extraordinary, should be rashly spurned. At last it was agreed that a commission should be appointed to receive her answers to certain questions; and their report proving favourable, and several lords of the court, whose curiosity had led them to visit her, being forcibly struck by her fervid piety and exalted strain of inspiration, the wavering Charles, after some further delay, decided to receive her.

It was in the hall of Chinon, lighted up for the occasion with fifty torches, and crowded with knights and nobles, that this remarkable audience took place. The king, the better to test Joan's powers, had so far disguised himself as to appear in plain clothes, mingling without ceremony among his courtiers, while some of them, splendidly attired, took the upper places. Undismayed at the splendour of the scene, or the gaze of the spectators, she advanced with a firm step, and with her acute eye at once singled out the king in a moment, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed: 'God give you good life, gentle king!'

'I am not the king; he is there,' replied Charles, pointing to one of his nobles, and condescending to a falsehood.

'In the name of God, you are he, and no other,' returned Joan. 'O most noble Dauphin!' she continued, 'I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to aid you and your kingdom. I am ready to take arms against the English. And I am commanded to announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims. Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you and upon your people, and that St Louis and Charlemagne are interceding for you now before him.'

Charles then drew her aside, and, after conversing with her for some time in an under-tone, he declared himself in favour of her oracular gifts.

While at Chinon, an incident occurred which went far to strengthen

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the popular belief in Joan's powers. A soldier, when she was passing by, addressed some rudeness to her, to which she gently replied, that such words ill became a man who might be so near his end. The soldier was drowned that very day in attempting to ford a river, and Joan's reproof was immediately regarded as a prophecy. The populace, indeed, were now growing warm in her behalf; and it is worthy of remark, that with them the maid always retained her ascendancy, while the faith of those more exalted in rank, and more about her person, constantly wavered; a proof, to our mind, of her own sincerity, for the reverse is always the case with a clever charlatan. There can be no doubt that the more closely she was seen, the more evident did her fervid piety and religious and political enthusiasm appear; but the warriors about her must also have discovered that she was totally ignorant of war and politics, and unable even without their mediation to reach the army. Charles's doubts returned, notwithstanding her marvellous communication to himself, and the case was referred to the university and parliament at Poitiers. A long and tedious theological examination ensued; messengers were despatched to Domremy to learn all the particulars of her early life; and every means being resorted to that could prove her spotless purity, the learned doctors—such learning!—gave it as their opinion, that Charles might accept her services without harm to his soul.

JOAN TAKES PART IN THE WAR.

Joan being now recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was equipped with a suit of knight's armour, and furnished with a certain sword, which she described as being marked with five crosses, and lying, with other arms, in the church-vault of St Catharine at Fierbois. A messenger was sent thither, and the old neglected weapon—said by some to have belonged to the redoubtable Charles Martel—was found precisely in the spot she had mentioned. This was interpreted as a new proof of her supernatural powers; but surely it is very possible that she might have seen the sword during her stay at Fierbois, when, there is no doubt, according to her usual custom, she attended mass. She was also provided with a banner of white, strewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription, 'Jhesus Maria.' This was made under her own direction, according to the instructions she said she had received from her 'voices.' A brave knight, named the Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; and she had two heralds and two pages.

Amid the doubts and difficulties and trials to which Joan had been subjected, two months had slipped away; so that it was the middle of April before these preparations were completed, and the maid

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appeared at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, in complete armour, but with her head uncovered, her beautiful chestnut hair braided across her forehead, and falling upon her neck, though not descending lower than her shoulders. Her fame had already so roused the soldiers' flagging spirits, and her appearance was so imposing, that, confident now of divine support, numbers who had flung down their arms in despair, rallied round the standard of the maid; and thus nearly 6000 men were assembled. The indolent monarch had again withdrawn to the retirement of Chinon; but his most valiant captains, De Boussac, De Culant, La Hire, De Retz, and De Loré, were ready for the field.

It had not been quite decided whether Joan was to control the troops, or only cheer them by her presence and promises of divine assistance. But this was not long a point of dispute; the rising enthusiasm among the common people was so marked, that the chiefs, perforce, gave way. One of her first steps was the bold endeavour to reform the morals of the camp by expelling all bad characters from it, and by calling upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. From Blois, the maid now dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, commanding them, under pain of vengeance from Heaven, to yield—not only that city, but all the towns of which they had unjustly acquired possession. It afterwards appeared that she had directed the scribe to write, 'Yield to the king;' but that he, instigated no doubt by the warriors about her, had written, 'Yield to the maid'—a striking proof that Joan was at this time used rather as an instrument by those near her person, than looked up to and implicitly obeyed as one divinely inspired.

The English affected to treat her summons with scorn; but the fame of the maid must already have reached them, with even exaggerated reports of her supernatural endowments; and it is very evident that the English, in their hearts, believed one of two things: either that she was inspired by God, in which case there would be sin in opposing her; or, according to the popular faith of the period, that she was strengthened by Satanic agency—the latter being by no means an encouraging prospect for the enemy. As for the wretched besieged, they were now reduced to the utmost need; and the first object of the French chiefs was to convey food into the city. They had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions for this purpose: and Joan, now asserting her authority, insisted they should proceed with one of them along the northern bank of the Loire; while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, believing this to be more weakly guarded by the English. Unable to alter her decision, and yet distrusting her judgment, they took advantage of her ignorance of the country, and persuaded her that they were still on the northern bank when really traversing the southern one. After two days' march, Joan discovered the deception, and broke out

into angry reproaches at finding that the Loire still flowed between her and the beleaguered city. It really did seem that her plan, as it turned out, would have been the safer. The night was coming on, a storm was raging, and the wind was dead against them, so that the boats Dunois had brought to receive the supplies bade fair to be of little use. However, the maid insisted they should be immediately put on board, although the chiefs now counselled delay. Joan assured them that the wind would change ; which really happened, and the welcome convoy reached Orleans in safety.

It was Joan's wish that the army who had accompanied her should throw themselves into the city, and without delay attack the English, and force them to raise the siege ; but the captains declared that it was their duty to return to Blois, for the purpose of escorting the second convoy of provisions. Finding that she could not shake this determination, which, till the present moment, had been kept secret from her, she still obtained a promise that this second convoy should be brought by the northern bank through Beauce, as she had on the former occasion directed. She likewise stipulated that Father Pasquerel and the other priests should remain with the army to preserve its morality, and perform the religious ceremonies on which she insisted. While, for herself, she undertook, at the entreaty of Dunois, to enter the beleaguered city and share its fortunes. Accordingly, she stepped into his boat, standard in hand, and was followed by the brave La Hire and several others. Two hundred lances crossed in other boats. They must actually have embarked close under an English fort ; but the besieged had sallied out in another direction to draw off the enemy's attention.

It was late in the evening of the 29th of April 1429 when Joan of Arc entered the city, having certainly surmounted dangers and difficulties enough in reaching the place to confirm the popular belief in her divine protection. Moreover, the promised deliverer had come, heralded by the lightning and the thunder, and the first sign of her beneficent power was to bring plenty to the starving people. No wonder that their already excited imaginations were yet more keenly affected by gratitude and hope, or that they thronged round her with eager acclamations and devotion. Women, children, and old men pressed near to touch even her armour, or the white charger on which she rode, fondly believing they thus drew down a blessing.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, and notwithstanding it was nearly midnight, the maid first proceeded to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was chanted by torch-light. She then selected her dwelling, according to her usual practice, at the house of one of the most esteemed ladies of the city, and retired to rest, contenting herself for refreshment with a piece of bread soaked in wine and water, although a splendid repast had been prepared for her, and although she had not tasted food since early in the morning. The house in which Joan lodged at Orleans is still shewn. The interior has been

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altered ; but it is believed by antiquaries that the street-front is the same as in her time.

The next morning the maid had a conference with Dunois and others, at which her advice was to proceed immediately to action ; but her opinion was overruled, and it was decided they should wait the arrival of the second convoy of provisions. Meanwhile, though she spoke confidently of raising the siege, she seemed desirous, if possible, to save bloodshed ; and directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, a letter of warning into the English lines. She also advanced along the bridge, and herself exhorted them in a loud voice to depart. However, as before, they treated her threats with insult and ridicule ; but their derision was probably only the readiest mask for real apprehension. Nor can we wonder that the English were cowed ; for, setting aside any dread of the supernatural, they must at anyrate have felt that the exertions of the last seven months were set at nought, since the besieged were again well stocked with provisions, and full of hope. They must indeed have been dispirited ; for when the second convoy drew near, they suffered the heroic Joan and La Hire to sally forth and escort it, without so much as raising one note of defiance, or one man stirring to intercept the wagons and herds which came to enrich the city !

Fatigued with this exertion, she had thrown herself on her bed ; but, as it is reported, she was too much agitated to sleep. At the same time, unknown to her, a part of the garrison, flushed with the morning's success, had sallied out and attacked the English bastille of St Loup. Suddenly, Joan started from her couch, and procuring her banner, darted full speed in the direction of the uproar ; when she reached the scene of action, she plunged headlong among the combatants. The battle raged fiercely for three hours, but it ended in the overthrow of the English ; all of whom found within the walls of the fort were put to the sword, except forty prisoners, and a few who, having disguised themselves in priests' garments, were saved at the intercession of the maid.

The next day, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension, and as such was religiously kept by the French. No new attack was made on the enemy ; but the day was devoted to prayers and thanksgivings, in which Joan, as usual, was foremost. The following morning, however, accompanied by La Hire and other chiefs, another onset was made ; and after a day's hard fighting, their success was so decided, that only one fort—although this was the strongest—remained in the hands of the English. A body of French troops was planted for the night on the northern shore, but Joan returned into the city, having been slightly wounded in the fort.

It was the Bastille des Tournelles which the English still retained. This fort was defended on one side by the broken bridge with its massy wall ; on the land-side was a formidable bulwark, with a deep ditch filled with the waters of the Loire. It was commanded by the

brave Gladsdale, and picked soldiers; and notwithstanding Joan's wonderful achievements, the French chiefs could not hide their misgivings as to her future success. They wished to rest content with the freedom of communication now opened to the provinces, and to delay any further attack until they should receive fresh reinforcements. But Joan would not listen to such arguments. She talked again of her celestial advisers, and persisted in setting out. Not, however, till she had actually left the city, followed by an eager multitude, was she joined by the chiefs, who now determined to share her perils, and whose valiant conduct certainly proved that their hesitation had not proceeded from fear.

In proportion as the French were elated by Joan's presence, so were the English panic-stricken. It was an age in which all classes, learned as well as ignorant, believed in diabolical agency and witchcraft; and hence the English soldiery could scarcely be considered poltroons for quailing before one whom they imagined to be a sorceress. The English commanders tried to rally their men, but they could neither persuade them to assist their comrades, nor to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale, in the Bastille des Tournelles, was left to his own resources; fortunately, his 500 men of garrison were the flower of the English army, and his fortifications were of amazing strength, so that his resistance was long and desperate. A well-sustained discharge both from bows and firearms was kept up; and as quickly as scaling-ladders were placed, they were hewn down by hatchets and mallets. It was about ten in the morning that the assault had begun, and about noon when Joan planted a ladder against the walls, and began ascending. But an arrow from the fort pierced through her corselet, wounding her in the neck, and she fell into the ditch beneath. The English were pressing down to make her their prisoner, when she was rescued by her countrymen, and carried to a place of safety. The agony of her wound drew a few tears from her eyes; but she plucked out the arrow with her own hands, and assured the bystanders that she had received consolation from her two saints. She desired that the wound should be quickly dressed, and insisted on hastening back to head the troops, who, although the conflict had been suspended in her absence, were no way disheartened by this accident, as they now remembered she had more than once foretold that she should be wounded.

Refreshed by this short rest, and yet more inspirited by her return, they rushed with fresh ardour on the English, who quailed with astonishment at the sudden appearance in arms of her whom they had hurled down, and whom they thought they had seen at the point of death. Bewildered by their fears, some of them declared they saw angelic forms fighting on the side of the French; while the more matter-of-fact party were dismayed at hearing that another body of the towns-people had advanced to the broken arch, where

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they were keeping up a murderous fire, and endeavouring, by the aid of beams of wood, to force a passage. Sir William Gladsdale, thus sorely pressed, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his remaining force within the towers. While attempting to do this, he came full in the sight of Joan, who cried out to him to surrender; but, heedless of her summons, he pursued his way along the drawbridge. At this moment, a cannon-ball from the French batteries broke the drawbridge asunder, and Gladsdale, with his most valiant followers, perished in the stream. The victory was now complete. Three hundred of the garrison of the Tournelles were already slain, and the remaining 200 yielded with scarcely a show of resistance. The loss of the English before Orleans amounted to between 7000 and 8000 men.

This remarkable engagement, which relieved Orleans, took place on the 7th of May 1429. At the close of the struggle, Joan, according to her prediction, returned by the way of the bridge. It was indeed a triumphal entry. The joy-bells rang from all the churches, and the acclamations of the people rent the air. The *Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral, whither the people flocked to offer up their grateful thanks; and the victorious troops, proud to relate particulars, were surrounded by eager listeners. But the holy maid was the centre of all hearts and eyes; and Dunois and the other captains who attended her as she entered presumed not to take any merit to themselves. The next morning, Sunday the 8th of May, the English, with heavy hearts, began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire, after committing their remaining lodgments and redoubts to the flames. For want of the means of transport, they left behind their baggage, and the sick and wounded; and they had at the last moment challenged the enemy to come out in battle-array, and meet them on the open field. But Joan wisely dissuaded them from so rash a waste of life and energy, crying: 'In the name of God, let them depart, and let us go and give thanks to God!' And so saying, she led the way to high-mass.

The first part of Joan's promise had now been achieved, the result shewing how much may be done in cases of the worst emergency by one eager and dauntless mind. Her heroism in relieving the long-beleaguered city procured her from this time the title of PUCELLE D'ORLEANS (Maid of Orleans), by which she is still chiefly known in France. In grateful remembrance of the succour which the perplexed citizens of Orleans had received through her instrumentality, they set apart the 8th of May for devotional exercises, and this day is still held sacred as a holiday in Orleans.

ATTENDS CHARLES'S CORONATION AND COURT.

The day after the raising of the siege, Joan began the preparations for her departure. Until the king should be crowned at Rheims,

she considered her mission but half fulfilled ; and neither elated with her triumphs, and the homage she was receiving, nor wearied with her toils, she left Orleans on the 10th of May, and arrived at Blois the same day. Indeed, the only way to account for the immense bodily fatigue Joan so surprisingly endured—even granting her to have had from nature and a hardy training a most robust constitution—is to allow largely for that kind of artificial strength derived from the excitement of her mind.

Notwithstanding the apparently miraculous fulfilment of her first prediction, Charles did not at present yield to her urgent entreaties that he would undertake an expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary previously to reduce other places on the Loire which were still held by the English ; and, as if the chiefs whom Joan had left at Orleans were of the same opinion (or it is not unlikely they were anxious to win some laurels unshared by the heroine), scarcely had she departed, when they resolved to attack Jargeau, a place now defended by the Earl of Suffolk and several hundred men. But after many days being vainly spent, and little progress made, Joan came to their assistance ; and chiefly, there is no doubt, from the ardour with which her presence inspired the troops, the town was taken. Yet here the maid met with an accident very similar to that which she had encountered at Orleans : she was a second time thrown from a scaling-ladder which she had planted into the fosse or ditch ; on this occasion, by a huge stone which rolled from the wall, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her down. Although much hurt, she was able to rise again immediately, and to lead on the soldiers, still crying that victory was sure. The Earl of Suffolk was made prisoner in this furious encounter.

The fall of Jargeau deterred other garrisons from resistance ; and Talbot, now at the head of the English forces, gathered them into one body, and began a hasty retreat towards the Seine. In his way, he met Fastolf with a reinforcement of 4000 men ; but the French at the same time received an accession of the like number, under the command of Arthur de Richemont, the Constable of France.

It was now the policy of the combined chiefs to overtake the English army in its retreat ; and on the 18th of June they came up with it near the village of Patay. So dispirited were the English—so subdued by their late reverses—so awe-stricken at the idea of the maid's supernatural powers, that they offered but slight resistance to the impetuous attack of the French. Fastolf, who had been on former occasions renowned for his bravery, was one of the first to flee—an act for which he was afterwards deprived of the Order of the Garter. Lord Scales, Lord Hungerford, and other Englishmen of rank, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and even the brave Talbot surrendered to Saintrailles. The loss of the English in this battle was reckoned at between 4000 and 5000

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men, of whom between 2000 and 3000 were killed, the remainder being taken prisoners. It is an extraordinary fact, though on all hands accredited, that the French lost but one man, an esquire in the company of the Count of Armagnac. Joan of Arc performed in this battle prodigies of valour; but as soon as the victory was decided, and while the French soldiers were eagerly pursuing the fugitives, she busied herself in staying the carnage, and, like a true woman, in tending the wounded, and in affording religious consolations to the dying.

The maid, with the chief captains of the army, repaired to Sully, to render to Charles an account of the victory. Saintrailles, in a chivalrous spirit, requested to be allowed to release his prisoner, the brave Talbot, without ransom—a permission which was graciously awarded to him. The aspect of affairs was now so pleasing, that though doubts and difficulties still lay in the way of Charles's expedition to Rheims, he at least listened to Joan's entreaties with patience and attention.

Collecting 10,000 or 12,000 men at Gien, Charles commenced his march, accompanied by Joan and his bravest captains, and with little difficulty took Troyes and several other towns in his way. On the evening of the 16th of July, Charles made his triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, accompanied by a vast retinue, and followed by the whole army, the Maid of Orleans riding at his side, and being the chief object of attraction to the people. It was at once decided that the coronation should take place without delay; and short as the time was for preparation, everything was in readiness on the following morning. The tide of fortune so clearly turned, that a crowd of strangers hastened to the city to witness the solemnity about to take place, while a great number of men-at-arms came to offer their services to the king.

Before the coronation, Charles received knighthood from the Duke d'Alençon: and early in the morning, the princes and prelates who had accompanied the king in this prosperous journey assembled in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, where the ceremony was to take place. But not one was looked on with such wonder and respect as was Joan of Arc, for to her was attributed all the successes which had brought about this happy result. Thus, during the whole of the solemn ceremony, she stood close to the altar, with her banner unfurled in her hand.

Immediately the holy rites were concluded, the maid threw herself on her knees before the crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears, and her whole deportment testifying the most lively emotion.

'Gentle king,' she exclaimed, 'now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to receive here the anointing oil, shewing you to be the king to whom belongs the kingdom.'

It is evident that she now looked upon her mission as fully

accomplished, and would willingly have retired from the gaiety of the court and the triumphs which attended her. The very day of the coronation, Joan dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, which is still preserved in the archives of Lille. It is too long to translate entire; but in it she endeavours, by many religious persuasions, to draw back the duke to his allegiance, advising him, if he must play the warrior, to go and fight the Saracens.

During her sojourn at Rheims, the young heroine had the happiness of meeting her father and her uncle Laxart, who had been drawn thither to enjoy her triumph. At this time, the maid was at the summit of her glory; yet was she in no way elated by the homage she received, or changed in her deportment from that of the simple modest peasant-girl. When some one said to her: 'Not in any book are such great things related as those you have done,' she answered: 'The Lord has a book in which not every scholar can read, however learned he may be. I am only God's minister.'

The sight of Joan's father and uncle probably recalled forcibly to her mind the dear ties of home, and the pleasures of a peaceful country-life. Besides, her mission seemed finished, and henceforth there was nothing to detain her at court. It was now that she entreated the king to allow her to return to Domremy; but Charles was so anxious still to keep her near him, that she dared not, or would not, refuse him. Conscious of the influence of her name and her presence, there is no wonder at this desire on his part; but it is certain that Joan's entreaties were urgent, and that she consented to remain very much against her will.

A marked change was observable in the maid from this period. She still displayed the same courage in action, and the same fortitude in pain; but she no longer opposed her own opinions to those of the French chiefs, and seemed no longer assured that she was acting under the especial guidance of Heaven. With the view we have taken of Joan's character, all this agrees most naturally. She had proposed to herself but two objects—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation of the Dauphin; and now that they were so happily accomplished, her mind, previously strained to its highest pitch, must naturally have sought an interval of repose. To us there is scarcely anything more touching in her whole career than this home-sick yearning for 'green Lorraine' and its quiet joys, after the fever of battles and the flush of triumph. Alas, that the longings of her simple faithful heart were not gratified! Alas, that the heroic self-denying girl should have been the victim of selfish policy!

Charles remained but three days at Rheims, setting out on the 20th of July on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the tomb of a certain saint, situated about five leagues distant. The little town of Vailly speedily submitted; and the more important towns of Laon and Soissons sent deputations, bearing their keys to the king. Charles

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went first to Soissons, where he was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and where, during his stay of three days, he received the happy tidings of the voluntary submission of various other places. He then proceeded to Château-Thierry, which was defended by a hostile garrison; but the towns-people were favourable to the French, and when the maid appeared at the head of a division of the royal army, either real fear or superstitious terror prevailed, for the garrison offered terms of capitulation, and obtained permission to carry away their arms and baggage.

Charles remained at Château-Thierry some days; and it was here that Joan obtained from him a boon by which she was fondly remembered for nearly four centuries. She declined all honours and presents for herself, beseeching only that henceforth her native village might be free from any kind of impost! The official document granting this privilege bears the date of July 31, 1429; and until the storm of the Revolution, which swept away many a touching memorial, the registers of taxes, still keeping the name of Domremy on their list, wrote always against it: 'Nothing, for the maid's sake!'

The marches and successes of the king and the royal army soon brought them near Paris, and the people of the capital, who were of the English or Burgundian party, began to tremble. However, the return of the Duke of Bedford, who had gone to Normandy on the affairs of that province, inspired the Parisians with fresh courage, especially as he was accompanied by a large body of archers and men-at-arms. In a few days, they had still further reinforcements, so that the English commander found himself at last at the head of 10,000 men. No longer dreading the French army, he made his way to Montereau, where he arrived on the 7th of August, and whence he despatched a letter of defiance to Charles.

'Your master,' said the king to the herald who brought the letter, 'complains that he cannot find me; but he need not complain much longer, for I am seeking him.' It was during the march to Paris that a circumstance occurred not altogether creditable to Joan's command of temper. The victories of the French had rendered the soldiers insolent and unruly, and the Pucelle could no longer maintain that moral discipline on which she so constantly insisted. On one occasion, her wrath was so great, that she struck one of the soldiers, whose proceedings incensed her, with the flat of her sword; in which somewhat ignoble, though very characteristic action the weapon broke. It was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and supposed to have been miraculously described by her. It is related that the king was much annoyed at this catastrophe, and blamed Joan for not using a stout stick instead of this famous weapon.

From the heights of St Denis, the king beheld his ancient capital;

and an assault was given, in the month of September, on the same ground now occupied by the Rue Traversière. But though the personal exertions of the maid were as great as on former occasions, a spirit of fear and distrust seemed to have crept in among the troops, and her efforts were far from being ably seconded. Even the ardour of the king was cooled, and he did not himself approach nearer than St Denis. Joan, however, led her troops across the first ditch without much difficulty; but, contrary to her expectations, she found the second, which was deeper and wider, full of water. It is astonishing that no one had apprised her of this obstacle, for it must have been familiar to many of the soldiers. Not easily disconcerted, she called loudly for fagots and fascines; and meanwhile endeavoured with her lance to sound its depths, and discover where they had best risk a passage.

A part of the inhabitants of Paris had already sought sanctuary in the churches; while, along the ramparts, the English and Burgundians passed to and fro in haste and consternation. Joan called out to them to surrender 'to the king of France;' but they replied only with insulting words and by a shower of arrows. Her standard-bearer fell dead at her side, and she herself received a serious wound in the leg, which compelled her to take refuge on the sheltered side of the little hill which separated the two ditches. She resisted for a long time all entreaties to withdraw further from the scene of action; and from the ground where she lay, helpless and suffering, continued to urge on the soldiers. Not till the evening drew on, and the Duke d'Alençon himself came up to point out to her the necessity of postponing any further attack, did she suffer herself to be removed.

The retreat of the French was not interrupted. Probably, the garrison of Paris had sufficient judgment not to drive their opponents to any desperate measures. They were allowed to gather up their dead, which, in their haste, they burned in one huge pyre, instead of burying. Joan, disheartened by this failure, which she looked upon as a warning from Heaven, determined to retire from the war. She even went so far as to suspend her armour above the tomb of St Denis, and consecrate it to God. But she could not resist the persuasions of the chiefs, who, knowing the influence of her presence, prevailed on her to remain with the king. Not that any further attempts were at present projected. Charles was without money, and far from the provinces which could supply his need. His soldiers were dispirited by their late reverse, and the Duke of Bedford was returning to Paris with his vast reinforcement. Discord reigned in the council; some of the chiefs declaring that the attack on Paris had been against their advice, and others protesting, that if it had been persevered in with more constancy, it would have succeeded. Many murmured against the maid: in fact, the only point on which they could agree was to lead back the troops across

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the Loire, and disperse them to winter-quarters. The king accordingly went southwards, and forming a court around him, passed the winter at Bourges, or in its neighbourhood. It was during this time that Charles ennobled the Maid of Orleans and all her family. 'To testify and render thanks,' say the letters-patent, which bear the date of December 1429, 'to the Divine wisdom, for the numberless mercies he has vouchsafed through the hands of his chosen minister, and our well-beloved maid, Joan of Arc of Domremy.' The king granted armorial bearings to Joan's brothers, a sword bearing a crown of gold on its point, with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France by its side. It was the design of this coat of arms which induced the family subsequently to change the name of Darc for that of Dulys, or Dalys.

Nor was this all. The monarch insisted that henceforth Joan should wear the richest clothing, and that she should keep up a state equal to the rank of a count. 'She had,' says a contemporary writer, 'besides several ladies attendant on her person, a chamberlain, an equerry, and many pages and valets. She was treated by the king, the nobles, and the people as a sort of divinity.' All this looked like gratitude; and it is very possible that a taste of ill-fortune had gone far to make Charles feel the magnitude of her services. But all these honours in no way altered the character of the maid. She was still the simple-hearted girl, now in this season of rest chiefly devoting herself to the exercises of religion.

In the spring of the following year, the king's troops, accompanied by Joan, passed the Loire on their way to the northern provinces; but it is a remarkable fact, and one really quite unaccountable, that Charles neither headed them in person, nor intrusted the command to any noble or experienced chief. Joan was now associated with a set of men little removed from coarse adventurers, ill supplied with money and ammunition, and scarcely able to maintain any discipline. Nevertheless, in several skirmishes she gained the advantage, and the enemy seemed as much struck with the terror of her name as ever.

JOAN'S REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Hitherto, the Maid of Orleans had been generally successful in her schemes and enterprises. Her strong mind and enthusiasm had carried her over every difficulty. A change, however, now came over her fortunes. Compiègne, a fortified town on the river Oise, in the north of France, being besieged by the English and Burgundian forces, and in danger of falling into their hands, Joan, with a chosen band, threw herself into it, to the great joy of the despairing inhabitants. On the day after her arrival, having resolved on attacking the enemy, with her usual impetuosity, and not reckoning on any steady rebuff, she sallied out unexpectedly from the beleaguered city, and

at first drove everything before her ; swarm after swarm, however, coming to the rescue, she saw the error of her movement, and gave the signal for retreat ; choosing, however, with her customary intrepidity, the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard.

The English and Burgundians pursued the fugitives with all the vigour induced by the knowledge that Joan was among them. They had recognised her standard, and knew her by her embroidered coat of crimson velvet ; and were endeavouring to throw themselves in her path, and thus cut off the retreat of the French, who, alarmed at this movement, pressed tumultuously towards the gate of the town. Fearing that, under cover of this disorder, the enemy would force an entrance, the barrier was only partially opened ; and at the moment that the discomfited party was pressing for admission in terror and wild disorder, the Burgundians made a furious charge upon this struggling body. Many threw themselves into the Oise, heavily armed as they were ; others were taken prisoners ; and in a few moments Joan found herself surrounded by the enemy. She performed prodigies of valour to escape being taken ; but it seemed that the French, paralysed by fright, retained no sense beyond the instinct of individual self-preservation. No way had been made to lead the heroine through the narrow barrier ; though, had she chosen any less honourable post in the retreat than the rear, she would in all probability have been saved. And now, in the peril of life and liberty, the heroine of Orleans struggled alone against thronging numbers. At last an archer in the train of John of Luxemburg seized her by her velvet coat, and dragging her from her horse, she was disarmed by Lionel of Vendôme, who chanced to be near her.

She was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, whence she was transferred, with a numerous escort, to the castle of Beaulieu. Here, however, she made an attempt to escape, by breaking a passage through the wall ; but was discovered, and sent, in consequence, to the castle of Beaurevoir, where, it is said, she was kindly received by the wife and sister of Luxemburg.

So great was the joy of the besiegers, that one would have thought they had gained some glorious victory, or that all France had submitted to their arms. They seemed to have feared nothing but the inspired maid. By order of the Duke of Bedford, the *Te Deum*, or Thanksgiving to God, was impiously chanted in great solemnity both in England and Burgundy, for having made this terrible enemy—the simple Maid of Orleans—their prisoner. The grief of the French, on the other hand, was equally extreme, mixed with accusations against the officers and governor of Compiègne for having permitted the heroic Pucelle to be led into captivity.

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FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MAID.

Joan of Arc, as a prisoner of war, was, according to usage, entitled to respectful treatment, though retained in the safe custody of her enemies. The English, however, resolved to set aside this principle in warfare, on the plea that the Pucelle was in league with demons, and should be brought to trial for this terrible offence. The university of Paris, a body of men in the English interest, was the first to propose this mode of inquiry, and demanded that Joan should be interrogated on her faith by the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been taken. The bishop, who had already planned the trial and death of the maid with all the zeal of a servant of the church and of the English, seconded this demand, and strengthened it by an offer of ten thousand francs to John of Luxemburg for a delivery of his illustrious prisoner.

During this negotiation, the captive maid made another attempt to escape. She leaped from the tower of her dungeon, but was seriously injured in her fall, and was taken up senseless by her guards. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she was removed to Arras, and thence to the castle of Crotoy, a fortress at the mouth of the Somme. Thus transferred from a party of French, auxiliaries of the English, to the English themselves, Joan felt she had no longer any mercy to expect. At Crotoy she had the consolation of meeting a fellow-prisoner, a priest, who regularly performed for her the offices of religion, and whose society seemed greatly to comfort her. Yet she still believed herself to be visited by supernatural beings, and declared they had reproached her for her attempt to escape from Beaurevoir, as an act of despair and distrust of their guidance; but that she had humbled herself in penitence, and received pardon.

During the time of Joan's captivity, her countrymen had not been idle. The garrison of Compiègne had compelled the Burgundians and English to raise the siege; and this deliverance was followed by the recapture of several other places. The brave Saintrilles gained a complete victory, and took a great number of prisoners; and the famous Barbegau defeated the enemy on two important occasions. All this no doubt incensed the English yet more bitterly against the heroic maid. To her they attributed all their troubles. When she appeared on the scene of action, they were at the height of their glory and prosperity; and they believed that, while she lived, there would be no change in the tide which she had turned. Moreover, they thought that if they could brand her as a sorceress, the stigma would cling to Charles VII. and his partisans, whom she had so much assisted; and that thus discredited in popular opinion, even those most loyally inclined would shrink from rendering them assistance. So great, indeed, was their fury against the unhappy girl,

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that they actually burned a poor woman at Paris simply for saying that she thought Joan a good Christian, and that she had been sent from God.

After six months passed in a dreary and harsh imprisonment, Joan was conducted to Rouen, where at that time the young king, Henry, and his court were assembled. Here she was confined in the great tower of the castle—the only tower which now remains, and which is yet shewn as her prison. She was now treated with the most determined cruelty. Heavily ironed, her feet in the daytime were fixed in iron stocks ; and at night a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move upon her wretched bed ! Five English archers were appointed her guards, three remaining in her chamber, and two being stationed at her door. Certainly the extraordinary pains they took to keep safe their captive, prove how much they dreaded her escape. Not only from her coarse and brutal guards was she exposed to every species of insult ; even her captor, John of Luxemburg, accompanied by Warwick and Strafford, did not blush to visit her in prison, and triumph in her misery. Yet this was the age of chivalry, and Joan was a woman, and a fallen foe !—one who, enduring the foulest wrongs at the hands of so-called *Christian* knights and nobles, would have received, among the pagan ancients, the honours due to the most devoted patriotism ! Luxemburg jestingly told the poor captive he had come to release her, if she would promise never to take arms again. ‘Do not mock me,’ she replied with dignity ; ‘I know that you have neither the will nor the power. The English will kill me, believing that, after my death, they will gain the kingdom of France ; but were there a hundred thousand more of them than there are, they should not conquer.’ It is said that her words so irritated Strafford that he drew his dagger, and would have struck her, had not his hand been stayed by the Earl of Warwick.

There was at this time no Archbishop of Rouen ; but the Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to the English interest, and was, as it has been seen, Joan’s determined enemy, presented a petition, praying for her trial, on the ground that she had been made prisoner within the jurisdiction of his diocese. He was himself appointed first judge, assisted by Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the Inquisition ; and the office of public accuser was intrusted to Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. This tribunal, which was directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly a hundred doctors of divinity, who, though not allowed to vote in the decision, were expected to give their counsel and assistance if required.

It was a most subtle proceeding thus to try Joan by an ecclesiastical tribunal ; for, had they considered her simply as a prisoner of war, it would have been hard to say of what crime she could be guilty that should prevent her being ransomed or exchanged for some English captives ; and yet they had no right to treat her as a

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subject, which now they were doing : but, at a time when all ideas of justice were more or less confused, there is no wonder that might held the place of right.

The judges, at this mockery of a trial, were predetermined to condemn. They had sent a messenger to Domremy to glean some particulars of their victim's early life, but as these were most favourable, they were of course suppressed. A priest named L'Oiseleur, who basely lent himself to their purposes, had access to her prison, and represented himself to Joan as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer from his adherence to the cause of Charles. Under the seal of confession, he won from her several disclosures, which he returned by giving her false counsel. It was even said that the Bishop of Beauvais and the Earl of Warwick were hidden close by, to listen to all that transpired.

The letters-patent by which Joan was given into the power of the Bishop of Beauvais accuse 'the woman who calls herself La Pucelle of having relinquished the clothing of her sex, and appeared in man's attire, a thing contrary to the divine law, and abominable in the sight of God ; of having slain many men ; and, as it is said, of having given the people to understand, for the purpose of deceiving and seducing them to evil deeds, that she was sent by God, and had a knowledge of his divine secrets ; together with teaching many other scandalous doctrines, most perilous to the holy Catholic faith.'

It was on the 21st of February 1431 that Joan was brought for the first time before her judges, although she underwent as many as fifteen examinations. The hall of judgment was the castle chapel at Rouen, and thither the heroine was led, loaded with chains, though dressed in her military attire. Not permitted an advocate or defender, she was only supported by the courage of conscious innocence ; but never was her self-possession more remarkable than on this agonising occasion. There was a shrewdness, too, and simple good sense displayed in her answers, which contrasted strongly with the subtle dealings of those about her. Her answers more than once abashed the learned doctors, when they had framed a question, hoping it would lead to some unguarded rejoinder that might convict her of heresy or magic. Thus, when they inquired if she knew herself to be in the grace of God, she said : 'It is a great matter to reply to such a question.' 'Yes,' interrupted one of the assessors (the doctors who were present to give their advice if needed), named Jean Fabry—'yes, it is so great a matter that the prisoner is not bound by law to answer it.'

'You had better be silent,' exclaimed the bishop in a fury of passion ; and he repeated the question.

'If I am not in the grace of God,' replied Joan, 'I pray God it may be vouchsafed to me ; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.'

When asked if the saints of her visions hated the English, she

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answered : 'They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.' Almost any other answer would have been construed as blasphemy. And when the Bishop of Beauvais, still trying to entrap her, proceeded : 'Does God, then, hate the English?' she still replied with discretion, saying : 'Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know ; but I know that all those who do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the king of France.' When questioned about her standard, she said : 'I carried it instead of a lance, to avoid slaying any one ; I have killed nobody. I only said : "Rush in among the English," and I rushed among them the first myself.—The voices,' she continued, in answer to further interrogations—'the voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.' And when they asked her if her hope of victory was founded on the banner or herself, she said : 'It was founded on God, and on nought besides.'

With regard to assuming man's attire, she replied that she had worn it in obedience to the command of God. It is really astonishing to reflect on the subtle wiles which it was thought necessary to use against this poor defenceless girl. But while the English may blush at the share they had in the cruel transaction, it is but just to ourselves to remember that the relentless bishop, her judge, Estivet the advocate, her fierce accuser, and the perfidious L'Oiseleur, were all the countrymen of the ill-fated maid !

But while there is so much distinctness and precision evident in her answers to these trying questions, it is most remarkable that she was unable to give other than a confused and vague account of those actual events in which she had borne so important a part. Thus, when examined in reference to her first interview with the king, she for some time refused to answer at all, saying that her 'voices' had forbidden her to do so ; and when at last she prevailed on to speak, she talked only in a mysterious and incoherent manner of a vision which Charles had seen, and of an angel who had brought a crown to him from heaven. Afterwards, she seemed to confound this imaginary crown with the ceremony of the coronation at Rheims. In fact, the whole scene was one which, before more humane and enlightened judges, would have convinced them that hers was that peculiar condition of mind found often enough even at the present time : morbid on one particular point to such an extent, that the diseased imagination overthrows judgment and memory, and has the power to render every other element of the mind subservient to its own extraordinary fantasies.

Notwithstanding all their machinations, Joan's enemies found it difficult, with even the show of a trial, to convict her of sorcery. The infamous L'Oiseleur and another were for putting her on the rack, with the hope of extracting some positive confession from her ; but many of the assessors had been deeply touched with the bearing of the maid, and none were found to second this atrocious proposal.

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It is said even that one of our countrymen, who was present at the trial, was so struck with the evident sincerity of her demeanour, that he could not refrain from crying out : 'A worthy woman, if she were but English !' Her judges drew up twelve articles of accusation on the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which the university of Paris, so eager to condemn her, gladly confirmed. On the 24th of May 1431, the anniversary of the day on which the maid had been taken prisoner the year before, she was led to the cemetery of St Ouen, where two platforms were erected. On the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several other prelates. Joan was conducted to the second platform, where a preacher, named Erard, launched out the most vehement invectives ; to which she listened with gentle patience, until he began to accuse the king in his sweeping condemnation ; then she interrupted him warmly, saying : 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the king. He is a good Christian, and not such as you say ; I can swear to you he is the noblest of all Christians, and one who the most loves the church and the faith.' But here she was silenced by the angry Bishop of Beauvais. By the side of Erard, on this platform, stood the officers to guard her, L'Oiseleur, her betrayer, and another priest who had acted as her confessor.

When the sermon was finished, the preacher read to Joan a form of abjuration, of which she asked an explanation, saying she had nothing to abjure, for that all she had done was at the command of God. At this they told her she must submit to the church, and then using threats, they pointed to the public executioner, telling her that instant death was the only alternative. Poor Joan ! Braver hearts than thine have failed at such a trial. Even 'starry Galileo,' a martyr, like thee, to ignorance and superstition, who might have been cheered by the light of science, and upheld by the might of truth, even he quailed at the approach of torture and death. Is there wonder or scorn because the defenceless woman, the half-demented Joan, trembled also, and put her mark to the paper, saying : 'I would rather sign than burn ?' But even yet further was she to be cheated ; for, instead of the paper which had been read to her—and which, scarcely comprehending, she had yet been induced only by these extreme measures to subscribe—one was substituted and read to the people, containing a far more explicit confession, in which she was made to own the falsehood of all her protestations.

The English were angry she had not been burned, and pelted her with stones, to shew their fury. The few friends she had were glad her life was spared on any terms. This, however, was well known to be but for a time ; for, on hearing some rumour of Joan being ill in prison, and that some friendly hand had administered poison to her to save her further suffering, the Earl of Warwick had shewn the greatest indignation, saying : 'The king would not for the world

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she should die a natural death ; he had bought her so dearly, that she must be burned ;' desiring them 'to cure her quickly.' What a picture of the barbarism and cruelty of the age !

After the scene of the recantation we have above described, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass the sentence of the tribunal, of course prepared beforehand. He said, 'that as, by the grace of God, she had recanted her errors, and come back to the bosom of the church, and publicly abjured her heresies, according to the form of the church, the ban of excommunication was removed, provided always she was willing to observe all that was prescribed to her. But,' he added, 'as she had sinned against God and the holy Catholic Church, though "by grace and moderation" her life was spared, she must pass the rest of it in prison, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.'

Joan hoped that, after this sentence, she should be placed in some prison within the jurisdiction of the church ; possibly she might have thought of a convent ; at all events, she called eagerly to her guards to lead her back to prison, 'out of the hands of the English ;' but she was conducted to her former dungeon, the great tower of Rouen.

As we have before hinted, it was not designed that her life should be much longer spared. By some show of apparent lenity, there is no doubt her enemies only took time to weave more completely their meshes about her ; and, while completing her destruction, palliate their own guilt. 'One of the instructions she received was to resume the dress of her sex, and to let her hair grow long ; her tresses having been somewhat cropped for the convenience of her military attire. All this she readily promised. But in a few days they placed, on purpose, though apparently by accident, her warlike apparel in her chamber. Seeing that, true to her word, she did not attempt to resume it, one of her guards, in unchaining her from her bed for the purpose of her rising, snatched away the female clothing which lay near, and throwing the military garments upon the bed, desired her to get up.

'Sir,' she said meekly, 'you know this is forbidden me ; I will not wear this coat.' But her remonstrances were unavailing, though the debate lasted till noon. Forced then to rise, she was obliged to take the only clothing at her command. A messenger was instantly sent to the Earl of Warwick to apprise him of the success of the scheme. Warwick immediately communicated with the bishop, who, accompanied by the assessors, hastened to the prison. One of them, named André Marguerie, had the charity to exclaim that it would be only fair to ask her why she had resumed male attire ; but he was, in consequence, so ill-used by the mob that he had to run for his life.

There was now no appeal ; for, according to the ecclesiastical law, it was the relapse into heresy, punishable with death. Into this

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they had entrapped her. Joan's enemies would not listen to her explanations ; and it would appear that, stung into dignity by her accumulated wrongs, the maid spoke now even with more determination than on her trial. She reproached herself with weakness in having signed the abjuration, and declared that she would now in no way yield to her judges, except in adopting the dress of her sex, which she was quite ready to do.

It was early in the morning of the 30th of May that her confessor, L'Advenu, one of the few who had shewn some compassion for her fate, entered her cell to prepare her for death. The decree had gone forth—she was to be burned that day at the market-place of Rouen. On first hearing this dreadful sentence, her fortitude forsook her : she tore her hair in anguish, and uttered the most piteous complaints against so cruel a death. But by degrees she recovered calmness and fortitude, and received the holy sacrament from the hands of L'Advenu. At nine o'clock in the morning, she mounted the fatal car, arrayed for this last occasion in female attire, and accompanied by the priest, Martin L'Advenu, and some other persons, among whom was one who had incurred the anger of her judges by having spoken in favour of the unhappy girl. No less a body than 800 English armed men accompanied her to the place of execution. As she passed on, the wretched L'Oiseleur, touched at this moment with remorse, threw himself in her way to seek pardon for his perfidy ; but he was dragged from the car by the brutal soldiery, and ordered by the Earl of Warwick to quit the town if he wished to preserve his life. As she rode on, her prayers were so devout, and she recommended her soul to the Almighty in such touching accents, that several of the spectators were moved to tears ; and some of the assessors had not the heart to follow her to the last. 'O Rouen ! Rouen !' she exclaimed as she came near the market-place, 'is it here, indeed, that I must die !'

At the spot where now rises a statue to her memory, she found the wood ready piled, and her implacable enemies, the Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester, with other prelates, awaiting their victim. A sermon was read, during which time she shed tears, and asking for a cross, an English soldier made one by breaking his staff asunder. She kissed it, and clasped it to her breast, and afterwards she was furnished with one from a neighbouring church. After the sermon, the preacher addressed her, saying : 'Joan, depart in peace ; the church delivers you to the secular authorities.'

She now knelt down in fervent prayer, commending herself to the Holy Trinity and all the blessed saints, naming especially her protectresses, St Catharine and St Margaret. She then asked pardon for all her offences, declared that she forgave all those who had injured her, and concluded by entreating the prayers of the spectators. She spoke distinctly, and her words and resignation to

the will of God drew tears and sobs from many who had come prepared to revile her. It was said that many of the clergy were so overcome at the sight that they were obliged to leave the platform on which they were ranged.

But the brutal soldiers, eager to feast their sight with the victim's agonies, murmured at delay, exclaiming to L'Advenu: 'How now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?' Although she was walking between the officers, accompanied by the good L'Advenu, to the stake, the impatient soldiers seized her violently to drag her thither. The pile was made secure with masonry, and after the ill-fated maid was bound to the stake, they placed a mitre upon her head, on which were inscribed in large letters the words RELAPSED HERETIC, APOSTATE, IDOLATRESS—and before the scaffold was placed a sort of scroll, enumerating the crimes of which she was accused. To the end she maintained that she had acted in obedience to the commands of God; and her last word was 'Jesus.' As the flames spread, she desired L'Advenu, who had remained to comfort her, to withdraw out of danger, but to hold the crucifix aloft, that her last look might rest on the sign of the Redeemer. And this he did, continuing to pray with her in a loud voice. Such was the end of the heroic martyred Joan of Arc!

Scarcely, however, was the frightful tragedy concluded, before there was a movement of pity among the spectators. Some began to think they had committed a crime in burning a saint; others wished their own persons had been burned in the place of hers. Yet, notwithstanding these demonstrations of feeling, further indignities were heaped on her remains. The blackened corpse was shewn to the people, to convince them of her identity; then a second time the fire was kindled, and her body, reduced to ashes, was thrown into the Seine.

Thus perished, after a year's captivity, all that was mortal of this heroic girl. But her memory still dwells among us, not only to form the poet's inspiration, but to teach a stern lesson of those dark days when an ignorant superstition usurped the place of judgment. In happier times, her heroism and devotion would have won admiration even from her foes, and her hallucination under the circumstances, proceeding as it did from zeal in a righteous cause, has something in it almost worthy of respect.

The affairs of the English in France, far from being advanced by this execution, went every day more and more to decay: the great abilities of the Duke of Bedford, as regent, were unable to resist the strong inclination which had seized the French to return under the obedience of their rightful sovereign, and which that act of cruelty was ill fitted to remove. Besides losing one town and province after another, the English sustained a serious blow in the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy from their interests. Having only served them to satisfy a temporary pique against Charles, he now

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relented in his animosity; and having received certain concessions, at the expense of the English claims, he gave in his adhesion to the French crown. This, with some subsequent movements, turned the balance so effectually against the English, that in a few years they were, with trifling exceptions, stripped of all their French possessions. Although Charles was thus successful in the restoration of the French monarchy, and in after-years favourably distinguished himself, it is hard to forgive the apathy with which he endured the captivity and death of the Maid of Orleans, without whose energetic measures he most likely would have lost all title to king of France. His death, which happened in 1461, was almost as terrible as that of Joan. He died from voluntary starvation, induced from a dread of being poisoned by his own son, that monster afterwards known as Louis XI.

In 1456, as an act of justice to her memory, an ecclesiastical court, headed by the Archbishop of Rheims, revised the case of Joan of Arc, and finding the allegations against her false, pronounced her to have been entirely innocent—a poor compensation, it will be admitted, for the torments and indignity of a cruel death.* Posterity has further done justice to the memory of the heroic Pucelle in numerous poems and dramas: a recollection of her person and deeds has also been preserved in France by different statues, one of the most beautiful being that executed by a daughter of Louis-Philippe, king of the French, in which she is represented in her suit of armour, and in that modesty of attitude which befitted her simplicity of character. Upon the pedestal of the statue erected to her memory in Rouen, on the spot of her unjust execution, was affixed an inscription in acknowledgment of her services to the state, which may be thus translated:

‘THE MAIDEN’S SWORD PROTECTS THE ROYAL CROWN:
BENEATH HER SACRED CARE, THE LILIES SAFELY BLOOM.’

* Few facts in history seem better authenticated than the death of ‘the Maid’ at Rouen in 1431, and yet grave doubts have been raised on the point. There was a popular belief at the time that some one had been executed in the place of Joan; and many pretended Maids appeared, who, however, were punished as impostors. But a Father Vignier, in the 17th century, found among the archives of Metz a paper purporting to be written at the time, and giving an account of the arrival at Metz, on the 20th May 1436, of the Maid Jeanne, who was at once recognised by her two brothers, and was subsequently married to a Sieur de Hermoise. Vignier afterwards found in the family muniment-chest of a M. des Armoise, in Lorraine, a contract of marriage between ‘Robert des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne D’Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans.’ In addition to this, there was found, in 1740, among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans, under the dates 1435, 1436, a record of certain payments to a messenger bringing letters from Jeanne the Maid, and also to her brother Jolin du Lils or Lys. (De Lys was the name by which the family of Darc was ennobled.) A subsequent entry, 1st August 1439, records a gift on the part of the council of the city for services rendered by her at the siege. M. Delepierre, who has discussed the subject in his *Doute historique* (privately printed, 1855), adduces various other facts tending to the same conclusion.—*Chambers’s Encyclopædia*.



ANNALS OF THE POOR.

INSTANCES OF FEMALE INDUSTRY AND INTREPIDITY.

CATHERINE OF LIVERPOOL.

AMONG the many females in humble life who have been exemplary for their extraordinary perseverance under difficulties, their ingenious industry, and their self-sacrificing benevolence, a poor woman who lived in an obscure situation in Liverpool is deserving of being placed in the foremost rank. This heroine in humble life—whom we shall describe under the name of Catherine or Kitty, by which she was usually known to her friends—was born in a populous village in Lancashire about the year 1786. Her parents, who were in poor circumstances, happened to become favourably known to an infirm and venerable lady, who kindly took Catherine home to stay with her as a humble companion and servant. By this humane lady she was taught to read, and trained not only to early habits of neatness and order, but to the knowledge as well as the practice of Christian dispositions and duties.

Although this lady had only a moderate income, she spent not a little on the poor, whom she likewise encouraged with her advice in

cases of difficulty, and cheered with her presence in distress. When she became too feeble to walk to the houses of her neighbours, she was occasionally carried out in a sedan-chair, her little servant walking by her side. Catherine afterwards used to describe these expeditions to her friends:—"The old lady would say to me: "Catherine, I am going out;" and then she would be carried out in her sedan. She was too lame to walk, and could not easily get into a coach. I used to take a little basket and go by her side. We would soon stop at a cellar, into which she sent me to see how the poor woman was; and when I had come out again, she would say: "How does she look? Is there any fire in the grate? Is there any coal in the house?" Then she would send me for anything that was wanted. And when we had come home, she would say: "Go, put your feet upon the fender, and dry them, and tell me what you think of what you have seen." Then she would say: "Catherine, poverty will probably be your portion; but you have one talent which you may use for the good of others. You may sometimes read half an hour to a poor sick neighbour. You may read a chapter of the Bible to her when she could not read it herself; or you may run errands for those who have no one else to go for them. Promise me, then, my child, that you will try to do what you can for others, and I hope we may meet in another world." Ah! there were few like my dear mistress.'

This lady having died, her household was broken up, and Catherine returned to her family. She could not, however, be kept at home; and as no suitable place in domestic service could be obtained for her, she was sent with her brother to work at a cotton-mill in a village at some distance. This was in the year 1798, when she was only twelve years of age. That a child so youthful should have been despatched to such a scene of labour may excite surprise, but only in those who are in the habit of considering all factory systems as injurious, if not tyrannical. Many may be bad enough, but those conducted in country districts, and under good management, are, on the whole, not unfavourable to health or morals. The mill to which our young heroine and her brother were committed was one of the better regulated class. The hours were not long, and were precisely fixed. All had their appointed duty, which if they attended to, no complaint was made. There was an open airing-ground for recreation in good weather, and a library from which books were given freely out to those who chose to read. Great care was likewise taken to prevent any impropriety of behaviour. In short, nothing was wanting to render the attendance agreeable, or to encourage the diligent and orderly. In this mill, Catherine passed a few years, improving in health and intelligence, though without distinguishing herself from the mass of her companions. Perhaps, however, she excelled in the propriety of her deportment, from the instructions she had received from her old mistress; and her good feelings

prompted her to be grateful for the care taken of her, as well as others, at the mill. She has often been heard to say : ' If ever there was a heaven upon earth, it was that apprentice-house, where we were brought up in such ignorance of evil ; and where Mr Norton, the manager of the mill, was a father to us all.' It is to be wished that every one who takes the charge of a child, whether as a pupil, an apprentice, or a servant, should feel it a duty to do what may be done early to establish the principles and practice of virtue, and to deserve such grateful recollections as those of our heroine.

Mr Norton did not see Catherine after she quitted his establishment, and never probably was aware of the beneficial influence he had exerted on her mind ; yet it was by the course of discipline and instruction in the cotton-factory that her character was formed during the most susceptible and dangerous season of her life.

Catherine left the cotton-mill to go to service in a family. The lady of the house was a very good manager, and a good mistress ; knew what a servant's duty was, and took care that it was well done. In her family, Catherine's habits of diligence, order, and fidelity were strengthened. Everything she saw there tended to advance her education. And is it not the true idea of education, that it comprehends all the daily and hourly influences, small as well as great, of the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and which are constantly acting upon us ; bearing upon thought, and feeling, and every spring of action within us ? It is beginning to be understood, that whatever acts upon our powers for their growth, or decrease, or direction ; whatever acts upon desire, appetite, or passion, to excite or to repress it, to gratify or disappoint it ; and whatever, either directly or indirectly, goes to the excitement and formation of dispositions, sentiments, principles, and habits, is to be viewed as a part of education. In this view of the subject, it is not a question whether children or men shall or shall not be educated. Education is constantly going on with every individual, old and young, from the first to the last hour of life, because every individual is, in every hour and every moment, acted upon by the circumstances amidst which he is placed ; and because the influence of these circumstances upon him will be in accordance with the tastes and desires he is forming or has formed, the principles he is adopting or has adopted, and his strength or weakness in the application of principles to conduct. The child at home is educated far more by the examples which he sees than by the lessons which he learns ; and his mind is educating with far freer and stronger tendencies in his plays and in the streets, than in school and under the eye of his master.

Catherine was one of the most cheerful and faithful of servants. The pleasure with which she was accustomed to render any assistance to her fellow-servants was ever a matter of remark ; and through this disposition, joined with a habit of accurate observation,

she laid up a large stock of knowledge, which has since been invaluable to herself and others.

We have now to view Catherine in quite a new sphere of life. She was married to a person deserving of her affection, but not till she had received a promise that she should be permitted to take her mother home to live with her, for she was now old and infirm. A small house was taken and furnished, and the marriage promised every prospect of happiness. This might be called a bright gleam in Catherine's existence. When she had become the mother of two children, her husband died, and to add to her troubles, her mother became blind and insane.

Catherine's case may now be considered to have been deplorable—a widow, the mother of two children, one a new-born infant, no means of subsistence, and with a superannuated and blind parent depending upon her. Some women, in such circumstances, would have sat down and wept, pined in sorrow, or gone to the workhouse. Catherine had a soul above all this. She acutely felt the blow, but she also knew that it was a dispensation of Providence which ought to be borne. When the first emotions of distress were past, she courageously yoked to the task of supporting her dependent family. Catherine despised to eat the bread of idleness.

Worth never wants friends. Catherine's case excited pity among her neighbours, and her good character secured her a respectable wet-nursing. She refused to leave home for this purpose, and the baby was committed to her charge. By this means, and a trifle of wages owing to her husband, she contrived to live over a year. Now she behoved to face the world. The difficulty of obtaining work was at this time very great. There was much suffering among the operatives throughout the country, and among all who depended upon their daily labour for subsistence. The only employment of which Catherine could procure an offer was work at a nail-factory, for which she was not well fitted. However, she gladly availed herself of it, because the work was paid according to the number of nails made, and she could absent herself to give a brief attendance on her mother and children. The employment was hard, and poorly paid. She generally wrought at large nails, of which she was able to make about 800 daily; but of the same kind some men can make double that number. Her earnings were, on an average, fifteenpence per day; yet, though small, they were still precious to her, because they were her own earnings. No one knew better than herself how to receive a favour, or how to confer one; but she would not willingly accept the means of support from another, when she could obtain them by her own industry. She has been known to work in this factory till her fingers were blistered, and she could do no more; she would then remain at home, and poultice them till they were sufficiently recovered to enable her to resume her work. She and her mother at that time often suffered from hunger.

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Her necessities were known to a kind friend, whose own means were small, but who yet contrived occasionally to furnish her with a good meal. Through this friend she sometimes obtained a supply of flowers or bouquets, by the sale of which she provided for her wants when she had no other means of obtaining subsistence.

In expedients like these she passed some years, during which the insanity of her mother was at times so outrageous as greatly to endanger any one who had the charge of her; yet this charge she could not relinquish. She would not hear of the removal of her parent to a place of confinement. No labours and no sufferings could weaken her filial reverence and affection. At length, however, it became necessary for her mother's own safety that she should be in the charge of those more competent to the task of restraining her, and she was removed to the workhouse. But the heart of the devoted daughter was still with her; and from week to week Catherine strained every nerve, and straitened herself in every way, that she might regularly carry to her mother all the comforts she could procure. Nor were her trials those only of the early death of her husband and the long insanity of her mother. Her eldest son was a severe sufferer from his birth till the age of twenty, when he died. It is hardly to be conceived how much she did and endured for this boy. For weeks together, after a hard day's work, she was up through the whole night, kneeling by him, that he might have his arms around her neck for support, because he was unable to lie down. Her patience and love seemed to be inexhaustible, and the strength which she exerted through her afflictions almost miraculous.

The lad was a dutiful and affectionate child. He had a heart like his mother, strong both to love and to endure. For a time, Catherine seemed hardly able to sustain his loss. She could not sleep, and with difficulty could take even the smallest portion of food. Her inability to sleep awakened the desire to pass her nights with the sick; but she found this recalled the memory of her son too strongly, and she did not persist in it. Desirous to fill the vacuity in her house, she now, to use her own expression, 'inquired for some family who wanted a person to take care of some *tedious* children.' Her surviving child often gave her great pain. He exhibited strong indications of inheriting the insanity of his grandmother, having at times an ungovernable wildness of manner; yet, when not under excitement, he was an amiable, kind, and obedient boy.

When Catherine worked in the nail-factory, she formed a friendship with another woman who also worked there. This poor creature afterwards became blind and helpless. She had for some time previously been greatly disabled, and Catherine had never failed to do what she could for her. But now she took her to her own house, and for seven years supported her entirely. She carried her

up-stairs at night, and brought her down in the morning. At length, when her son became so ill that she could not leave him, and her means of support were wholly unequal to the increased expense, she sent her blind friend to the workhouse; yet her interest in the poor sufferer never declined. Her care for her was like that of a mother for a child. She never omitted once a week to send her a little tea and sugar, that she might not be made uncomfortable by the want of these accustomed gratifications. It happened that this poor blind woman had a son in the workhouse, who was a cripple, and nearly an idiot. The child was dear to his mother; and when she took her tea, she gave him a part of it. This became one of his highest gratifications; and after the death of his mother, he was greatly distressed by the loss of this indulgence. Catherine therefore promised him that while she lived she would bring him tea and sugar, as she had brought them to his mother; and she kept her word. On one occasion, a friend called upon Catherine, and found an old woman with her who had a number of small parcels in her hand. On noticing these parcels, she informed the visitor that they contained a little tea, sugar, and snuff, and that they were for a woman in the workhouse nearly a hundred years old. 'She knew my parents,' said Catherine; 'and I daresay assisted my mother when she needed; so it is just a little acknowledgment. There are other old persons there to whom I would be glad to send something, if I had the means.'

After Catherine left the nail-factory, she supported her family by mangling; a benevolent gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was struck with her character, having assisted her to purchase a mangle at a sale of effects. By means of it and a little charring-work she lived for several years, till her mother died, when she had no longer an inducement to remain in the place; and she removed with her only surviving son to Liverpool, where she was fortunate in getting him some small employment suited to his infirmities. She took her mangle with her, and therefore we have now to follow her to one of the humblest dwellings in a back-street of that large town. Here she laboured, struggled to keep up a good name, and to do all the good she could within her sphere. On one occasion, a poor woman, a Mrs O'Brien, came into the neighbourhood to look for lodgings, but could nowhere obtain a room. 'She must not die in the street,' said Catherine. Yet what was to be done? Catherine lost no time in answering this question. The door of her house was opened, and Mrs O'Brien and her children at once found a home there. In a fortnight, this woman died; but poor as she had been, her heart was bound up in her children, and her great solicitude in death was for them. With the full sympathies of a mother, Catherine promised to do for these children as if they were her own; and this promise she faithfully fulfilled.

Another Irishwoman, Bridget M'Ann, was a common beggar.

Her appearance indicated extreme distress, and no inconsiderable disease; yet she was unwilling to go into the infirmary, because she would there be separated from her children. Catherine visited this woman, gained her confidence, persuaded her to allow her eldest boy to be put into the workhouse, and took the youngest, about two years old, under her own charge. She nursed this child carefully, sent some of her own clothes to the mother, and took a change of clothes to her every week; yet for all these kind offices she had scarcely any other return than reproaches and complaints. The clothes, it was said, were not well washed, nor was anything done for her as it should be done. But Catherine was neither to be fatigued by service nor discouraged by ingratitude. She felt the claims of weakness, ignorance, and suffering in this poor beggar far more strongly than she felt any injury to herself. She kept the child for some months, till the mother reclaimed it; and then gave up her charge only because she was allowed to hold it no longer. It is only from such facts that one knows how much the poor often do for the poor.

After a few years' residence in Liverpool, Catherine's son died, which was a sore grief to her, for she was now alone in the world, and had no longer any one of her own family to love. To fill up the vacancy, she gladly took charge of three children from a widower, a respectable man in the neighbourhood, who engaged to pay her twelve shillings a week for their board. She, however, had not long had the children under her roof, when the health of the man failed, and he was unable to earn the amount he had agreed to pay her. So anxious, however, was he to do what he could in payment for the relief and comfort he had received, that he was actually at his work on the week in which he died. Catherine kindly waited upon him on his deathbed, and although he professed a different form of religious belief from her own, brought him, unasked, a clergyman of his own persuasion. She said 'she thought people always go fastest to heaven upon their own road.' On his dying bed, this poor man besought her to retain the charge of his children. She gave him her word that she would; and she admirably performed her promise. After a time, the youngest boy was placed in a charity-school, where she maintained a faithful supervision of him; and when he left it, she fitted him out for sea, and continued to care for him whenever he returned from a voyage. The girl she kept two or three years, till she found a good place for her. And the eldest boy, owing to the failure of the master to whom he was apprenticed, was for several years a considerable expense to her. A fellow-apprentice earned only four shillings a week: his own father refused to keep him for so small a sum. The anxiety and grief of his mother were extreme, and she applied to Kitty upon the subject, who told the mother that, on condition of the good-conduct of the boy, she would receive him into her family.

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At the first appearance of cholera in England, great anxiety was manifested to guard against it, and cleanliness was especially enjoined. The habits of the very poor, and their few conveniences, made the washing and drying of clothing and bedding very difficult. Catherine's house at this time consisted of a small kitchen, a little parlour, two or three chambers, and a small yard at the back of the house. In the kitchen, she had a copper. She fastened ropes across the yard, and offered her poor neighbours the free use of them and her kitchen for washing and drying their clothes. She also took charge of clothes and bedding which were lent for the use of the poor. So apparent was the benefit derived by the families who availed themselves of Catherine's kindness, that a benevolent society was led to provide a common cellar where families might wash every week.

The establishment thus begun was found very useful; and in cases of cholera or fever, medical men were accustomed to send a note with the clothes used by a patient, or when a change of linen was required; hired washers being employed for the service of the sick. This plan made neighbours willing to lend clothes and bedding, since no risk of contagion was incurred. During the second year of the cholera, one hundred and forty dozen articles of clothing for men and women, one hundred and fifty-eight sheets, thirty-four beds, sixty quilts, and one hundred blankets, were washed in this establishment in one week.

The cholera principally attacked the heads of families, especially those who were in a state of exhaustion from fatigue or want of food. It frequently happened that the sufferers had neither food nor fuel, while the rigorous quarantine led to a dearth of employment. Catherine divided her own stores as far as she could with the sufferers around her. A supply of oatmeal was given her, and with this she made porridge every morning for a number who would otherwise probably have had no breakfast; and at one time she thus supplied sixty with daily food. A neighbour every evening went three miles into the country for the milk for this porridge.

Wherever the disease appeared among those who knew Catherine, her presence and aid were felt to be of high importance. The physicians were quite unable to meet the calls that were made upon them; she therefore went to them for advice, administered the remedies which were prescribed, and carried back accounts of her patients. It seemed impossible that she should obtain rest either night or day. She found a vacant room, on the floor of which she could spread some bedding, and there she provided a lodging for families in which death had occurred, and whose rooms, it was thought, should be vacated for a time, that they might be purified. One of the first cases of cholera occurred in the street where Catherine lived. A widower, with two young children boarding with a poor woman, was taken suddenly ill, and died. To prevent unnecessary

exposure to the disease, the attending physician directed that the body should be buried unwashed. A report of this got abroad, and a crowd assembled about the house, threatening violence if the body were not washed before it was buried. Catherine undertook to address this assemblage. 'We should be very sorry to do anything wrong,' she said to them; 'but the physician has forbidden that the body should be washed, on account of the danger of infection. Now, this man who has died is no more to us than he is to any of you. Mrs R—— and I have done our part, by laying out the body; and if any one of you will come in and wash it, we will provide everything that is necessary for you.' The crowd dispersed quietly and quickly, and the body was buried unwashed.

The deaths and sickness of so many parents by cholera left a large number of destitute children, too young to go to school, and who were therefore running about the streets. Catherine could not overlook these children. She collected about twenty of them into her house, and a neighbour, who lived on the opposite side of the street, offered to assist her in the care of them. This neighbour amused the children by singing to them, by telling them stories, and by teaching them to repeat hymns. The number of the children soon became too large to be comfortably accommodated in Catherine's little dwelling. It was resolved, therefore, to form them into a school. The infant school thus begun was adopted by the managers of one for older children in the same street; the neighbour who aided Catherine became the mistress, and obtained a comfortable maintenance from the employment she had begun in benevolence.

A being with such a universal spirit of charity and love, and with such self-imposed claims and duties, required to eke out her means by every plan which seemed available. To make the most of her house, small as it was, she received lodgers; and to make their evenings pass agreeably, she borrowed books and newspapers, and proposed that one should read aloud for the general entertainment. She provided a good fire in the winter, well knowing this comfort often tempts even a sober man to an alehouse. She permitted her lodgers to invite their acquaintance; and during the winter of 1835, as many as ten met and subscribed for three different cheap periodicals, and to the Mechanics' Library. As some of the party were carpenters' apprentices, an older workman gave them instruction in their business before the reading began. One of these young men begged Catherine to speak to four of their fellow-workmen, who spent the money at alehouses which they earned by working over-hours. She did so, telling them if they would come every night to her house, they should have the use of a good fire and a newspaper, and for sixpence a week she would provide a supper.

This poor woman seems to have had an eye to everything. One day, in passing a shop, she saw a great boxful of waste paper, including many damaged and used Bibles. These she was allowed

to pick out and buy for a mere trifle. When she brought her parcel of Bibles home, she fastened the leaves, patched up the covers, and then lent them to sailors who were going to sea. It was afterwards ascertained that by this act the characters of several were improved. It may be matter for surprise how Catherine earned enough to accomplish so many good deeds. But cheerful and persevering labour, with rigorous economy, will do wonders. She long lived a credit to her station, and shewed, in all her undertakings, a remarkable power of making much of slender means. Her economy with regard to both food and clothing was admirable. Nothing was wasted. She has been known to stew fish-bones into broth for the sick poor, and from the refuse of fruit to make a pleasant drink for fever patients. Time was also, in her estimation, a thing not to be thrown away, and therefore every moment of her waking existence was devoted to the execution of some useful object.

The owner of the house in which Catherine lived was a single lady, and a cripple, with a very small income. Catherine's consideration of these circumstances was beyond all praise. She expressed her unwillingness to apply to her poor landlady even for necessary repairs, and as far as possible made those repairs herself. She bought paint, and painted her rooms with her own hand. She received payment from her lodgers on Friday, and the sum, though only a few shillings altogether, she lent to some poor women, who purchased certain goods which they sold in the market on Saturday, and made their returns to her on Saturday night. It did not appear that she ever thus lost anything, while the gain was of considerable importance to those who made it. She mixed but little with her neighbours, except for such offices of kindness as she was able to render to them; and most unwillingly asked for any aid for her own personal friends.

We must, however, draw our account of this poor widow to a conclusion. She was not without faults; as, for instance, hastiness of temper; but her anger was soon appeased, and no ill-usage could check her kindness, except for a very short time. She had experienced injustice; and though she felt it strongly, acknowledged that it was a duty to forgive others, when there was so much to be forgiven in ourselves. She was ever most careful not to incur a debt, and maintained her sense of duty on this subject with an energy worthy of all praise. Had she been embarrassed by debt, she could have carried through few of her benevolent intentions. Her whole history presents a striking combination of simplicity with energy, sensibility with judgment, of forethought, calculation, and economy, with disinterestedness and self-sacrificing benevolence. To a pious reliance on Providence, she united a vigilant sense of practical duty, an indifference to all selfish considerations, and a strong faith in her fellow-creatures, in herself, in good principles, and in TRUTH.

LIZZY M'CALLUM.

THE tale which follows is given in the words of a gentleman who vouches for the truth of the circumstances.

I remember my mother telling me of a poor woman, a neighbour of hers, who lived in the same village at the foot of the Grampians, and whose husband having died, left her with six children, the youngest only a few months old. 'For many months,' said my mother, 'this worthy creature supported herself and her six children by spinning literally almost day and night; and yet, with all this exertion, she could only procure them the scantiest supply of the poorest fare. Barley-porridge, without milk, twice a day, with perhaps the luxury of potatoes and herrings to dinner once or twice in a week, formed their whole sustenance for months together, so small was the remuneration for that kind of labour which the mother alone could work at. But during all this time no one ever heard a complaint from Lizzy M'Callum; and although her children's wan looks told that their fare was none of the best, still they were scrupulously neat and clean in their clothes—a feature which seldom characterised their neighbours. Being gentle, good-natured children, they were always welcome playmates to you and your sisters. In the winter evenings, they participated in your pastimes of hunt-the-slipper and blindman's-buff; and in the fine days of summer, the young M'Callums were equally necessary and important allies in chasing butterflies over the knowes, plaiting swords and caps of rushes in the meadow, or catching minnows in the mill-burn. One day,' continued my mother with a sigh, the tears coursing down her venerable cheeks at the recollection—'I remember it as if it had been yesterday—two of Lizzy's little girls were at play with you and your sister Harriet in our front-parlour. You were then both just about their own age, namely, five and seven years; and as I chanced to be dealing out to Harriet and you your customary forenoon slice of bread and butter, I offered a slice each to Mary and Jessy M'Callum. The latter, a mere infant, at first involuntarily held out her little hand with avidity, looked wistfully for a moment at the tempting morsel, then suddenly withdrawing her hand, as if a serpent had stung her, and reddening like scarlet, timidly said: "No, I thank ye, mem." "Come, Mary," said I to her sister, "I am sure *you* will not be so shy; you shall have both slices." "I am much obleeged to ye, mem," replied the sweet child, blushing like crimson; "but my mither says we mauna take pieces except in our ain house."

Such were the lessons of self-denial and decent pride implanted by their worthy parent in the minds of these innocent children of adversity.

'Not satisfied with providing for the mere animal wants of her children, Lizzy M'Callum endeavoured, with the most untiring assiduity and affection, so far as her own humble acquirements went, to cultivate the minds and improve the manners of those helpless and endearing charges which had been intrusted to her sole care. One always sat by her side and read while she was engaged in spinning, and in this way she taught the four eldest to read the Bible very accurately. Psalms and questions from the *Shorter Catechism* accompanied these instructions; and when these duties were over, if any of the juniors began to grow impatient or clamorous for food, she would occasionally resort to the innocent expedient of lilting the tune of *Little wat ye wha's coming*, and making them dance to it, while she plied the task which was to procure them the next meal.

'The neighbour gossips often wondered how Lizzy M'Callum found time to keep her cottage so trim and her "bairns sae wyse-like;" for, excepting on Sundays, she was always found at her wheel; and yet, although her labour seemed without end, and her privations almost too much for human fortitude to sustain, still Lizzy's open countenance ever wore the same calm good-humoured smile; and her answer to any whose benevolence prompted them to offer her pecuniary aid was: "I am obleeged to ye—greatly obleeged, I'm sure; but I need naething, and the bairns ha'e aye a bite and a brat [that is, food and clothes]—thanks to the Giver." Every good result did indeed follow this excellent and humble-minded woman, and her singular exertions in so worthy a cause were not without their reward; for as her children grew up, they went to service among the farmers in the neighbourhood, to whom their good conduct soon recommended them; and so much were the M'Callums respected and beloved, that they invariably received higher wages than was usually given to servants in their station in that part of the country. But none, save those who have been similarly circumstanced, can fully comprehend the delight of the widowed mother when, on the forenoon of the term-day, her rosy open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women—one after another dropped into their dear mother's humble cottage, and with tears in their eyes, and looks glowing with happiness and affection, placed in her lap "their sair-won penny fee." Then would each, in his or her turn, receive the fond mother's kiss and her solemn blessing; and ere the tears of pleasure and filial love were well dry on their cheeks, they would commence making affectionate inquiries respecting each other's health and welfare; and while the young men gravely discussed the merits of their respective masters' farms, and learnedly descanted on the most proper rotation

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of crops, the breeding of cattle, and the latest improvements in husbandry, the maidens would as earnestly enlarge on the best modes of dairy-management, their several achievements in spinning linen yarn (an accomplishment in which all young females were generally proficient at that period), and the most approved method of steeping and drying lint (flax), with many equally interesting and harmless topics.

‘By a few years’ saving and industry, the two elder sons, James and Alexander, had educated themselves so far as to be able, by the assistance of some kind friends, to begin business as grocers in a handsome shop in the most central part of the village. Here their industry and attention to business, no less than the uniform probity of their dealings, soon acquired them trade; and in a few months the shop of the M‘Callums was frequently crowded with customers, while those of their neighbours were quite empty. By and by, their business, which had hitherto been confined to the village, gradually extended to the surrounding neighbourhood; and finally, they attained the honour and profit of supplying the small dealers in the country round about with teas and groceries. When I last heard of them,’ continued my mother, ‘Lizzy was living in a nice little cottage in the outskirts of the village, built by her sons expressly for her accommodation. James and Alexander were both happily married; and Andrew, the youngest son, who had become a mason, was now a builder of great respectability in E—, with his youngest sister Jessy acting as his housekeeper. The two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, had been married some years before, one to a farmer in an adjacent parish, and the other to a dissenting minister belonging to the village. Both marriages proved fortunate in the extreme, and added to the happiness of Lizzy M‘Callum.’

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without remarking the vital importance which parental instruction and parental example have in forming the characters and tempers of children, and how much the very humblest class of society can achieve in instilling into the minds of their infant offspring principles of piety, rectitude of conduct, and benevolence of heart. None can be so poor or so engrossed as to have no spare moment for the performance of this delightful and momentous duty; none so ignorant as to be incapable of communicating to their children something respecting the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and the duties of his creatures—something illustrative of the beauty of truth, gentleness, and integrity, and the utter shame and unworthiness of falsehood, deceit, and angry passions. Were subjects of this nature habitually impressed upon the ductile minds of children, it would materially assist in subduing those evil and unruly propensities to which poor humanity is so prone; and if to such precepts were added the *good example* of parents, the result would in all probability be the same as is exhibited in the simple story above related.

NANNY WILSON.

NANNY WILSON was one of those industrious well-behaved women in humble life who manage to make all ends meet amid the most trying difficulties—difficulties which we are in the habit of saying an ordinary mind would shrink from encountering.

At a very early age, Nanny was left to her own resources. Her mother was taken from her by death while she was but a child; and her father, who was rather a dissipated character, shortly after this bereavement disappeared from his native town, where he followed the business of flax-dressing, and went no one knew where. The poor girl had no near relations to look after her, and she was indebted to the sympathy of one or two families in the neighbourhood for lodging, food, and clothing. The treatment she received in this way was not invariably kind; and this, perhaps more than anything else, impressed her with the strong determination, which clung to her through life, to be dependent only on her own exertions for support. In her fourteenth year, she was taken into a respectable grocer's family as a servant. In this situation she remained two years, and was a favourite with her master and mistress. One day, an old beggar-woman, who had never been in the place before, was heard to express her surprise at the system of flax-dressing.

'This is what I have heard old John Wilson speak about,' she said; 'but I ne'er saw't before.'

Some one had the curiosity to ask: 'Who is old John Wilson?'

'He's a weaver in Airdrie,' she replied.

This brief conversation came to our friend Nanny's ears, and she instantly made up her mind to go in search of her father. For this purpose, very little preparation was needed, for it was not much that Nanny had to carry along with her. A little bundle contained all her superfluous clothing; and some shillings in silver, the earnings of her servitude, she hid in her bosom. The distance of Airdrie from her native town was about thirty-six miles. This distance she walked with an anxious heart, for she felt that hers was a sort of wild-goose chase. There might be many John Wilsons in Airdrie; and even should she be so fortunate as to find out the John Wilson spoken of by the old beggar-woman, he might not be her father after all. Or, perhaps, were this man actually her parent, was she sure that he would acknowledge her when found, seeing that he had been so negligent of her since her infancy? These and many other fears were hers during the journey; but

she was a girl of great strength of mind, and not to be driven by idle fears or surmises from an honest purpose. On reaching Airdrie, the first person she accosted was an old man who stood smoking his pipe at a door. She said she was a stranger, and would feel obliged to him if he would direct her to where John Wilson, a weaver, lived. It was her own father she addressed, and the recognition was almost mutual. She never had cause to regret the journey; for her father was now a sober industrious old man, and she resided with him till the day of his death. This event took place when Nanny was in her eighteenth year. Having converted the trifling articles of furniture that belonged to her father into money, she went back to the grocer, and was cordially received into her former situation.

With this kind family our heroine remained as a domestic for a few years, when she left her situation in order to unite herself to a young man of about her own age, with whom she anticipated the enjoyment of comfort and happiness. Many of her neighbours, and particularly her master and mistress, thought that Nanny had a chance of remaining more comfortable in the capacity of a servant with a well-paid fee; and it might have been better had she listened to the hints thus offered to her. It must not, however, be supposed that she had reason to lament having married Richard Paterson. He was an honest, and what is called a well-doing man; but he did not possess the bodily strength necessary for the occupation he followed. His employment was that of a working-gardener, and few were known to be so tasteful and neat-handed in the use of his horticultural implements. Richard, or Ritchie, as he was called, was therefore generally well employed, and his trimly-kept cottage was cheered both during summer and winter with humble plenty, and blessed with grateful contentment. Sad to say, however, a time came when Ritchie could no longer pursue his ordinary duties. Having gone forth one severe spring morning to labour, when a frost was on the ground, and a thick moist atmosphere overhead, he caught a rheumatic affection in his legs, which ultimately produced a fixed crookedness of joints, and he was ere long pronounced lame for life. This was a dreadful blow to poor Nanny, on whom now devolved the principal duty of providing for the family, and which, without a murmur or a moment's repining, she did in a small way, to the best of her ability. People talk of trials in families—here was a trial; and here also was heroism. For four years did this industrious creature toil for the subsistence of a decrepit husband and two infant children, yet never did any one hear her utter the voice of complaint.

A time at length arrived when she was in some degree relieved from this excessive burden. Ritchie died, and her two children were about the same period carried off by a fever. Nanny was now once more alone in the world—a lone woman, but possessing a stout

heart, and a firm reliance on the goodness of that Being who has promised to be the 'father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.' Her little plan of subsistence was soon put into execution. Some friendly neighbour hinted to her the propriety of seeking relief from the parish; but she spurned the idea. What! take charity from the public while she had hands to work? Never. She scorned the thought of such meanness with a virtuous and bitter scorn. 'When I apply to the parish,' said she, 'it will only be when laid on a bed from age or disease, and when all hope of other relief is gone.' With these noble resolutions, Nanny set about her arrangements. She prudently removed to her native town, where she rented a little garret, and spun flax or filled pirns for the weavers. It was but little that she could make by this sort of labour, but that little sufficed. The rent of her room was three pounds a year, and she had meal, and coal, and butcher-meat to pay for besides. Her landlord kindly allowed her a bit of ground, on which she reared potatoes and other vegetables for the pot. She now felt herself, with an ordinary share of health, perfectly independent, and her conduct in every sense of the word was exemplary. She attended church regularly every Sunday, and every night she barred her door at nine o'clock, and spent an hour in devotional exercises before retiring to rest. After thus secluding herself for the night, she did not open her door to a human being, unless in cases of great emergency, in which she could assist in assuaging bodily distress. When the whirring of her wheel (her bread-winner) ceased, the neighbours below knew the hour. In the fine summer mornings, she was up with the lark, and working in her little garden. She might be seen going from cabbage-plant to cabbage-plant, tending, watering, and dibbling it up, and she knew almost every green blade in her ground. From her husband's death, she went on in this manner, and presented one of the finest examples of poverty commanding respect.

A number of years ago, Nanny had a most fortunate windfall. A distant relation—an aunt, I believe—of whose existence she was scarcely aware, died, leaving her the sum of forty pounds. This sum of money, which was to her immense, she placed in the nearest bank; and as the rent-day came round, she lifted a pound, or perhaps two, and settled scores with her landlord. By this prudent mode of disbursement, the little fund remained long unexhausted, but was reduced to about ten pounds; a sum so small, that the bank-people would no longer be troubled with it, and they handed it over to her, and struck her off their books. This gave her great concern; but a friend lodged the money for her in a provident savings-bank. As she was a very old woman, it was likely that it would last her time—indeed, she said so herself; for she took great care to eke it out. Fortunately, she was able to make her wheel birr, though not so unintermittingly as

heretofore; and the fine mornings in June always saw her out to the garden-plot as usual.

One specimen of her foresight, which was in excellent keeping with her character, may be mentioned. As she had lived through life, ever since she was able to work, without burdening others, so she was resolved that she should descend into the grave in the same spirit. On one occasion, while airing her dead-clothes, which were of her own providing, she remarked that 'no one should be a penny out of pocket with her funeral.'

There is surely much to admire in this old woman's conduct and character, and we could wish that her honest spirit of independence were universal. Were it so, we should see misery and degradation less frequently than we do; and poverty, instead of being accounted an evil, would be deemed the reverse. There is no situation in life that may not be sweetened by a ruling passion leading to virtue; and the ruling passion in her case meets, in any state of society, our most cordial applause. Poverty has its evils, we will allow; but where allied to virtue and self-denial, it is more deserving of respect than any other state of life with which we are acquainted.

MRS RESTON.

IN the town's hospital of Glasgow there was a heroine of humble life, whose case, some years ago, attracted considerable attention. Mrs Agnes Reston, as this aged female was named, was the widow of a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, and her life was marked by circumstances of more than usual interest. Agnes was born at Stirling on the 1st of June 1773, of parents in a humble rank in life, and was the second eldest of a family of fifteen children. Her early life was passed in the situation of a domestic servant, which, from her habits of neatness and industry, she filled to the satisfaction of her employers. In consequence of her family having removed from Stirling to a place distant from any school, the little education she acquired was communicated at home by her parents, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. From a love of books, however, of which she was passionately fond, she became an excellent reader; and, by persevering industry, particularly during the leisure of the long winter-nights, acquired such a knowledge of writing as enabled her in future years, while sharing the dangers of her husband abroad, to keep up a constant communication with her friends. When about fifteen years of age, her parents removed to Edinburgh, where, from their previous savings, they were enabled to commence a small dairy and public-house. Agnes continued for

a number of years toiling for the family ; but, being anxious to see a little more of society, she at length, contrary to the wishes of her parents, entered into domestic service with a Mrs Bannerman, residing in College Street. In this situation she continued twelve months. She afterwards served some time in the family of a Mrs M'Tavish, in James's Court, Lawnmarket ; and at length was engaged by Lieutenant Ivers, quarter-master of the Scottish Brigade, now known by the name of 'the Old 94th,' which was then stationed at the castle. Here she became acquainted with Corporal Reston, a young man of prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners. He was the eldest son of a respectable handloom weaver in Glasgow, and had obtained a good education. The young couple had frequent opportunities of seeing each other, the corporal's duties requiring him to call from time to time at Mr Ivers's house, on business connected with the regiment, and a mutual attachment speedily sprung up between them. The match was opposed by Agnes's parents as well as by her master and mistress ; but, with that firmness of purpose which afterwards manifested itself so strongly in her character, she determined to allow no obstacle to stand between her and the husband of her choice. The marriage accordingly took place on the 31st of March 1795. A curious circumstance occurred on the occasion ; the clergyman—the Rev. Mr Buchanan, of the Canongate Church—having refused, in the first instance, to perform the ceremony, in consequence of Agnes not having obtained the consent of her parents. This circumstance occasioned some delay, during which the young bride proceeded to the house of her father and mother, and used every entreaty to reconcile them to the union. So far, however, from yielding, they laboured hard to dissuade her from carrying her purpose into effect, by representing to her, in the strongest light, the hardships and perils of a military life. Both parties were inexorable. The firmness evinced by the parents was apparently inherited by the daughter ; for, after much altercation, she returned to the manse, where the wedding-party had remained in a state of the utmost anxiety, without having accomplished the object of her mission, but more determined than ever to complete the wishes of her heart. The arguments which failed with her parents prevailed at length with the venerable clergyman, and the consequence was, that Agnes Harkness was transformed without further delay into the corporal's wife, the future 'heroine of Matagorda.'

The first few days of our heroine's married life were not such as to open up to her any very bright prospects of connubial happiness. The newly wedded couple engaged a humble lodging—consisting of a single room—in the High Street of Edinburgh ; but whether from the presents which the corporal had made to his beloved Agnes, or from the expenses necessarily attending the ceremony, or from any other cause, it turned out that, on the morning immediately after the

marriage, they were without the means of purchasing a single frugal meal. Mrs Reston, however, had some money in her master's hands, which she soon obtained; and, by dint of economy and industry, their circumstances speedily assumed a more favourable aspect.

Shortly after their marriage, the 94th Regiment was ordered to embark for the East Indies; but Corporal Reston, who at this time was advanced to the rank of sergeant, was retained at home on the recruiting service. This was a matter of great regret to his wife, whose courageous spirit longed for a little active service, and who was also desirous of being removed for a time from her friends, who still seemed unable to forgive her for having united her fortunes to those of a soldier. The sergeant and his wife remained in this country thirteen years, during which time their whole family, consisting of eight children, were born. Of these, only three sons attained the age of manhood—all of whom followed the profession of arms.

Several years prior to being sent abroad, Mrs Reston contrived to effect a sudden reconciliation with her mother. It appears that, with a characteristic pride unusual in persons in their rank of life, they had, ever since the marriage of the former, stood carefully aloof from each other. One beautiful summer evening, however, as the daughter was walking down the Canongate, she observed her mother standing at her own door, and going up to her, she asked bluntly: 'How are you to-night?'

'Who is asking?' was the cold and disheartening reply.

'Bless me,' said Mrs Reston, 'do you no ken your ain bairn?'

To which Mrs Harkness exclaimed: 'Is this you, Agnes?' and burst into tears. Ever after this little incident, they lived, although soon destined to part, on the most friendly and affectionate terms.

Now commenced the active career of our heroine. Hitherto, her life had exhibited nothing remarkable, although in the biography of individuals the lustre of after-deeds frequently reflects back an interest on incidents which are in themselves common-place. The gallant 94th, which had returned from the East Indies in 1807, was, in 1810, again ordered for foreign service. On the morning of the 18th January of that year, Sergeant Reston and his wife embarked with the regiment at St Aubin, Jersey, where they had been stationed for some time before; and after two or three weeks' sailing, arrived safely at Lisbon. The men were immediately landed, but the women and children were detained on board ship until suitable barracks had been provided in the convent of St Domingo, in the vicinity of the town. The regiment was soon after ordered on a secret expedition, and the women and children, with the baggage, were removed to Bellona, about four miles distant. Here the latter remained for seven weeks, when they were ordered to join the regiment at Cadiz. Mrs Reston, both when along with the regiment,

and when left behind with the baggage, was continually employed in washing and dressing, attending some of the officers' ladies, or in nursing the sick. No toil was too great for her—no duty too onerous ; and an opportunity soon occurred for the display of those still higher qualities which have given her an honourable although humble niche in the military annals of her country.

On arriving at Cadiz, Mrs Reston learned that her husband, along with a detachment of his fellow-soldiers, had been sent to man the fort at Matagorda. Determined if possible to share the utmost perils to which he might be exposed, she, with one or two other women, obtained permission to proceed thither. Her youngest child—then an infant—had to be taken along with her ; and she graphically describes her approach in an open boat to the small and isolated fort, and the hearty reception which they received from her husband and the other soldiers. On the morning of the 21st April 1810, the fire of forty-eight guns and mortars of the largest size was concentrated by the enemy upon the little garrison.* It may easily be conceived what havoc was caused by so much artillery playing upon a place not more than a hundred yards square. The stoutest hearts must have quailed at the carnage which ensued ; and few women could have preserved the full use of their faculties amid the scene. Mrs Reston, however, remained in the midst of the danger, and conducted herself with the coolest courage. The bomb-proof portions of the fort being too confined to contain the whole of the garrison, some of the men had huts placed on the battery. One of these formed Sergeant Reston's quarters. The following narration of the terrible scene which ensued, and of the heroic fortitude displayed by the humble Scottish matron, is from a work published in Edinburgh in 1838, entitled *Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier*, by the late Sergeant Donaldson of the 94th Regiment :

'When the French opened their fearful fire, he was at his post ; but his wife was awakened from her sleep by a twenty-four pound shot, which passed through the hut, striking the fascine on which her head lay, but doing no injury to the inmates. Nothing daunted, she got up, removed her child—a boy four years old—within the bomb-proof, and repaired to the surgeon's quarters (within another bomb-proof), to assist him in supplying the wants of the wounded men. These increased so rapidly, that she tore up not only her own linen, but that of her husband, which she fetched from the hut amidst the destructive fire. Water being needed, one of the drum-boys was desired to go and draw some from the well in the centre of the battery ; but he did not seem much inclined to the task, and was lingering at the door with the bucket dangling in his hand. "Why don't you go for the water?" asked the surgeon. "The poor thing is frightened," said Mrs Reston ; "and no wonder at it. Give

* Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*.

it to me, and I'll go for it." So saying, she relieved the drummer from the perilous duty, and, amid the dreadful discharge of artillery playing on the battery, she let down the vessel to fill it with water. She had scarcely done so when the rope was cut by a shot; but she determined to get the object of her errand with her, and, begging the assistance of a sailor, she recovered the bucket, and brought it, filled with water, down to the bomb-proof, where her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. At intervals she carried sand-bags to the battery, handed along ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns with wine and water; and when the two other women (who had been in hysterics in one of the bomb-proofs from the time the action commenced) were leaving the battery, she refused to go. Next morning, our ammunition being nearly expended, we ceased firing, and the French, seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent down a strong force to take possession of the place. Our men were mustered for their reception, and Mrs Reston was at her post with the others, determined to share in the danger. It was a critical moment; for, had they got under range of our guns, our efforts would have been unavailing. Three guns, all that we could bring to bear on them, were crammed with grape, ball-cartridge, &c. to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot; and when they came within two or three hundred yards of the fort, we poured their contents into the very heart of the column, and laid half of them prostrate on the earth. Those who survived took to flight. Their batteries again opened on us, and a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived for us, we returned their salute. The place, however, being found untenable, the surviving part of the garrison was withdrawn by the boats of the fleet. Mrs Reston still exhibited the same undaunted spirit. She made three different journeys across the battery for her husband's necessaries and her own. The last was for her child, who was lying in the bomb-proof. I think I see her yet, while the shot and shell were flying thick around her, bending her body over it to shield it from danger by the exposure of her own person.'

Sergeant Donaldson was probably not aware, or at all events has omitted to state, that the child in her arms actually received a slight wound on the neck on the occasion—a circumstance which shews in a striking manner the imminent peril in which both were placed, and the hairbreadth escape which they sustained.

Mrs Reston remained in Spain and Portugal till 1814; and that she did not afterwards take part in the more prominent events of the campaign, was solely in consequence of an order which had been issued forbidding women to be present at engagements. In all the arduous duties, however, of a soldier's wife, her self-possession and untiring energy were in constant requisition; and the faculties of her naturally strong mind were continually exerted to alleviate the sufferings which she was no longer permitted to share. Sergeant

Reston was present at most of the engagements in the Peninsula, and at the close of the war returned to this country with his heroic wife and children. He landed with the regiment at Cork in July 1814, and in January 1815 removed to Glasgow, where he was discharged on a pension of 1*s.* 10½*d.* a day, having been in the army upwards of twenty-two years.

Sergeant Donaldson's narrative was, we believe, the first published account of Mrs Reston's heroism. The circumstance which called it forth affords another instance of her undaunted disposition. A few years after the siege of Matagorda, Sergeant Donaldson's regiment was quartered at Kilkenny, in Ireland. A musician from a militia regiment had been engaged by the officers to teach the band. Though an excellent performer, he was of an overbearing temper. A son of Mrs Reston was, unfortunately for himself, a member of the band; and his application to, and talents for music were so great that he appeared likely to outdo his teacher. This roused the band-master's jealousy; and as the discipline of the army demands the strictest obedience to a superior, so it is in the power of that superior, if he be an unamiable person, to inflict incessant torments upon those under him—complaint against which seldom produces redress. In this manner young Reston's life was rendered scarcely endurable, and finally he deserted, taking his passage from Dublin to Glasgow. His father had by this time retired on a well-earned pension, upon which he lived with his wife in the latter city. The old sergeant, who knew the necessity of implicit obedience to military discipline, could not palliate his son's desertion; and the wife, as much a soldier in heart as her husband, urged the young man, as the only means of atoning for his fault, to rejoin his regiment. To this the deserter consented, and he returned with his mother to Kilkenny, she actually giving him up to his commanding-officer. Young Reston was, at her earnest intercession, pardoned, and recommenced duty; 'but,' to use Donaldson's words, 'the spirit of his oppressor was in no way altered—he took every opportunity of provoking him. Reston's feelings were keen in the extreme; but he suffered patiently for a length of time; until one morning, when the regiment was going out to drill, provoked beyond measure by taunts and insults, he replied in terms that were construed into something resembling mutiny. This was immediately reported by the fellow who had exasperated him; the consequence was, that he was tried by a court-martial on the field, and punished. He did not receive more than twenty-five lashes when he fainted, and was taken down: his back was little hurt, but the scourge had entered his soul—he never recovered it.' He earnestly entreated his parents to procure his discharge, and they made the necessary application at head-quarters; but, on being referred, it was resisted by the commander of the regiment. Seeing this, Mrs Reston—with that energy of character which, when occasion required, she had always evinced—travelled to

London, and petitioned the Duke of York, at that time commander-in-chief, for her son's discharge ; urging her own services as a claim upon the indulgence of the authorities. The usual routine, however, could not be departed from ; the second petition was in due course forwarded for the consideration of the young man's colonel, was again resisted, and finally refused at head-quarters. Thus poor Mrs Reston, having taken her long journey to no purpose, returned to Glasgow with her mission unfulfilled. What was worse, her son—driven to despair, and seeing no hope of relief from the oppression to which he was subjected—again deserted. Only two letters were received from him towards the close of 1818. They were dated Venezuela, South America, and were full of expressions of deep contrition for the disgrace alleged to have been brought on his parents by his conduct. In one of these he alluded to his having been at school in Lisbon ; and although faulty in composition, they evinced some taste for literature. After stating that he had three Spanish dollars a day as master of a band, he said : 'We have very fine quarters, and little to do. In fine, this is the situation most agreeable to me. Here I can fish, hunt, &c. without any licence, and music and poetry are my chief delights.'

In his second letter, he proceeded in the same strain of regret regarding the past, and said : 'Pray you, let me be spoken of as I am—

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

If I have erred, it has been more from want of judgment than an evil propensity. I am positive, if you ever meet with any of my acquaintances in the 94th, there is not a man who will ever say anything detrimental to my character.

'Adieu ! may the blessings of Providence ever wait upon you, and may smiling plenty ever crown your board ! Oft as I sit beneath the shade of the banana or cocoa-nut tree, my heart steals out a sigh for home.'

Home, however, he was never destined to reach, nor is it probable that he ever made the attempt. If he had, what kind of home would he have found ? A cheerless and poverty-stricken hearth—the reward of a heroism on the part of a humble sergeant's wife which had won the applause of brave men, and struck frail women with an astonishment bordering on unbelief. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs Reston was left entirely destitute. Her parents were both dead. She had two sons in this country, one at Stalybridge, near Manchester, and the other in Glasgow ; but as neither was in circumstances to render her permanent assistance, however willing they were to do so, she preferred relying on her own exertions, hoping that the small pension enjoyed by her husband would have been continued to her. She applied to the Duke of York for that

purpose ; but again official formality stood in her way. His Royal Highness took an interest in her application, but was at length obliged to return for answer that there was no fund out of which the desired pension could be paid. The fortitude, however, which had braved the thunders of the French cannon at Matagorda did not forsake her amid the menaces of a pauper's fate in the country she had so nobly served. She resided at this time in Main Street, Gorbals, and continued to support herself by various domestic employments, besides acting at times as a nurse for the sick. Having removed in 1834 to another house near the harbour, she not long afterwards met with an accident, whereby her right arm was so much injured as to unfit her for her usual occupations. In these circumstances, the poor-house was her only resource ; and accordingly, on the 12th of October 1835, the heroine of Matagorda was admitted into the Glasgow town's hospital, although, from the intercession of some friends, more in the capacity of a nurse than as a common pauper. Notwithstanding that she never fully recovered the use of her arm, her activity and general usefulness frequently attracted the attention of visitors, and excited inquiry into her remarkable history. In spite, however, of Sergeant Donaldson's narrative—which was corroborated and quoted in Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*—Mrs Reston's claims to some reward for her heroic services would not in all probability have been revived, but for the ever-watchful vigilance of the public press. An intelligent correspondent of the *Glasgow Citizen*, in one of his occasional visits to the town's hospital, accidentally had Mrs Reston pointed out to him, and obtained from her own lips a narrative of her exploits at Matagorda, which he published in that paper for August 12, and which coincides exactly with Donaldson's account. An equally interesting notice was put forth in the *Times* of September 5, from a correspondent signing himself 'Civilis.' 'Not very long since,' he says, 'the writer of these lines happened, entering Glasgow as a visitor, to be abruptly consigned to the doctor's hands in a most serious illness—a fever. Being a stranger at his hotel, amid strangers, a nurse was sent by his medical adviser, to remain in constant attendance upon him. This was an old but hale and quietly cheerful woman, whose singular vigilance and zealous kindness, during a fortnight of severe trial, excited his surprise, admiration, and gratitude. She slept in the same chamber with him, and at any moment of the night, the slightest indication of uneasiness on his part was sufficient, notwithstanding frequent remonstrances, to bring her eagerly to his bedside with every soothing inquiry. Her own rest she unreservedly sacrificed. This was not the conduct of an ordinary hireling : that it was the result of strong native generosity of soul, was proved by the thankfulness with which, when her task was completed, she received what was assuredly but a very moderate remuneration for her services.

Having expressed surprise to her at the recklessness with which she broke up her hours of rest, the old woman with a smile, mingled with something of sadness, alluded to the fact of her having been the wife of a soldier in the hardships of war, from which she had been taught to encounter the rough visitations of life with patience, and, moreover, to feel strongly for those whom sickness or the accidents of the field threw into the wards of the hospital. This naturally was followed by inquiry respecting her campaigning, which drew forth a narrative, clearly and unaffectedly told, of the troubles and adventures she had encountered as the wife of Sergeant Reston, of the 94th Regiment, throughout much of the Peninsular struggle.

One of the first acts of 'Civilis,' after his recovery, was the grateful one of making the heroine of Matagorda better known to the public than she had hitherto been, and to urge on a subscription, by which she might be able to end her days in more peaceful comfort than she could enjoy as an hospital nurse. A notice of her case also appeared in *Chambers's Journal* of 7th October 1843; and several private subscriptions, amounting to between £20 and £30, were received on her behalf. Ultimately, a committee, consisting principally of military men, and in which Colonel Gurwood took an active part, was formed in London; and the result was, that contributions to the amount of about £210 were received, including £10 from her Majesty, a similar sum from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and several liberal subscriptions from the officers of the regiment in which Sergeant Reston had served. Out of this sum, £196, 15s. 5d. was paid for an annuity of £30.

Mrs Reston was of small stature, and slight ladylike figure. Her features were fine, her manner extremely dignified and self-possessed, and her address excellent. She had a remarkably retentive memory, considerable powers of description, and a lively ready wit. She was apparently a great favourite in the hospital, a large airy building standing on a high ground at the north side of the city, and she joked pleasantly of inviting, some day or other, a large tea-party of her friends, 'now that she had come to her fortune.' It is gratifying to reflect that a woman, possessing such claims on the admiration and gratitude of her country, had at length met with some substantial acknowledgment, however tardy, of her services, and that she was at least placed securely above the reach of want for the remainder of her days.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

HANNAH MUIR.

THE following simple sketch from real life has been handed to us in the form of a letter by a lady of our acquaintance, and cannot fail to be appreciated by all who hold real and unostentatious virtue in respect.

‘In mentioning in a late communication to you the death of our estimable friend Hannah Muir, in the town of Peebles, I think I promised to give you a short sketch of her history and character, leaving you to form your own opinion of her merits. I only regret that the task has fallen to one who is so utterly incapable of doing it justice. In thus commemorating, as it were, the virtues of the deceased, I am actuated solely by a desire of impressing you with a similar veneration for her memory to that by which I feel myself influenced. Her history is not marked by one striking incident throughout, but it has its passages of simple yet melancholy interest, and to these I would now refer. Her father, Adam Muir, who followed the profession of a woollen-weaver, was remarked, in the country town in which he lived, as of a particularly pious disposition; and brought up his family, consisting of a son and daughter, with similar views, setting before them at all times a worthy example of Christian faith and practice. I am sorry to say that the son did not profit by either the precepts or example of his father; and after some years spent in thoughtlessness and folly, he ran off to Edinburgh, where he enlisted in a foot-regiment, at that time beating up for recruits to send abroad. This blow almost broke the hearts of his distressed relatives, and it was long before they recovered from its effects. Hannah, however, grew up to comfort them, and by her meek and gentle spirit, gained the love and respect of the whole town. In person she was slight and well formed, and was always remarkable for the extreme neatness and tidiness of her dress; and in whatever way she was employed, or however dirty the work in which she might be engaged, she was observed to be in herself the perfection of cleanliness and order.

‘It is not to be supposed that a person possessing these qualifications was to remain long without admirers of the opposite sex; indeed, Hannah had lovers not a few, and from amongst the number she selected one who was approved of by all her relations as a person in every respect suited to her, and from whose steadiness and prudence there was every reason to hope that he would be to her an excellent husband. By trade he was a cotton-weaver, and could earn from twenty to thirty shillings per week (this was in the palmy days of handloom weaving), an income sufficient to justify his taking upon himself the responsibility of a house and wife. These two excellent

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

persons were married, and commenced housekeeping at a short distance from the town. To all appearance, they had the elements of comfort and happiness around them, and for some months all went on well; but when the winter set in, their house was found to be both cold and damp, and the consequence of this was soon apparent in their being both attacked by rheumatic fever of the most virulent kind. They were in a great measure cut off from the attentions which the poor on such occasions of distress manifest towards each other, by being at some distance from neighbours, and it was resolved that they should both be removed into the town—Hannah to her father's house, and the husband to the house of his mother. Accordingly, they were conveyed in a cart; and on the street, in the midst of their sympathising friends, they parted from each other, never, alas! to meet again on this side of the grave. After a few months of excruciating distress, the husband died, while Hannah was unable, from her own sufferings, to minister to the comfort of his last moments. There were affectionate and consoling messages transmitted through the medium of their friends and neighbours daily—nay, towards the close of his life, almost hourly—and these had a soothing effect upon the mind of poor Hannah.

‘A few weeks after the death of her husband, she gave birth to a son; and under circumstances so mournful and trying, you will say that she needed more than earthly support. This was not withheld; for, under all her sufferings, she was never heard to murmur a complaint. Her health after this event became much better, and in a short time she was able to leave her bed, and to attend to the wants of her little boy. Her father soon after died; and the good Hannah, unwilling that she and her child should be a burden upon her mother, resolved to commence doing something towards the support of the little household. Accordingly, with what little capital she could command, she established a small shop, which was supported by those who took an interest in her family; and by this means she was able not only to maintain and educate her son, but also to keep her mother, who was in all respects as estimable as her daughter.

‘I do not know if you remember Hannah's establishment. The house which she inhabited with her mother and son was one in a line of thatched buildings of a single story in height, and rather low in point of situation to be either airy or very salubrious. Until some repairs were latterly made, the habitation consisted of only two apartments, a *but* and a *ben*, the inner room being separated from the hallan, as in old Scottish cottages, by a couple of square wooden beds, between which the passage to the interior was conducted. In this inner apartment the family ate and slept, and at the same time sufficient space was afforded at one end to carry on the business of the shop. This mixture of domestic life with

mercantile arrangements was anything but inconvenient, for it allowed a ready attention to the wants of customers; and where there was at all times a perfect propriety of manners, there was nothing either to conceal or be ashamed of.

'In this unobtrusive scene of industry, Hannah Muir* carried on her trade for many years, and was the object of a universal degree of respect, almost amounting to veneration; she was so humble, so pious, so charitable in speaking of others, setting forth an example well worthy of imitation and of admiration. Her son grew up and married, and shortly after this her mother died, so that Hannah felt herself, for the first time in her life, alone. But hers was not a spirit for repining; she looked upon all the dispensations of her lot as coming from a higher hand, and therefore to be submitted to not only with complacency, but with cheerfulness. About this time, a neighbouring parish applied to some of the inhabitants of the little town in which Hannah resided, for the purpose of finding an asylum for a poor half-witted female belonging to the parish: she was to be allowed a small weekly aliment, and was to be taken as a sort of boarder. Hannah made known her willingness to receive this woman under her roof, not for the sake of the emolument, but from a benevolent desire to save the creature from the ill-usage to which she saw she would be subjected, unless she were properly looked after; for she had formerly been an object of persecution by the youngsters of the district. Hannah's application was successful, and Martha was established as an inmate of her humble dwelling. But she soon learned that, although her protégée was harmless and inoffensive in her nature, yet her habits were such as to render her anything but a pleasant companion. She had no idea of making herself in any way useful, nor could she perform for herself the simplest offices. Hannah, by gentle and persuasive means, however, in a wonderfully short time trained her to habits of cleanliness, and employed her in going errands, and in performing numerous little offices, until the poor imbecile became to her almost a companion and assistant. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence had raised up this otherwise helpless woman to comfort the latter years of her benefactress; for not long after Martha had begun to evince some degree of intelligence, poor Hannah became almost bedridden with her old complaint, "the pains," as she expressively called the rheumatism. For many years she was as helpless as a child, being lifted only occasionally out of bed by her son, or his wife, who lived very near to her, both of whom endeavoured, by every means in their power, to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of the excellent woman. During all her illness, however, her mind was as active as during her days of health, her temper as serene, and her disposition as gentle and patient.

* In humble life in Scotland, married women continue to be called by their maiden name.
—ED.

'The care and attendance upon her little shop now devolved upon Martha, who acted as shopkeeper, cook, housemaid, and nurse. The whole of the transactions, mercantile and domestic, as I have said, being carried on in the same apartment, Hannah was enabled to give things the benefit of her mental supervision; and to one accustomed to the bustle and heartlessness of *town* business, there was something irresistibly amusing, and at the same time touching, in their simple mode of conducting their business. The shop end of the apartment contained a small counter, a press in which the goods were stowed, a beam over the counter, from which were suspended two pairs of scales. The window contained in three of the panes glass bottles, filled respectively with barley-sugar, caraway comfits, and peppermint drops; in the other three panes there were three varieties of biscuit, that in the centre being composed of gingerbread, the surface of which was rendered very attractive by means of a sprinkling of small coloured caraways. Leaning against the wood-work of the window, there were short tobacco-pipes upheld in a slanting position, and on the sill there was a display of bread of various kinds. The domestic arrangements were on the simplest possible scale: a chair or two, a table, a chest, and two wooden beds, comprised the whole of the furniture. There were also a few books, all of a religious character; and within the bed occupied by Hannah there was a shelf where she deposited any little article which she considered of more than ordinary value. Her cash was kept here in two little cups, the one for silver, and the other for copper.

'For years this system of things went on, every year adding to the sufferings of Hannah. Her fate in this respect may be said to be that of thousands of persons in humble life, whose health is irretrievably impaired by the cold earthen floors on which they spend their lives—for, alas! piety the most sincere is no protection against the action of one of nature's most inflexible laws. Hannah's affliction was from a deep-seated rheumatism throughout the frame; all her joints were frightfully swollen, and her hands contracted, yet no one ever heard her complain. Her only anxiety was an intense desire to preserve her credit with the few respectable dealers in town from whom she had her small supplies of goods. As to her own bodily sufferings, she afforded a beautiful instance of pious resignation, and in her, Christianity shone out something superior to what it usually appears even in the most favourable cases, for hers was of a practical, not a theoretic or formal order of belief. In her periods of greatest distress, she always spoke of the merciful way in which she had been sustained under her bodily anguish, and gratefully acknowledged that her chastening was for her good, and should be looked upon as a source of true consolation and ultimate happiness. This pious frame of mind sustained her to the end, and she died in the blessed hope of realising in a better world the enjoyments which in this were the constant theme of her contemplation.'

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WITHIN a very few miles of Edinburgh, there lived an old woman, known among her neighbours by the name of 'Auld Susan.' She was the daughter of a small farmer in the north of England, and in early life married a private soldier in a Scotch regiment, which happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood of her father's house. Having been on this account cast off and disowned by her parents, she followed her husband for many years during the early part of the last war, and in time became the mother of four sons, all of whom, as they grew up, attached themselves to the same regiment. After a long course of faithful service, Susan's husband was raised to the rank of sergeant; and as she was industrious and frugal, they contrived to make their situation more comfortable than that of a soldier's family generally is. Susan, however, had too much perilled upon the fortunes of war to continue long free from misery. She accompanied her husband and sons through the whole of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore. When the withdrawing army was finally engaged by the French at Coruña, she stood on a rising ground at no great distance from the field of action, ready to take charge of any of her family who might be obliged to retire disabled. While the fight was at the hottest, a wounded officer was borne past her, and on inquiring of the soldiers who carried him as to the fate of her husband and children, she was told that all, except one of the latter, were 'down;' they had fallen in receiving a desperate charge of French cavalry. At this moment, the tide of battle receded from the part of the field which it had hitherto chiefly occupied, and Susan rushed eagerly forward amidst the dead and dying, in the hope of finding her husband and sons, or at least some of them, still alive. The first sight which met her eyes was the prostrate body of the fourth son, who within the last few minutes had also been brought down, and was now, as she thought, on the point of expiring. Ere she could examine into the condition of the wounded lad, a large party of the enemy's cavalry swept across the field, in full retreat before the British, and she had only time to throw herself over the body of her son, in the desperate hope of protecting him from further injury, when it swept over her like a whirlwind, leaving her with a broken leg and arm, and many severe bruises. In this helpless state she was found after the battle by a few survivors of the company to which she had belonged, and conveyed on board the transports along with the wrecks of the army. On inquiry, she found that the fate of her husband and three eldest sons was too fatally certain;

that of the youngest was less so; his body had not been found; but there was little time for examination, and it seemed almost beyond a doubt that he had also shared the fate of his father and brothers.

Upon her arrival in England, the poor woman was sent to the hospital until her wounds were cured, but, after her recovery, was turned out desolate and destitute upon the world. A representation of her case to the War Office was unattended to; nor would her honest pride permit her to persist in importunity. The same independence of spirit forbade her seeking the assistance of her relatives. By means of a small subscription raised among her late husband's comrades, she travelled on foot to the place of his birth near Edinburgh, and with what was left she was enabled to put a few articles of furniture into a cottage which a worthy farmer rented to her for an almost nominal sum. The same kind friend afterwards procured her, although not without difficulty, a small weekly allowance—a mere pittance—from the parish funds, with which, and by means of knitting, spinning, rearing a few chickens, and the various other humble expedients of helpless poverty (for she was disabled from field-labour), she contrived to support existence in decency, if not in comfort.

Twelve years had passed away, and approaching age was gradually rendering the lonely widow less and less able to obtain the scanty means of sustenance, when one summer afternoon, as she sat knitting at the door of her cottage, a poor crippled object approached, dressed in rags, and weak from disease and fatigue. From the remnants of his tattered clothes, it was evident he had been a soldier, and the widow's heart warmed towards him, as, resigning to him her seat, she entered the cottage and brought him out a drink of meal and water, being all that her humble store enabled her to offer for his refreshment. The soldier looked wistfully at her as he took the bowl—the next moment it dropped from his hand. 'Mother!' he cried, and fell forward in the old woman's arms. It was her youngest son James, whom she thought she had left a corpse on the fatal field of Coruña. After mutually supposing each other to be dead for the long space of twelve years, these unfortunate beings were doomed to be re-united in this vale of sorrow, mutually helpless, feeble, and destitute. But the love of a mother never dies; the poor widow scrupled not to solicit those aids for her son which she never would have asked for herself; and the assistance of some compassionate friends procured her the means of restoring him to health, although he never regained his full strength.

James's story, from the time of their last parting, was a short and sad one. He had recovered from the temporary trance into which his wound had at first thrown him, had seen his mother's mangled and apparently senseless body lying beside him, and concluding she was dead, had endeavoured to crawl out of the way of further danger, but fell into the hands of a party of the enemy.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

He remained a prisoner in France for upwards of two years, when, an exchange having taken place, he was once more placed in the British ranks, and sent with his regiment to North America. He had served there during the whole war with the United States, and was subsequently transferred to a West India station, where his wounds broke out afresh, and his health declined, in consequence of the heat of the climate. Those acquainted with military matters will understand, although the writer of these lines confesses his inability exactly to describe, how a British soldier may be deprived of the recompense to which his wounds and length of service legally and justly entitle him. The poor man we speak of met this unworthy fate. He had, at his earnest request, been transferred into a regiment ordered for England (seeing certain death before him in the tropics), which was disbanded the moment of their arrival, and he was thrown utterly destitute, and left to beg or starve, after all his hardships and meritorious services to his country. Being unable to work, he was compelled to assume the mendicant's degraded habit, and had begged his way down to his father's birthplace in Scotland, in the hope of finding some of his relatives alive, and able to shelter him, when he unexpectedly recognised his old mother in the manner described.





GOLD AND GOLD-DIGGERS.



EVER was the excitement connected with the discovery of any other metal so intense and so wide-spread as that relating to GOLD. Let us trace some of the extraordinary phases of this excitement, and then glance rapidly at the chief commercial results of the discoveries. But before doing so, it may be well to notice the form or forms in which the metal exists in the natural state.

Gold occurs sparingly in many hard rocks, such as granite, gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, &c., and sometimes even in limestone and other such rocks. It occurs far more abundantly in quartz, pure unmixed flint, or silex. In igneous or metamorphic rocks, the quartz usually occurs in veins, or in large, irregular bunches or lumps, with veins diverging from them. These veins are most commonly only a few feet wide, and for the most part traverse the rocks in a vertical or highly inclined position. Sometimes, however, veins or irregular masses occur many yards across in every direction; and sometimes, but very rarely, quartz is found in such abundance as to make what even might be called hills of itself. The gold is disseminated in this quartz, sometimes in such exceedingly minute

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particles as to be invisible, not only to the naked eye, but even to the eye aided by a powerful lens. More commonly, the gold is seen as little yellow specks, flakes, or grains scattered through the quartz. When the quartz has a crystalline structure, which it often has, little nests of gold, likewise crystalline, may be seen imbedded between the interlacing crystals of the quartz. Where the interstices in the quartz are large, these are sometimes entirely filled up with gold; and not unfrequently irregular holes and crevices seem to have been formed in the quartz by decomposition or rottenness, which have sometimes been subsequently filled with gold. In such cases, the gold often assumes irregular forms, such as melted lead will when poured into water—forms which have given people the idea of the gold having been deposited in a state of fusion, a notion in all probability utterly unfounded. How the gold got into the quartz, is a point at present so uncertain, that no man of science would take upon himself the responsibility of answering the question. The size of the irregular lumps thus entangled in the quartz varies greatly, the largest hitherto known single lump in the world being an Australian one of 2166 ounces weight. It is, however, usually found in small flakes, grains, and dendritic strings, weighing only a few grains.

The last time the land of any country on the earth slowly rose from beneath the sea, it must of course have been subject to the degrading and destructive power of the breakers, and of the waves and tides and currents, and all that wearing action we now see going on on our own shores daily and hourly before our eyes. The consequence is, that portions of every rock, large or small, have been broken off, washed and dashed about upon beaches, or under shallow water, rolled into pebbles, pounded into sand, or ground down into mud and clay. These pebbles, sand, mud, and clay, have been transported by these moving waters often to great distances from their parent site, the largest and heaviest being generally removed the least distance, but the finer and lighter particles swept sometimes tens, sometimes hundreds of miles away from the rock they were first broken off. Such is the origin of all the mud, clay, sand, gravel, and other loose and incoherent materials we so commonly find beneath the surface in all countries when we dig below the soil, interposed between it and the main body of the solid rock* below. Sometimes these accumulations are entirely wanting, even over large spaces; sometimes they are but a few inches thick, often but a few feet; but occasionally they occur in masses 100 or 150 feet in thickness. They are disseminated with great irregularity, sometimes lying on the tops, or resting on the sides of hills of considerable elevation; but most frequently we find them in the valleys and in the lowest levels of a country, whither moving water would have, of course, the greatest tendency to sweep them.

* By rock here, we mean any large regularly formed mass of earthy matter, whether it be hard or soft.

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Now, whenever the moving waters of the sea, by which these drift-materials were thus formed and deposited, attacked rock containing gold, it would of course break off lumps of it, just as of any other rock, and equally wash, roll, and knock it about, and thus break it up into smaller fragments, round it into pebbles, and grind it into sand. In this way, much of the gold would be knocked out of the rock, and much water-worn gold accumulated, or water-worn fragments of gold and quartz together.

From this point of time, however, there is a remarkable difference observable in the action of the water on the gold, and on rock which contains no gold. All kinds of rock, or earth, or stone, at all events all the common kinds, are pretty nearly of the same specific gravity—that is to say, of the same weight, bulk for bulk. Chalk, clay, limestone, compact sandstone, granite, marble, basalt, have all specific gravities varying from 2 to 3—that is to say, they are twice or thrice the weight of their bulk of water. Pure gold, however, has a specific gravity of 19, or is nineteen times as heavy as its bulk of water; and the most impure ore of gold that occurs in nature has at least a specific gravity of 12 or 15. Gold, then, is about six or seven times as heavy as quartz, or any other stone it is likely to be associated with. The consequence of this is, that moving water has at least seven times less power over it—less power to move it along, either suspended in the water or rolling along its bed.* When the drift, therefore, was formed, vast quantities of stone might be removed to great distances, while the gold was left behind, not far from its native site. All the large lumps of gold will certainly be but little removed, as also all the large lumps of quartz heavily freighted with gold. Grains of gold and small lumps may be carried further, while scale-gold and fine dust, especially if flat and thin, may be carried to very considerable distances.

GOLD-FEVER IN CALIFORNIA.

Let us now see into what wild paroxysms of excitement and delight, alternating with periods of disappointment and misery, the discovery of gold can lead vast masses of men. And let us begin with California—the auriferous region which was the first of the modern discoveries. While yet its riches were unknown, this region belonged to Mexico, and was known as Upper California, to distinguish it from the peninsula, called Lower California. This last still belongs to Mexico; but, in 1848, Upper California was ceded to the United States, and in 1850 became the state of California.

Separated from the Pacific Ocean by a breadth of 150 miles, there runs along this country the range of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy

* We shall see this more clearly, perhaps, when we reflect, that stone suspended in water loses one-third of its weight, but that gold suspended in water loses only one-nineteenth of its weight.

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Mountains. Westward of this range, we find ourselves with warm skies overhead, green lands around, and forests, lakes, and plains, valleys and hills blending their varied beauties in the landscape; busy towns and crowded sea-ports studding the shores, the blue Pacific beyond, and deeply laden ships passing in and out of the harbours. At the northern extremity, the Rio Sacramento takes its rise among the Snowy Mountains, and pouring its fertilising waters along a wide valley for 250 miles, forms a junction with the San Joachin, which flows an equal distance from an opposite direction; and these two rivers, having thus irrigated an unbroken valley 500 miles in length, pour their united streams to San Francisco, and there roll into a harbour which, some writers say, would shelter the united fleets of Europe.

Numerous rivers pour down from among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento and San Joachin. Between these and the sea lies a broken range of less elevated hills, which cradle among their summits the sources of other streams that flow directly towards the shore, and discharge their tribute into the sea, at intervals along the whole coast. The region is therefore profusely watered, and the richness of the soil in some of the interior valleys is not surpassed by any in South America.

Possessed for ages by a sparse population of Indians, California was made known to Europe by Hernan Cortez in 1530, and gradually fell under the dominion of Spain. Three centuries later, the United States annexed the northern half of the country; and then California revived from a sluggish state into which it had sunk under Spanish rule. Industry was again awake; old villages were re-tenanted; new ones were built; the wasted lands were covered with fresh cultivation; towns that had fallen to ruin, with grassy streets and harbours wholly silent, became full of active life; and indeed the entire region presented the appearance of a country reviving from a long and lethargic apathy to new energy and prosperity. The means of reaching California by land were developed by degrees. About 1810, James Pursley discovered a passage across the Rocky Mountains from Platte River to Santa Fé. This became a regular caravan route about 1824. In 1845, Captain Fremont struck a new path across the mountains, farther north, so as to reach the Sacramento. The travelling arrangements were year by year improved, until, in 1869, a railway was opened across the whole breadth of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The discovery of gold in this region was mainly due to Captain Sutter, an indefatigable man, who had formed a settlement high up the Sacramento river. In September 1847, he erected a water-mill in a spot more than a thousand feet above the level of the lower valley. His friend, Mr Marshall, was engaged in superintending an alteration in it, and Captain Sutter was sitting one afternoon in his own room writing. Suddenly Marshall rushed in with such excitement

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in his face, that his friend confesses to have cast an anxious eye at his rifle. His sudden appearance was sufficiently curious ; but Sutter thought him mad when he cried out that he had made a discovery which would pour into their coffers millions and millions of dollars with little labour. 'I frankly own,' he says, 'that when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunder-struck.' It was explained that, while widening the channel that had been made too narrow to allow the mill-wheel to work properly, a mass of sand and gravel was thrown up by the excavators. Glittering in this Mr Marshall noticed what he thought to be an opal—a clear transparent stone common in California. This was a scale of pure gold, and the first idea of the discoverer was, that some Indian tribe or ancient possessors of the land had buried a treasure. Examination, however, shewed the whole soil to teem with the precious metal ; and then mounting a horse, he rode down to carry the intelligence to his partner. To none but him did he tell the story of his discovery, and they two agreed to maintain secret the rich reward. Proceeding together to the spot, they picked up a quantity of the scales ; and with nothing but a small knife, Captain Sutter extracted from a little hollow in the rock a solid mass of gold weighing an ounce and a half. But the attempt to conceal this valuable revelation was not successful. An artful Kentuckian labourer observing the eager looks of the two searchers, followed and imitated them, picking up several flakes of gold. Gradually the report spread, and as the would-be monopolists returned towards the mill, a crowd met them holding out flakes of gold, and shouting with joy. Mr Marshall sought to laugh them out of the idea, and pretended the metal was of little value ; but an Indian who had long worked elsewhere in a mine of the costly metal, cried : 'Oro ! oro !' and 'Gold ! gold !' was shouted in a lively chorus by the delighted multitude. This is the account we have from Captain Sutter himself. In other narratives, the history of the discovery assumes many different forms and colours. A squatter constructing a shanty found gold in the stones employed to build it ; a traveller traversing a stream fell into the water, and the precious dust glittered in the mud adhering to his clothes ; a hunter in chase of the elk lay down to sleep in a cavern shining on all sides with scales of gold—these and other accounts have been promulgated. The rumour was spread abroad, and the people of San Francisco began to leave the town and swarm to the 'diggings.' A large body of Mormon emigrants had just entered California through the south pass of the Rocky Mountains ; they immediately encamped near Sutter's Mill, and within a few days more than 1200 men were at work, with buckets, baskets, shovels, spades, and sheets of canvas, seeking for gold in the sand of the south fork of the Rio des los Americanos.

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Perhaps in no other country, at any period of its history, has so sudden and wonderful a revolution taken place as that which followed this discovery : as well over the Rocky Mountains as by sea, ceaseless arrivals from all quarters of the globe swelled the population (previously only 25,000 souls). The towns on the coast were soon almost wholly deserted, and the few residents that remained made ample fortunes by levying exorbitant sums for the entertainment and supply of the travellers who came to the port. Vessels in the harbour were deserted ; the harvest was at first unreaped ; and the industry of the country suddenly stopped, as though struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population contracted and poured into the valley of the Sacramento. Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground. Still, hundreds slept in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried to the United States more glowing accounts of the gold.

A few instances of the incidental features of society after the spread of the mania among the adventurers in search of wealth may neither be out of place nor unentertaining.

In May 1848, the negro waiter at the *San Francisco Hotel*, before the mania had reached its greatest height, refused to serve his master at the rate of less than ten dollars, or about two pounds a day. But the universal rage was so strong, that the 'mineral yellow fever,' as it was termed, left San Francisco at first almost wholly deserted ; and at the same season a large fleet of merchant-vessels lay helpless and abandoned, some partially, others wholly deserted. One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board ; from another the captain started with all his crew, replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to plunder, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had gone to dig for gold ; and among the most active workers in the valley was the 'attorney-general to the king of the Sandwich Islands.' The influence of this wonderful excitement extended all over the world, but was felt most powerfully in the neighbouring regions of Oregon and Mexico. There, during the early period of the excitement, the public roads—and especially the nearest way over the hills—were crowded with anxious travellers, each face bent towards the ridges of hills dividing their adopted country from the gold regions. Whole towns and villages were left peopled by scarcely any other than women, while the men were devoutly on the pilgrims' path to the shrine of mighty Mammon.

The population that was suddenly gathered together in the valley of the Sacramento was among the most motley and heterogeneous

ever collected in any spot on the surface of the globe. Californian Indians, with their gay costume in gaudy mimicry of the old nobility of Castile; rough American adventurers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, artisans, professional men, and mechanics of all descriptions, thronged into the scene. Among them were conspicuous a few ancient Spanish dons in embroidered blue and crimson clothes, that in their own country had been out of fashion for forty years. A few gentlemen, and numbers of women, were among the delvers; while, after some months had elapsed, even China opened her gates to let out some adventurous house-builders, who took junks at Canton, sailed across ten thousand miles of sea, arrived at San Francisco, and there betook themselves to their calling, and made large fortunes by the construction of light portable buildings for the use of the gold-finders in the hot and populous valley.

Within eighteen months, 100,000 men arrived in California from the United States, and settled temporarily in the valley; though, after a short period, the return steamers were as well laden with life as the others. Nine thousand immense wagons came through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, with an average of five persons to each vehicle; 4000 emigrants rode on horseback through the same route; and of the others, many crossed the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers were sometimes so impatient, that the government packets were pressed into their service, and compelled to start on their voyage before the arrival of the mails. Others made the sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round Cape Horn. In a New York paper, sixty sail of ships were advertised to sail for the gold region in one day. The route by the emigrant trail was at first one of the utmost weariness and peril. The road, rough and broken as it was, was thronged with an almost perpetual stream of caravans; whole armies appeared to be marching to the gold regions; and each of these, as it passed, opened an easier way to its successor by levelling the mounds, throwing bridges across the water-chasms, filling up ravines, and hewing shorter routes through the woods. Yet numbers fell by the way, and died of hunger, or thirst, or sheer fatigue, though many were relieved at the settlement of the Mormon Saints, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Arrived at their destination, their first care was to provide themselves, if not already prepared, with implements—pots, kettles, crow-bars, colanders, baskets, and cradles. These and other instruments, various and multiplied, constituted the wealth of the gold-seeker. The towns on the coast were in a continual bustle; every remnant of their population was engaged in working at high rates of remuneration to supply the wants of new-comers. Captains were compelled to handcuff their men, to prevent their yielding to the attraction of the magnetic mineral lying in the valley. Labourers could only be induced to remain with their employers for a week or two at ten dollars a day; carpenters and blacksmiths were paid with a daily

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ounce of pure gold : laundresses received about thirty-five shillings for every dozen of articles they washed ; cooks commanded thirty guineas a month ; and houses recently bought for a barrel of 'strong water,' sold for 20,000 dollars. One speculator spent £45,000 on the erection of a three-story frame hotel, and immediately found a tenant, who paid him 20 per cent. on the outlay, and let some of the rooms, each at the rate of 400 dollars a month, for gambling purposes. The whole place was a theatre of excitement, and in the delirium of the mania, persons even far removed from the scene of enthusiasm committed acts of the utmost folly. They shipped whole cargoes of fine calicoes and rich silks to a land where there was hardly a female population at all ; they transported immense consignments of costly furniture to towns where the habitations were mere mud hovels or timber-frames ; they brought in one mass tobacco enough for several years' consumption ; paper, which, as the Americans said, 'the stupendous wastefulness and extravagance of all the Congresses since the Union could not have consumed since the Declaration ;' and a number of magnificent pianofortes, which sold for their value *as cupboards !*

Yet the prices paid for merchandise and commodities really wanted were extraordinary : blankets at eight guineas each, fresh water at a shilling a bucket. Wines and liquors were consumed in profusion, though to be procured only for extravagant sums. Gold-dust, doubloons, and dollars were the only money accepted ; and a traveller has declared that many of the miners flung away showers of small coins, rather than be troubled with the possession of them ! But this feverish fit, like all other paroxysms, was temporary, though, while it lasted, San Francisco was worthy to be the capital of a gold region. In the cafés, you were charged, for a small slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee, twelve shillings ; and all other provisions sold at equal rates. Powder was very costly, and yet intoxicated men rushed through the streets discharging guns, pistols, and revolvers, through mere recklessness ; while others, mounted on horses hired at several guineas a day, galloped wildly without purpose along the beach. The whole town was a Babel, and in its outskirts the scene was no less confused, and still more picturesque. A vast camp stretched around it, and along the shore, to a considerable distance on either side. Tents of all sizes, shapes, and colours crowded the mist-covered hills, and piles of merchandise obstructed the passages between. Immense fires burned in all directions, and uncouth groups were busy round them, engaged in the various processes of cooking or preparing their clothes, arms, implements, or equipage for the journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Such is a sketch of the gateway of this region as it appeared under its new aspect in 1848.

The early processes of gold-finding at California may now be described. The gold flakes were found impregnating the sand or

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shingle, either actually below water, or left dry by the absorption or diversion of some current from the hills ; though in the gullies and ravines large lumps were plentifully discovered in the crevices of rocks, in cracks in the ground, or among the roots of trees. The sand in the streams was usually worth, in the gross, from one to two shillings a poundweight. The soil was composed largely of gravel, full of small stones like jasper, fragments of slate, and chips of basalt, evidently washed down from the mountains. At first, the simplest method was employed to collect it. Tubs, pails, and tin pans were filled with mud and water, which was rapidly stirred, allowed to settle for a moment, and then poured off, leaving the heavy portion precipitated to the bottom. This was found a tedious and incomplete process. Sieves of woven willow-twigs were next tried, and for the same reason abandoned by all who could procure more serviceable utensils. Some ingenious miner invented the 'rocker,' a wooden cradle raised more at one end than at the other, and thus forming an incline. Across the bottom are nailed some broad laths, and over the top is placed a grating or perforated plate of tin. Some are small, and worked by one man, who first piles the auriferous earth on the upper tray, and then with one hand rocks the machine, while with the other he bales water into it with a tin pan. Some of them, however, occupy four men, whose division of labour is complete : one with a suitable spade shovels the earth into his pans ; the next carries it to the cradle, and flings it heavily on the close grating ; the third rocks the machine ; and the fourth continually pours water upon the mass inside. A heavy sediment, rich in gold, is left at the bottom, while all the light substances are washed away. In the upper districts, the gold was principally found in the bed or dry beds of mountain torrents, between rocky and precipitous channels, in a yellowish-red soil. The finer dust was found in the lower region, the rough lumps in the more elevated. Massive pieces were discovered only in the upper country.

The scenes presented in the gold region by the busy multitude toiling in it were thus described at that period : 'In one spot may be seen a party of newly arrived emigrants, each armed with a shovel, a tin pan, a sieve, or a colander, and all standing in the water scooping up the sand into buckets, stirring the contents with their bare arms, and watching the result with glistening eyes, as the water is poured off, and the precious sediment revealed ; in another, men are busy in collecting the gold-dust, after passing through the first rough process of cleansing, in small, closely woven baskets of Indian manufacture, which are arranged on the ground in the full glare of the sun ; in another, a large party is labouring with the immense rockers—or gold-canoes, as the Indians term them—gravely, as though accustomed to their task ; in another, scattered individuals are groping with knives, crowbars, and even common sticks, in the dry ravines, expecting by this desultory labour to earn

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more by picking up small masses of pure ore than by industriously toiling amid the sands ; in another, the miners are spreading their shining stores to dry on pieces of canvas ; while everywhere multitudes of men, in all varieties of costume, and collected from all quarters of the world, maintain an incessant motion and hum, suggesting the idea of some colony of gigantic ants engaged in collecting the materials for their dwellings.'

Many adventurous dealers established stores or improvised shops at the diggings in the following way : In front was placed a large awning, with a barrel set upright at each corner. Four broad planks formed convenient counters on each side, and on these were displayed the articles for sale. The miners, clad in greasy deer-skin pantaloons, and red hunting-shirts—the common costume in the diggings—came to the store, and produced, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief, leathern pouches full of gold scales, which they shook into the balance to the amount demanded. Some of the dust often fell on the board, and the storekeepers volunteered to return it ; but unless it was a large quantity, the general answer was : ' No ; keep it : there's plenty more where that came from.' One man came to them for a bottle of brandy, and bought it for half an ounce of gold-powder, inviting the Americans to drink with him. They declined ; he insisted, and they still refused ; when he dashed the bottle to shivers against a tree, and went on with other purchases.

The gains amassed by the miners were regulated partly by the shrewdness of the individual in the choice of his locality, and partly by accident. Some collected gold at the rate of half an ounce, others of an ounce, a day ; while there were instances of a thousand dollars per man per day. Some of the miners were accustomed to toil incessantly for a long period, and then, assembling near some well-provided store, to spend most of their gains in one extravagant fit of luxury, when they returned to their labour, to renew the feast as soon as new treasure had been accumulated. They spread an awning overhead, supplied themselves with brandy, champagne, and choice provisions, ate and drank to repletion ; and when satiated with the costly indulgence, rushed out among the tents with brandished knives or rifles, shooting at any mark they fancied. But worse than mere reckless squandering occurred. Many of the men were desperadoes, and their success was distributed unequally. Here at once was a source of disorganisation. The unfortunate envied the prosperous, and these suspected all others. Partnerships were formed in sanguine hope, and broken off in bitter distrust.

To what extent the gold-workings of California have been carried on in subsequent years, we shall notice in a later page. At present, we dwell only on the extraordinary scenes of excitement which the first year or two of the discovery presented. And now it will be

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interesting to trace the production of scenes very similar in character, in a wholly distinct part of the world.

GOLD-FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.

Every one knows that Australia is a great squarish-shaped island, or rather continent, in the southern hemisphere, about 2000 miles across from north to south, and 2500 from east to west, with the tropic of Capricorn running through the middle of it, so that its northern coasts reach within 11 degrees of the equator. Along its eastern side there runs a band of mountainous country, from Cape York on the north, to Wilson's Promontory on the south. These mountains rise 6500 feet in a part called the Australian Alps, or Snowy Mountains, in about south latitude 36° , and this is the loftiest point at present known in the country. There are numerous summits rising 4000 feet all along the course of the chain as far north as Cape Melville, near south latitude 14° , beyond which it gradually declines in height and importance. In the colony of Victoria are several short ranges of mountains, fifty miles long or so, running north and south, and rising 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea. The great eastern chain is very largely composed of granite, which forms some of its most lofty and massive mountain groups, and often appears in the beds of its ravines beneath the other rocks. On the granite rest great but irregular masses of gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, and other metamorphic rocks. These are frequently traversed by granitic dikes and veins, as also by large intrusive masses of granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and other similar igneous rocks. Upon this metamorphic set of rocks rest here and there large and regularly stratified sheets of unaltered rocks, principally sandstone, with interstratified beds of shale, and some beds of limestone. These rocks are full of fossils, resembling those found in the Devonian and Silurian rocks of Western Europe; and among the mineral treasures contained in them, gold is now known to be one.

The discovery of gold in Australia, like that of California, was reserved for an individual who proceeded upon no scientific view of the subject. Mr Edward Hargreaves, having had a farm on the flanks of the Conobolas, some thirty miles west of Bathurst, in New South Wales, went to California in search of gold. While there, he was struck with the similarity between the rocks and earthy matters of California and those of his own district. He returned, accordingly, to Australia, 'prospected' in his own neighbourhood, and after one or two months' search (April 1851), found some gold. Being assured of the valuable nature of his discovery, Mr Hargreaves applied to the colonial government for reward; and on his report being verified by Mr Stutchbury, the colonial geologist, Mr Hargreaves was rewarded by a bonus of £500, and an appointment as 'Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Exploration of Gold Districts.'

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The excitement of course became intense throughout the colony of New South Wales, and spread rapidly into that of Victoria. People, many of them ill provided and ill suited for the work, rushed to the gold-diggings; wages rose to great rates; and the prices of provisions to extravagant heights. It was soon found, however, that gold-digging was hard and weary work, and that, carried on without proper preparation of tools and division of labour, without shelter and with scanty food, it was too much either for the health, the strength, or the resolution of most people to endure. A considerable reaction took place accordingly, and wages and food sank again nearly to their original prices in New South Wales. A slight accession of the gold-fever occurred, in consequence of the discovery of a hundredweight of gold, or £4000 worth in one block, on the Murroo Creek, fifty miles north of Bathurst. This finding of a hundredweight of gold is so singular a circumstance in the world's history, that a particular account of it may be acceptable. 'In the first week of July [1851], an educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington Mission, and who had been in the service of W. J. Kerr, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence, that he had discovered a large mass of gold amongst a heap of quartz upon the run whilst tending his sheep. He had amused himself by exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and his attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of the quartz, upon which he broke off a portion. At that moment, the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh would carry him, he was on the ground; and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz, containing *the hundredweight of gold*, were released from the bed where, charged with unknown wealth, they had rested perhaps for thousands of years, awaiting the hand of civilised man to disturb them. The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed 75 pounds gross. Out of this piece, 60 pounds of pure gold were taken. Before separation, it was beautifully incased in quartz. The other two were something smaller. The auriferous mass weighed, as nearly as could be guessed, from two to three hundredweight. The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, as did nearly the whole of the gold. The second larger piece was smoother, and the particles more condensed, and seemed as if it had been acted upon by water. The remainder was broken into lumps of from two to three pounds and downwards, and was remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter.'

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On the first reports of the discovery of gold near Bathurst reaching Victoria, many people started, and more were preparing to start from Port Phillip and the neighbourhood to Bathurst and the Turon. This would be a journey of between 400 and 500 miles, through a difficult and thinly peopled country, and would require ten days, even under the most favourable circumstances. The mass of the people attempting it would probably require a month. It began soon to be whispered, however, that this arduous journey might be spared, and that gold existed within two days' walk or ride of Melbourne. After many flying rumours and reports during the (southern) winter months of 1851—namely, June to September—certain information came to Mr Latrobe, the governor of Victoria, which induced him to make a journey to examine for himself.

In a report to Earl Grey, dated October 10, 1851, Governor Latrobe described what met his view on a visit to Ballarat: 'Gold has been detected, I believe, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay which lie almost immediately above the pipe-clay, in which no trace of the ore has been discovered. The ore is to all appearance quite pure. It is found occasionally in rolled or water-worn irregular lumps of various sizes, from a quarter or half an ounce to two ounces in weight, sometimes incorporated with round pebbles of quartz, which appears to have formed its original matrix; at other times, without any admixture whatever, in irregular rounded or smooth pieces, and again in fused irregular masses of pure metal of great beauty, weighing in some instances seven to nine ounces. . . . I may give your lordship some idea of the value of this partial deposit, however, when hit upon, by stating that I witnessed during my visit the washing of two tin dishes of this clay, of about twenty inches in diameter, the yield of which was no less than 8 poundweights of pure gold; and I have seen two, or at most three cubic inches of the same yield four ounces. . . . One party is known to have raised 16 poundweights at an early hour of the day, and to have secured 31 poundweights—value about £1300—in one day's work. Many parties of four men have shared, day after day, 10 ounces per man—value at least £30. I can testify to the fact of 10 poundweights—value about £400 or £440—and upwards being the produce of a single working during one of the days of my visit, and I have no reason to believe that this case was at that time an isolated one.'

In attempting to describe the state of excitement into which the population was thrown by the news of these occurrences, he says: 'Within the last three weeks, the towns of Melbourne and Geelong, and their large suburbs, have been in appearance almost emptied of many classes of their male inhabitants. Not only have the idlers, to be found in every community, and day-labourers in town and the adjacent country, shopmen, artisans and mechanics of every description,

thrown up their employments, and in most cases leaving their employers and their wives and families to take care of themselves, run off to the workings; but respectable tradesmen, farmers, clerks of every grade, and not a few of the superior classes followed—some unable to withstand the mania and force of the stream, or because they were really disposed to venture time and money on the chance, but others because they were, as employers of labour, left in the lurch, and had no other alternative. Cottages are deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs, not a man is left; and the women are known, for self-protection, to forget neighbours' jars, and to club together to keep house. Even masters of vessels, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any control over their men otherwise, have found the only way was to join them, make up a party, and go shares with them at the diggings.'

When the excitement consequent on the discovery of the Ballarat Diggings was beginning to abate, and many men returning to their employments, it received a fresh accession of strength, and was turned into a new direction, by the report of those found at Mount Alexander. This is a hill about seventy miles north-west of Melbourne, part of the granitic district of Mount Macedon and Mount Byng. Writing in December, Mr Latrobe said: 'I will here only briefly state, that the gold raised upon the Mount Alexander gold-fields is now calculated by hundredweights, and arrives in the cities by the government escort or private conveyance at the rate of probably two tons per week—so it has been at least for the last two weeks.'

Those of the labouring class who returned successful, naturally committed all sorts of extravagance: some ordered the best and most expensive silks and dresses for their wives and children, as well as gold watches and chains, the most costly that could be got; bank-notes were eaten between slices of bread and butter, and other stories are current, such as one reads as told of sailors paid off with prize-money during the war. One deep old file, an *old soldier* in every sense of the term, had a child born to him at one of the diggings, and instantly seeing his chance, went round with a hat to make a collection for 'the little stranger'—'the first child born at the diggings:' the value of his hatful was found to amount to about £3000!

All ordinary employments, and all the ordinary relations of society, were meanwhile undergoing a strange revolution in Melbourne. One of the judges was so deserted of all servants, that, but for the assistance of his sons, he, being lame, could not have been drawn in his wheeled-chair from his house to his court. A gentleman offered a man half-a-crown to take a letter to the post-office, a distance of a few hundred yards. The man looked disgusted. 'Why,' he replied, 'I would not take my pipe out of my mouth for that sum.' Another

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offered a digger a shilling to lift a bag of sugar off his dray. The digger looked at him a moment, and then, putting his foot on a stump, said : ' There, tie my shoe, and I'll give you five shillings.' It was also related, that a sheep-farmer, who had been deserted by his men, went after them to the diggings, and tried to wile them back by an offer of what would, in ordinary circumstances, have been extravagantly high wages, when they coolly made the counter-proposal to him of a still higher salary, provided he would stay and act as their cook. All the successful gold-diggers did not act with extravagance. Captain Chisholm, within seven weeks after his arrival at Port Phillip, had received not less than £2000 in gold-dust, from labouring-men, to pay the passage out of their relatives at home.

By the month of September 1852, the accounts from Australia gave such a view of the progress of the gold-digging as exceeded the most sanguine expectations that were originally formed upon the subject. The product of the precious metal in the Victoria fields, and especially at Mount Alexander, was of astounding magnitude. The first year of the Australian gold-mining, ending in May 1852, saw £3,600,000 exported to England. This, of course, at once enriched the colony, notwithstanding every drawback produced by the derangement of ordinary industry.

There was one *little* attack of the same gold-fever in another part of Australia, and at a much later date. But this was rather the fever of failure than of success, seeing that there was very little gold to reward the seekers. This time it was further north than either New South Wales or Victoria, being in Queensland. At a part of the east coast of Australia, 900 miles northward of Sydney, gold was discovered in 1858, on either side of Fitzroy River. No settlers in that region had found a means of existence, except the owners of a few sheep-farms and cattle-runs, stores, and drinking-booths. Unluckily, the reports were exaggerated. One rumour was to the effect that 'one man in a party of three had made £7000 as his share in one gold-field.' The *Sydney Morning Herald* made a determined attempt to trace this story to its origin, and found (as in the older story of the Three Black Crows) that the truth diminished in importance the farther back it was traced. 'A gentleman in office, Mr A., had heard it mentioned by Mr B. of the Exchange, who, it was said, had seen the letter describing the discovery. A second gentleman had it on what he considered most reliable authority—namely, five mercantile men, and one high official. As the official resided out of town, we deferred further inquiries until Tuesday morning. Yesterday, we sent to Mr B., who said he heard it from Mr C., a custom-house agent. To Mr C. accordingly we went, who referred us to Captain D. This gentleman was not at home; but a relative of his informed us that she had heard her brother mention that such a letter had been received, although she herself had not seen it. Pursuing our inquiries, we at

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length heard that the letter was in the possession of the toll-keeper at the Paramatta toll-bar. A special messenger was at once sent thither. The toll-keeper said he had heard of the letter, but had not seen it.' And so the story of the £7000 vanished.

But the news spread like wild-fire before the correction could come. During one single month, the Sydney shipowners despatched no less than 27 vessels, taking out more than 3000 adventurers, diggers, storekeepers, &c.; Melbourne sent an equal number; while Brisbane and Newcastle helped to swell the list. Every one talked of Port Curtis, Gladstone, Rockingham, and other places near the Fitzroy, as if they were paved with gold. High and low were attacked with the fever. Those who did not go in person racked their ingenuity to prepare outfits for those who did. Six or seven thousand persons started nearly at one time, in ships which also carried deals, posts, rails, palings, shingles, doors, sashes, iron store-houses, blankets, mattresses, clothing, picks, shovels, axes, camp-kettles, portable stoves, belts for stuffing with gold, scales for weighing gold, and countless other articles. Workmen left their benches, labourers their fields, shopmen their counters, clerks their desks, fathers their families, to rush off to El Dorado—prepared for nothing but success; seeing that they were wholly unfitted to encounter failure or disaster. The result was a lesson of a severe kind. The voyage of many hundred miles was succeeded by a land-journey of thirty-five miles, from the landing-place at Rockhampton to the auriferous spot at Canoona, through a region having no roads, and very few vehicles. A little gold had really been found by the early adventurers; but those who came after, weary and foot-sore, had nothing but disappointment in store. Some, going westward to the diggings, met others returning east, impoverished and heart-sick. Plenty of stores were sent out, but were not owned by the gold-seekers, and could not be obtained by them for lack of money. At Canoona itself (the weather being very dry), water sold at sixpence a gallon. An eye-witness, representing one of the Sydney newspapers, said: 'Many hundreds of the adventurers, dismayed by the cries that met them, never went to Canoona at all; they landed, took fright, and sought eagerly for a return passage to Sydney. Hastily-built stores at Rockhampton were in imminent danger of pillage by the more ruffianly of the disappointed adventurers. Many of the passengers, startled at this state of affairs, did not land at all; they quietly returned to the port whence they came, wiser, but poorer than before. Many of the merchants and agents, going out with ventures of merchandise, resolved, under the circumstances, not to break bulk at all; they either held back for a time, or returned to Sydney. The sufferings of many on shore were very great, for Rockhampton and Canoona could not accommodate all, even if money had been at hand; while those whose little store of cash had been exhausted by the outfit and the voyage were reduced to absolute

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want. The diggers or adventurers, arriving at a particular spot, and finding no gold, sought for some one on whom to cast the blame. One particular individual, living in the neighbourhood, had been one of the first to make the announcement of gold at Canoona ; the disappointed and half-maddened people, rushing to an illogical conclusion with the same heedlessness with which they had rushed to the diggings, accused him of being the cause of their miseries ; and he was placed in imminent peril of "lynching." The captains of all the ships were received with fierce abuse, on the ground that the ship-owners had, by their exaggerated advertisements, contributed to the misery.' In later years, the gold-deposits of this part of Australia were steadily worked with a fair profit ; but the opening scenes in 1858 were indeed desperate. We have stated that these diggings are in Queensland, but at the time of the discovery they were included in New South Wales—the colony not having been divided into two until 1859.

GOLD IN ALL COUNTRIES.

Although two particular regions of the globe have been marked by these extravagant social convulsions, arising out of the discovery of the precious metal in unexpected places, yet the extraction and commerce in gold have taken more regular forms in other countries, and from a very early period in the world's history. Until the Californian discoveries took place, the chief sources of supply in modern times were Brazil, Hungary, Transylvania, and Asiatic Russia. During a long series of years, the gold mines of these four countries yielded to the value of about £5,000,000 annually. Brazil, however, as well as Peru, New Granada, and other parts of South America, have gradually fallen off ; because the auriferous sand, easily gathered, has become well nigh exhausted ; and because South America does not possess much of the machinery necessary for the profitable extraction of the small percentage of metal contained in gold quartz. Hungary and Transylvania, in like manner, have somewhat declined in recent years as gold-producing countries.

Russia, especially in the Asiatic provinces, has gradually assumed a somewhat important position in regard to this source of national wealth. Nominally, there is great individual freedom in the search for gold ; but practically much of the produce finds its way into the pockets of officials, who cheat both the revenue and the diggers. The adventurer may search on any spot not already appropriated, after certain formalities with the officials. The gold is found mostly in grains and small fragments in the sandy bed of streams. The actual workmen employed by the adventurer are mostly the unfortunates who have been banished to Siberia, and who are permitted to earn a little money in this way under a system of licensing. When the washings of one season are collected, the adventurer takes

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his gold-dust and fragments to a government establishment. The gold is weighed, melted down, and poured into iron ingot-moulds, each of which, if full, would contain about thirty-six pounds avoirdupois. The ingot is assayed, and its value per ounce declared. In all these proceedings there are many loopholes for bribery, favouritism, and fraud; and much of the precious metal sticks (metaphorically) to the hands of the officials. The weighing, melting, assaying, and registering being concluded, the gold is sent to St Petersburg, and lodged in the royal mint. When coined into money, a certain percentage is retained by the state, for the expenses of transport, &c., and the remainder transmitted in cash to the owner. Some years ago it was stated that the owner seldom received so much as three-fourths of the registered value, owing to the doubtful nature of the officialism concerned in the matter; but possibly matters may have improved since. Mr Cottrell, one of the few observant English travellers in Siberia, has given the following account, to illustrate the precarious nature of gold-seeking in this region. A Russian gentleman, M. Astaschef, retired from government service, in order to become a gold-speculator. He borrowed forty thousand roubles from a merchant named Popof, who had made money by gold-speculation; and then joined partnership with a third person, M. Riazanof, who had spent no less than two hundred thousand roubles before finding any auriferous sands worth working. The partners made a lucky examination of the sands of a small stream, and agreed that each should take one bank or side. They realised wealth rapidly, and then established a company, of which they were appointed managers. Astaschef was reported a *millionaire* after the lapse of a few years; the tide of fortune had turned with him just in time; for thirty-five thousand out of his forty thousand borrowed roubles were expended before he hit upon the golden stream, which was in the government of Yeniseisk, between the rivers Touba and Kan. Another rich spot owned by him was near the boundary between the governments of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk. Russia has occasionally yielded gold, in her Siberian provinces chiefly, to the value of £4,000,000 in one year, but generally the quantity has been much less. The great start, from one or two to three or four millions sterling in a year, was made in 1842, consequent on new discoveries in the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk. One of the largest nuggets the world has ever seen, valued at three thousand pounds, was ferreted out of the sands in Siberia.

In various other parts of Asia, besides Siberia, gold has been found, and for a much more considerable length of time; but the quantity in recent years has not been so great as to attract the attention of Europe. Africa, it is well known, contains gold, chiefly (so far as has been ascertained) in the sands and mud of rivers. Indeed, one part of the Atlantic sea-board of that continent has received the name of the Gold Coast, owing to the fact that the

natives, finding gold in the interior, bring it down for sale at the European settlements on the coast.

Passing over to the new continent, we have already stated that South America does not now occupy any very conspicuous position in regard to gold mines. The prosperity of the trade in that region culminated about a century ago, when the auriferous sands were very rich. Small gold-mining establishments are scattered about in Brazil, and in some of the numerous republics of South and Central America; but the sands are nearly exhausted; and the extraction of the precious metal from quartz is effected on a system so rude as to yield only a small margin of profit. Silver, in South and Central America, as well as in the Mexican provinces of North America, is now a more important metal than gold, so far as regards mines and mining.

Of the wonders of California we have treated at length, in reference to the wild excitement consequent on the gold-discoveries; we may here usefully say a few words concerning the amount of wealth realised. By the middle of 1852, when the Californian diggings had been at work about four years and a half, gold had been raised to the estimated value of £35,000,000—an average of £600,000 per month. Fourteen years later, in 1866, California claimed to have sent into the market 38,000,000 ounces of gold, valued at £150,000,000; and we cannot be far wrong in setting down £200,000,000 as the approximate value down to the end of 1869—a marvellous addition to the wealth of one single country.

British Columbia, another large region in North America, entered the list of gold-yielding countries about the year 1858. This, the youngest of England's colonies, is further north than California, but is, like it, confined between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The Fraser River, one of the streams flowing from the mountains to the ocean, is rich in gold; and it is a curious coincidence, that as gold was discovered in California almost at the time of the annexation of that region to the United States, so was a similar discovery made on the shores of the Fraser directly after the formation of British Columbia into an English colony in 1858—it having previously been a mere hunting-ground in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. The discovery was sudden, and was promising enough to draw numerous gold-diggers from California. A letter, written in the early summer of 1858, said: 'The gold exists from the mouth of Fraser River for at least two hundred miles up, and most likely much farther. Any one working on its banks has been able to obtain gold in abundance, and without extraordinary labour; the gold at present obtained has been within a foot of the surface. Thompson River is quite as rich in gold as Fraser River. The land about Thompson River consists of extensive sandy prairies, which are loaded with gold also; in fact, the whole country about both rivers is impregnated with it. I have already seen pounds and

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pounds of it, and hope before long to feast my eyes upon tons of the precious metal ; but not a bit of it, unfortunately, is my own. Before three months are over our heads, we expect to see at least 50,000 miners at work.' A correspondent of the *Times* told how precarious was the life of those who reached the diggings without money, and did not *immediately* find gold : ' Those who have money to pay for provisions, can have enough on the spot [at exorbitant prices]. Those who have no money must starve. The alternative is as clear as the sun at noonday. They can neither buy food nor leave the place. They cannot spread themselves over the country, for the following reasons : the banks of the river, high up where the miners are congregated, are steep and lofty perpendicular walls of rock, which cannot be scaled ; while the other portions of its banks are covered with impenetrable forests, without a track or a trail, which they dare not penetrate for fear of the Indians.' Some spots, supposed to be very rich in gold, were so difficult of access as to present the following picture : ' A man has to carry his provisions in blankets, on his back, up a laborious ascent in hot weather. He cannot carry over fifty pounds in weight, besides his traps, tools, and firearms. He takes several days to perform the journey ; at its termination, one-third or more of his stock of provisions has been used on the tramp. He digs, and digs successfully ; but as he is in a wilderness where his supplies cannot be renewed, after a few days' work, he must hurry down before his little stock of eatables is exhausted ; or if he remains until he shall have eaten it all, he dies of hunger. There is no relief for him. So he comes back with some gold, but not much. Several are said to have perished of hunger in this upper region.' Nevertheless, as the gold was unquestionably there, and in large quantity, adventurers conquered all other difficulties one by one ; and Fraser River and its tributaries assumed a definite rank among auriferous regions. It was soon ascertained that the gold in the river-sands was the mere washings from more copious deposits in the rocks above ; and road-makers by degrees hewed a path upwards. On the other side, hardy men from Canada, Red River, and Minnesota, pushed their way westward across the Rocky Mountains, and entered the golden regions by a new route. It is not easy to say what amount of gold has been raised in British Columbia ; because, California being nearer, and more accessible, much of the gold finds its way thither, and figures in statistical accounts rather as a produce of the United States than of a British dependency. We find, however, the following sums mentioned as the value of the bullion and specie exported from British Columbia : £1,750,000 in 1864 ; £1,000,000 in 1865 ; £1,050,000 in 1866 ; and £700,000 in 1867. It is evident that we have only got hold of part of the facts here ; the item for 1867 can only be a percentage of the value of the gold actually raised in that year.

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Another portion of North America, Nova Scotia, entered the lists as a humble competitor with California and British Columbia in 1861. In the summer of that year, a man stooping to drink at a brook discovered something glittering in the water, at a place called Old Tangier : it proved to be gold. Soon afterwards, the precious metal was found at New Tangier, at a distance of less than a mile from the sea. Numerous other lucky spots were hit upon ; and gold-washing and quartz-crushing became regular employments. One of the gold-fields, Laidlaw Diggings, is within a dozen miles of Halifax, the capital of the colony ; and it possesses gold in the forms of small nuggets, specks and scales, and gold quartz. A 'Nova Scotia Gold Company' was established, chiefly for obtaining gold from quartz, by well-arranged machinery, but also for washing auriferous sands. The colony has never yet presented such rich deposits as the other two regions of North America just noticed. But, on the other hand, there were less privations in store for the first adventurous diggers. The country was settled, and a large portion well cultivated ; the necessities of life were plentiful and cheap ; while communication with the busy port of Halifax was short and easy—a port, too, within ten or eleven days of England by Cunard steamer. In this, as in other regions, careful observers have noted how different a thing it is to pick up nuggets of pure gold, and to extract laboriously a small percentage of the precious metal from the quartz. Captain Hardy, who sent an account of the Nova Scotia diggings to one of the English newspapers, after noticing a few instances of the more fortunate kind, said : ' But let it be stated for the information of individuals who may contemplate seeking their fortunes in these nearest of the yet-discovered American gold regions, that they are not in the least likely to repay the man who may embark without capital, expecting to hew out his golden treasure in large nuggets, and with little labour, from the narrow quartz veins which intersperse the clay-slate of the gold district. Without doubt, quartz-mining will repay companies organised to prosecute mining on an extensive scale, with capital, and with the requisite machinery for crushing the quartz ; but I can aver that in the numerous instances of solitary gold-seekers working their narrow claims of some thirty feet square, which are purchased of the provincial government for £4, and on a year's lease, they have not been repaid for leaving their rightful trades and avocations.' Between 1861 and 1868, Nova Scotia produced 160,000 oz. of gold, value £63,000.

Australia we have already noticed, in connection with the feverish excitement which arose out of the discovery of gold in 1851. There, as in California, the population settled down by degrees into something like regular order. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, benefited much more largely than Sydney, the chief city in New South Wales—partly because the produce in the first-named colony was

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larger than in the second, partly because Melbourne had certain commercial advantages. Victoria had the renown of bringing to light the largest mass of nearly-pure gold the world has ever seen—so far as records afford the means of judging. It was discovered at the Ballarat diggings in 1858, and at once received the name of the ‘Welcome Nugget.’ The weight was 2166 oz., and the value £8376. This value shews, by its near approach to £4 per oz., that the purity must have been about equal to that of sterling or standard gold (£3, 17s. 9d. per oz.). New South Wales produced gold to the total weight of 3,281,000 oz., value £11,683,857, in the first ten years of her operations (1851–60). Victoria exceeded this quantity nine-fold: her produce in the same ten years reaching the enormous quantity (in round numbers) of 26,000,000 oz., value £104,000,000. We can well understand the pride and pleasure with which that colony sent the ‘Gold Trophy’ to the International Exhibition in 1862. It was an obelisk, 45 feet high, by 10 feet square at the base, representing in cubic content the bulk of all the gold raised in the colony in eleven years—1851 to 1861 inclusive. Down to the end of 1867, the sum-total was reckoned at £136,000,000—besides the gold of New South Wales. Taking the two colonies in six years, the relative degrees of activity which they have presented, in the export of gold in the various forms of coin, bars, and dust, are:

	Victoria.	New South Wales.
1862.....	£9,300,000.....	£3,000,000
1863.....	£9,300,000.....	£2,400,000
1864.....	£8,800,000.....	£3,000,000
1865.....	£8,500,000.....	£2,800,000
1866.....	£8,400,000.....	£3,300,000
1867.....	£7,800,000.....	£2,600,000

But these figures do not accurately denote the quantities of new gold raised year by year, seeing that the mints at Sydney and Melbourne coin for other colonies besides their own, and include large portions of such coinages among their exports. A recent Report states that there were 63,181 gold-miners at work in Victoria in 1868, earning an average of £105 per man in the year. The race between California and Victoria has been close: the one, £147,000,000 in nineteen years; the other, £136,000,000 in seventeen years. It will serve to illustrate the great difference between finding pure gold in the forms of nuggets and grains in sand and mud, and extracting it by mechanical processes from quartz, to state that, out of 350,405 tons of quartz crushed in Victoria in one year, the ratio of gold only averaged 17 dwts. 2 grains per ton—not much more than 1 part of gold in 40,000 parts of quartz.

New Zealand, another among the gold-fields of the southern hemisphere, is late in date and small in richness compared with

those just named ; yet it has been the means of giving to the Middle Island (as it is called) a great preponderance in wealth over the Northern Island—irrespective of the troubles pressing on the latter consequent on the warlike proclivities of the Maories. The first discovery was made in the province of Otago, in June 1861. The discoverer, Mr Gabriel Read, descried the precious metal at a spot since called Gabriel's Gully, on a small river about forty miles from Otago, the chief town in the province. He notified the fact to the provincial council, by whom he was rewarded with the very modest sum of £500. Within two months from the day of the discovery, 3000 persons were at work on the banks of the Tuapeka, getting gold to the extent of 6000 oz. per week. About a year afterwards, the place and the scene were described in the following words : ' The immediate effect of the discovery of gold was to attract immigrants from Australia and from the neighbouring New Zealand provinces. Since then, the population of Otago has doubled, being now estimated at 25,000. Gold to the value of more than a million sterling has been exported from Dunedin, and that small body of settlers have suddenly found themselves raised to circumstances of affluence.' That these discoveries must have been very advantageous to the province of Otago, and indirectly to the whole of the colony, is made manifest by the following figures, relating to the quantity of gold shipped from New Zealand down to the end of 1867 : 194,234 oz. in 1861 ; 410,862 oz. in 1862 ; 628,646 oz. in 1863 ; 480,187 oz. in 1864 ; 574,574 oz. in 1865 ; 735,376 oz. in 1866 ; and 686,753 oz. in 1867—gold to the value of £14,508,749 in seven years. Recently, valuable gold-discoveries have been made in the North Island also.

Lastly (for it is hardly necessary to speak of isolated deposits dotted about in various parts of the world), we may say a few words concerning the four sections of the United Kingdom. The discoveries made by antiquaries shew that gold was well known both in Britain and in Ireland many centuries ago, in the form of ornaments ; and it is probable that some at least of this gold was found in Scotland.

In more than half the counties of England, gold has been discovered in small quantities ; and there is evidence that, not only in mediæval times, but as far back as the Roman occupation, the deposits were worked in a rude sort of way. About the year 1853, much excitement sprang up in Devon and Cornwall, due to the introduction of an ore-crushing machine of great efficiency. It has been long known that *gossan* and *mundic*, two mineral substances found in tin and copper mines, contain a little gold ; but the expense of extracting the precious metal was more than the value of the extract. Professor Ansted stated, as the result of experiments, that if ore contains so little as half an ounce of gold to the ton, Berdan's ore-crushing machine would separate it at a profit. The question thence arose, What is the percentage of gold in the various mineral

substances found in copper and tin mines? The entire quieting down of gold-mining speculation in our counties supplies the answer; the percentage is too small to attract much notice from commercial men.

There is more chance in Wales than in England; the surface is more mountainous, and the mountains contain a good deal of metallic wealth. Almost all the twelve Welsh counties have yielded gold, in the copper, lead, and tin mines. In 1861 and 1862, much attention was bestowed on the Vigra gold mines, as they were called, about midway between Dolgelly and Barmouth. The gold was found in small veins in slaty beds, interlaid between coarse, greenish-gray gritstones. A water-wheel was erected on the spot, sixty feet in diameter, employed in working a powerful Cornish crushing-machine. The machine was capable of crushing forty tons of ore daily. In 1860, the whole Welsh produce was set down at 740 oz. Some of the ore yielded only from 3 to 19 dwts. per ton; but the produce of the Dolgelly district was found in 1862 to yield 353 oz. per ton. The works are still being carried on at a fair profit; but the really rich spots are few in number, and do not attract any large amount of capital or enterprise.

Ireland had a noticeable gold-fever in the last century. In 1796, a little nugget of gold, weighing somewhat under half an ounce, was found among the Wicklow Mountains. The news spread like wild-fire. Male and female, young and old, rushed to Croghan Kinshela; and gold to the value of £10,000 was found before the government took any steps in the matter. Probably the storms of ages had washed out numerous small bits of gold from the crevices of the rocks; but when this surface-store was exhausted, and arrangements made for a deeper and more scientific exploration, it was found that the expenses overbalanced the returns. And so died away the credit of the 'Wicklow gold mines.'

Scotland has also had its periods of excitement arising from discoveries of the precious metal; and as the recent Sutherland adventures illustrate very well the forms which this excitement assumes, a brief notice of the doings at Helmsdale will be welcome. Mr Gilchrist, a native of Sutherland, while engaged at gold-digging in Australia, was struck with a similarity in appearance between some of the creeks in the colony and those in Kildonan strath; and on his return home, he resolved to search for gold at the last-named place. The most northern railway station in Great Britain is (1869) at Golspie, near Dunrobin Castle; 17 miles beyond this is the town (or village) of Helmsdale; and 10 miles west of Helmsdale he found gold in the strath. The precious metal, in very small quantity, was obtained from the mud or alluvial deposit of a burn which flowed down from the hills. No sooner was this discovery noised abroad, than adventurers flocked in from the neighbouring districts. There being no town or village near the spot, the men took with them

blankets and poles to form tents, and a few implements and cooking vessels of the simplest kind. During the winter of 1868-9, great hardships were endured; some of the men sleeping under canvas in piercing cold, some trudging to and from Helmsdale every day. The operations were of a very simple kind, involving no boring or blasting. The diggers, with pickaxes and crowbars, broke up the alluvial deposits which had been washed by the stream into the crevices of the rocks. Basins, frying-pans, &c. were filled with this earth, and washed in the stream until everything was washed away but small spangles of gold. These spangles were so few as greatly to dishearten most of the diggers. When washing apparatus of a little better kind was used, the produce was somewhat increased. In the month of August 1869, about 300 persons were employed at Kildonan in gold-digging; and as bakers, butchers, and store-dealers had followed in their wake, the semblance of a small colony was making itself apparent. Indeed, two clusters of this singularly located community invented Gaelic names for their settlements, equivalent to 'Gold City' and 'Tent Town.' Not so much for the sake of profit, as to avoid occasions for dispute, the Duke of Sutherland granted licenses to the diggers, each for a certain area of ground. Many experienced miners from Australia have expressed a belief that the alluvial gold met with in Kildonan strath will be small in quantity (the largest nugget recorded weighed only 2 oz. 20 grains); and that, if the precious metal exists in quartz rock near at hand, it must be worked by better combinations of labour and machinery than have hitherto reached that spot. The Sutherland diggings have suggested the probability of gold deposits being met with in many other parts of Scotland, especially in the districts of Breadalbane, Braemar, Galloway, Lammermuir, Tweedmuir, and the hilly parts of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness. The Caledonian, the Deeside, and the Highland Railways give easy access to many of these spots.

METHODS OF GOLD-MINING.

The foregoing pages convey some information concerning the processes by which the precious metal is obtained from the soil. But it may be desirable to give fuller particulars. The best way, perhaps, will be to suppose a party of men going out to a new gold-district, or to new diggings in a district already partially occupied—to begin at the beginning, and thus trace the manner in which the operations develop themselves.

It has been found by experience that a gold-digging party should consist of not fewer than four people. To pursue the occupation to the best advantage of health and comfort, and therefore permanent profit, they should be provided with a small tent, with a stock of blankets, and a sufficiency of coarse clothing to afford a

change from wet to dry, with a cradle, and a stock of pickaxes, crowbars, and shovels. A wheel-barrow, a sieve or two, and one or two flat tin dishes, like milk-pans, are also necessary. For food, a stock of flour, of tea and sugar, and perhaps of salt pork, is necessary. A strong, light one-horse dray or cart is about the best conveyance on which to pack and carry these articles, the party proceeding for the most part on foot. If they are going to explore new ground, they should have some previous knowledge or experience to guide them in the search, it being absolutely necessary that they should know what kind of rock, or what kind of ground, will *not produce* gold, in order that they may avoid wasting their time on it. We will suppose them to have reached a probably auriferous region, through which it is possible somehow to get their dray. They arrive at the bed of a water-course or river, and they succeed in finding a water-hole. The dray is stopped in the most convenient spot, and set up for the night without unpacking. The horse is taken out and watered, and then tethered in the best spot of grass that can be found; meanwhile a fire is lighted, and the kettle set on to boil. If the 'damper' has been all exhausted at the last meal, one of the party proceeds to make another after the following fashion: He selects some smooth flat stone, or slab of rock, on which he lights a fire, and accumulates a mass of glowing embers. He then takes one of the tin dishes, half fills it with flour, which he mixes with water into a stiff paste; and when the slab of stone is sufficiently heated, he brushes aside the embers, spreads the paste upon it, and then piles the embers over it again, till it is baked into a roundish flat cake, about a foot in diameter, and an inch in thickness. But whether a damper or a loaf, a rasher or a steak, tea or coffee, beer or spirits, our party take their meal according to the exigencies of the situation. The horse is re-watered and re-tethered in a fresh locality, if necessary, and then wrapping himself in a blanket, each man lies and sleeps where he finished his supper. If it were in a very remote district, it would be wise if each one kept watch in turn through the night, with a gun loaded in his hand, to guard against possible mischief.

At earliest dawn, or before it, all hands would be astir, and while one prepared the breakfast, and another attended to the horse, the two others would probably be searching the bed of the river, or prospecting for gold. Digging down at some sandy spot, spadeful after spadeful of the earth would be carried in the tin pan to the water, half immersed, and then gently agitated, and shaken round and round till any particle of gold would have time to sink to the bottom of the mass. The coarse stuff is frequently skimmed off and thrown away, care being taken, of course, to throw away no visible pebble or nugget of gold; and the washing and sifting continued until nothing but a little sand, perhaps, is left, and this is carefully examined to see if it contain gold. When gold occurs, and probably

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also when it does not, there is often found a heavy metallic sand, said to be titaniferous iron ore (called in Australia 'emery'), and possibly other minerals in a fine state of comminution. Should this trial be unsuccessful, our party pack up their traps, and continue their journey, choosing the easiest and openest route for their cart, which one or two of them accompany, while the others explore the river at other places, or search in the beds of its lateral creeks. Eventually, perhaps, they stumble on some rich diggings, when of course they set up their tent, unpack their cradle and tools, and set to work in real earnest. One of their number will then perhaps have to start to the nearest town or station for a fresh supply of provisions, and thus the news of their success becoming known, other persons follow them, and a great camp, or perhaps the elements of a town, is formed.

If, in place of exploring for themselves, our party go at once to a well-known locality already partially occupied, they will of course have to select a spot still untouched, or to purchase a partially explored one. In either case, they will have a certain plot of ground marked out for them, and each will have to take out a license to dig. Having procured their licenses, settled their claims, set up their tent, and made arrangement for the supply of food, the party set to work. If they have any depth of soil or earth to clear away, it will be necessary that two should work at the actual diggings, one should wheel the earth to the cradle, which the fourth should rock and keep supplied with water. The ordinary cradle very much resembles in form the domestic article from which it takes its name. It is, however, open at the foot; while at the head, instead of a hood, it has a sieve fixed like a gravel-sifter's; and across the bottom, inside, there are one or two cleats or wooden bars nailed.

On bringing the earth to the cradle, a shovelful of it is thrown upon the sieve, and a ladleful of water poured over it. More earth and more water are added alternately, the cradle all the while being kept in motion by rocking, until the sieve is full of the larger pebbles or fragments of rock. When that is the case, the sieve is carefully examined, to see whether it contains any large nuggets of gold, and the fragments are then thrown away. The water thrown into the head of the cradle carries away all the mud and sand out at the foot; but as its current is arrested by the cleats or bars across the bottom, it deposits against them most of the golden dust and scales that it contained. This common cradle is, however, a rather wasteful contrivance, as a large quantity of the very finest and thinnest gold-dust is apt still to be carried away with the mud and sand out of the cradle, and lost. The Californian cradle, is, therefore, adopted whenever it can be obtained. This contains a compartment full of quicksilver, through which all the mud and sand is made to pass. Now, quicksilver has such a love for gold, and the affection is so mutual, that whenever they come in

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contact, they immediately unite and form an 'amalgam,' a compound of gold and quicksilver, which it requires a very powerful heat to dissolve. The quicksilver thus licks every particle of gold out of the earth; and when the amalgam is put into a proper apparatus, and the requisite heat applied, it is sublimed into fumes, lets go the gold, which falls down pure, while the fumes may be caught in a separate chamber, and recooled back into quicksilver again.

Whichever cradle they may use, our adventurers must now live a life of great toil, of some hardship and privation, and of great monotony. The rising sun must find them at their work, and when setting, look with an approving eye as they are preparing only to finish their labours. As the sun himself is, in those latitudes, a very regular and steady-going character, rarely varying more than half an hour from six o'clock in his rising and setting, this will give twelve regular hours of labour throughout the year. To unwonted hands and sinews, twelve hours at pickaxe and spade, even if varied by a turn at the wheel-barrow, or at the water-scoop and cradle, are quite sufficient to make sunset no unwelcome sight. Then comes the hour of tea and damper, of lying at the tent-door in the cool air, made fragrant by the evening pipe, with the dews falling around from the clear Australian sky, in which the stars glisten and sparkle like living gems—the hour of silence, broken only, perhaps, by the distant howl of a wild-dog, or the plaintive cry of the thick-knee'd plover, or perhaps by the confounded hum of half-a-dozen mosquitoes, that come buzzing around you, looking for a soft place in which to insinuate their long, stinging proboscides, and make you start from your reveries, inclined to devote all the race of gnats as an offering to the infernal deities. Still, wearied with the day's toil, our party sleep, in spite of mosquitoes and all other discomforts—soothed, perhaps, by the remembrance of the ever-expanding little bag of gold-dust, the reward of their labours. Even at their daily digging, the constant chance of a rich prize, that may turn up at any moment, tends to keep men to their work as no other inducement would, and perpetuate an excitement which makes labour pass unnoticed, that, under other circumstances, would be felt as irksome and distressing beyond endurance.

With regard to the actual diggers at the two great scenes of industry, it may be remarked that, unlike California, the order and regularity among the gold-diggers of Australia, and especially of New South Wales, has been something wonderful. A writer, speaking of the period soon after the discovery, said: 'Sunday has been kept sacred from toil, as it were by common consent, and in many places service has been performed with great regularity. Disputes have been referred to the commissioners, and their decision at once accepted; and little robbery or violence has as yet taken place. With the consciousness of this peace and order reigning among so rough and miscellaneous an assemblage, it must be an interesting

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sight to look down from some wooded eminence on one of these auriferous valleys, to see the lines and clusters of tents of all kinds, from the canvas marquee to the little bark "gunyah," gleaming in the sunshine, or peeping out here and there among the bush; and to look on several thousand men, in red or blue woollen shirts, with cabbage-tree hats, and "bearded like the pard," all busily and eagerly intent on their work; some digging, some wheeling and carrying, some washing and rocking, each acting independently, and yet all working together, with a willingness, intentness, and pertinacity, that nothing but the expectation of immediate gain could rouse in so many men at once. Notwithstanding the business and the work, or perhaps in consequence of it, silence is said to reign over the scene, undisturbed except by the hum of the rocker or the wheel-barrow, or the taps of the picks.'

But we must now say something concerning the quartz diggings. The underground working for gold does not differ materially in character from that of metallic minerals generally. In some districts a band of rock contains veins of quartz in which gold is disseminated; and the mining processes depend in detail on the direction which the veins take—access being obtained by vertical shafts and lateral galleries. The auriferous vein may be quartzose, or talc-slate, or pyritical, or any one of many different kinds, and the mining processes vary somewhat according to this circumstance; but in Australia and California the predominant gold-vein is quartz. In one place the vein averages about three feet in width, and stands vertically between walls of talcose slate; in others, talcose or quartzose, the vein is horizontal, inclined, or even tortuous. A vein sometimes thins away to nothing; and one vein may contain a hundred-fold as much gold as another. The actual facts cannot be ascertained without excavating. A shaft may be twenty or thirty feet deep, or may be (and is in some instances) as much as five hundred feet. Subject to exceptions here and there, a quartz vein will yield gold down to a certain depth, then gold and mundic (iron pyrites and other minerals), and finally mundic without gold. There is thus much of the excitement of speculation in quartz-mining, though not so much as in nugget-searching and sand-washing. The mode of sinking shafts and driving galleries does not differ materially from that adopted in the copper and tin mines of Cornwall; nor does the employment of the blasting-fuse, the pick, and the shovel need description. The upper-ground works connected with this kind of gold-mining embrace the following: (1.) The quartz or other vein-ore, brought up in pieces of any size, is crushed to a fine powder, usually by means of a stamping-mill worked by steam or water-power. (2.) The powder is plentifully washed with water, to carry off all the quartz and light mineral matter. (3.) Mercury or quicksilver is added to the remaining powder (that which contains the gold); the mercury and the gold unite by their intense affinity,

effect a separation from all other substances, and form an *amalgam*. (4.) This amalgam is exposed to heat in a suitable furnace or oven; the gold separates as pure metal; while the mercury rises in vapour, which is afterwards condensed again by cold into a liquid for further use, with very little waste.

SUPPLY AND CONSUMPTION OF GOLD.

Concerning the total quantity of gold in the world, there are many difficulties in the way of arriving at a just judgment. The annual addition to the existing stock of bullion or uncoined gold, which used to average about £5,000,000, took a sudden leap immediately after the Californian discoveries. The bullion-dealers of Europe received, from that year to 1857, quantities averaging about £20,000,000 every year. Still the wealth went on increasing. Mr Jacob some years ago calculated that there was gold coin in the whole world to the value of something like £380,000,000; but the great discoveries within the last twenty-two years must have largely increased this amount. England, in the last ten years, has coined 80,000,000 sovereigns; while France has exceeded this value, in the gold pieces of that country. According to the latest estimate, the annual produce of gold and silver mines now averages about £40,000,000, of which three-fourths is gold. The whole quantity now existing, and in use, is roughly guessed at £500,000,000.

We may readily suppose that none of this gold and silver is wilfully or wantonly *wasted*; yet it is found that the ordinary wear and tear amounts to something considerable in the course of a year. In one of the magazines, there was recently (1869) the following curious information on this subject: 'Gold coins wear away with singular regularity. Very few of them are hoarded; for nearly all classes are conversant with the fact that it is better to invest than to hoard, better to have money out at interest than idle in a box or an old stocking; and thus most gold coins go through about an equal amount of hard work. A sovereign of good sterling gold remains legally current until it has lost three-quarters of a grain in weight, after which time it becomes "light," in which state any one may refuse to take it [in legal payment of a debt]; and so proportionately of the half-sovereign. Now, it is found that a sovereign generally becomes "light" in about eighteen years, and a half-sovereign in ten years: the difference being due to the fact, that the surface of a half-sovereign is much more than half that of a sovereign, and is therefore exposed to proportionately harder usage. . . . If a sovereign is set to work on the 1st of January, it becomes lessened in value by the 31st of December to the extent of one-third of a farthing. A trifle certainly; but when we consider that nearly all the sovereigns are wearing away at the same rate during the same time, we shall see that the aggregate of trifles assumes a form very much like £30,000 a year.

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This is a remarkable instance of unintentional and unavoidable waste; the particles of gold disappear, no one knows whither.' Some further remarks illustrate one of the curiosities of trade: 'A sovereign passed at the west end of London meets with better usage in such shops as jewellers' or milliners' than it does when rung with a strong arm on the counter of a potato salesman, where it would be rubbed by the sand. In commercial towns, the coin becomes light sooner than in other places; not only from its greater circulation, but in consequence of the rough usage it undergoes in being so often thrown into bankers' scales and drawers.'

It is hardly possible to form even a rough estimate of the quantity of gold used for purposes other than coinage. Many years ago, it was calculated that Birmingham used £50,000 worth of gold annually in making pencil-cases, eye-glasses, ear-rings, studs, buttons, and miscellaneous trinkets; but the quantity must now be very much larger, owing to the great increase of trade in that busy town, and especially to the introduction of electro-gilding. The quantity used by goldsmiths, jewellers, gilders, &c. all over the world, must of course be very large: it has been recently estimated at £15,000,000 annually—80 per cent. new metal, and 20 per cent. old.

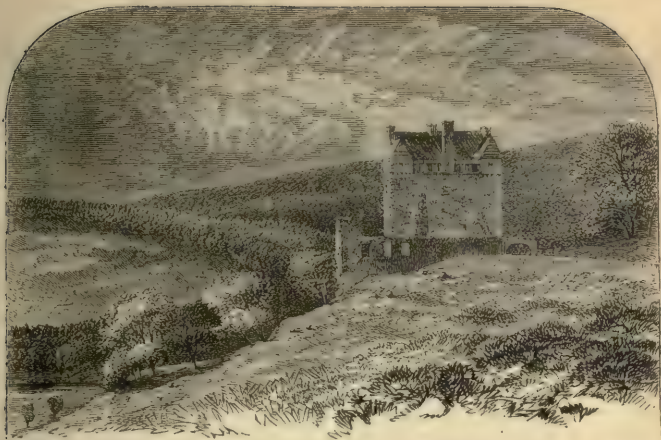
Not the least curious among the facts connected with this subject is the very small amount of actual *waste* which occurs in gold and golden commodities. True (as was stated in a former paragraph), the wear and tear of our English sovereigns in the course of a year amounts to a value sufficient to attract the attention of financiers; but this amount is very trifling compared with the whole quantity over which it is spread. Every grain of gold is more carefully shielded from destruction than a grain of any other substance with which we are familiar. Not only do we preserve coin, plate, gold and gilt jewellery, &c. as long as possible, but every scrap is melted and re-melted over and over again, to be converted into new forms. Even the dust and refuse in goldbeaters' and jewellers' workshops are eagerly bought, to obtain the minute particles of gold out of them by burning, washing, melting, and other processes. A working goldbeater can obtain a new waistcoat in exchange for his old one, for the sake of the minute bits of gold which cling to it. From these usages it results that very little gold is actually wasted, lost, dissipated for ever: nearly all of it takes a new and useful life again. Where the lost particles go to, no one can say; to a certain limited extent we eat gold, drink gold, walk upon gold, impregnate the cloth of our pockets and the wood of our desks and drawers with gold.

Has the great increase in the supply of gold within the last few years materially lessened its exchangeable value, and so raised the prices of other commodities? Opinions have greatly differed on this point; but in the latest edition of M'Culloch's *Dictionary of Commerce* (1869), the question is answered in the negative. Gold

and silver are taken together, as 'precious metals;' and the matter is presented in the following light: The yearly addition to the gold and silver in the world is roughly estimated at £40,000,000. Of this, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent will be wanted to replace wear and tear, loss, &c. amounting to £7,500,000. The currency in the whole world being set down at £500,000,000, about 2 per cent on this is needed for the increase of coined money to meet the demands of increasing commerce: this will absorb £10,000,000. Then, it is supposed that £15,000,000 worth of gold and silver is used in new plate, goldsmiths' work, &c.; and as one-fifth of this is obtained by melting up old gold and silver articles, there remains a demand for £12,000,000 of new metal annually. These three sums make up a total of £29,500,000, which, subtracted from £40,000,000, leaves a residue of £10,500,000. It is believed that this residue will be brought down still lower by the increase in gold and silver luxuries (beyond the present annual rate), which society in the aggregate will be able to afford. So that it comes to this: there will not be a surplus of such amount as materially to affect prices. 'The present supply of the precious metals is not more than adequate to meet the average existing demand; there is therefore no ground for anticipating a fall in their value, unless the supply should be increased, or the demand diminished.' After twenty-one years of Californian and eighteen of Australian supply of gold, there is nothing like a *general* rise in prices. 'There is in truth nothing whatever, in comparing the prices of to-day with those of twenty years ago, to entitle any one to affirm that the value of gold and silver has undergone any appreciable change in the interval.' Moreover, 'in all speculations in regard to the probable future supply of gold, it should be carefully borne in mind, that any considerable fall in its value would unavoidably check its production, and consequently tend to lessen or prevent its further fall. It is plain, for example, that a decline of ten per cent. in the value of gold, would, *cæteris paribus*, occasion the abandonment of all those mines, diggings, washings, &c., which already only yield a nett profit of that amount.'



The 'Welcome Nugget.'



TRADITIONAL TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

GVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk and in sight of Peebles, one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Scotland. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands projects into the centre of the vale, here remarkably narrow, and around the southern base of the knoll winds the clear and sparkling Tweed. Immediately below, on the east, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A kind of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with Neidpath, like a gray-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, partially ruinous though it now be. It is an old baronial tower, of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is approached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gateway of which still bears a deer's head couped, and bunch of strawberries, the cognizance of the Frasers, once lords of the fortlet castle, and probably its

founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a terrace, passing between two corner turrets or bartizans, and affording a splendid view of the adjacent country.

After being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by William, Duke of Queensberry, for his second son the Earl of March, and during his occupation an event occurred which forms one of the traditionary tales of the district.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of March, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the Countess of March, whose pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shewn by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to a union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was therefore summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without their consent. So far, she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The earl and countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected in haughty terms the proposal of Tushielaw; while they gave a death-blow to his hopes, by informing him that Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was

characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features. The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude, to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy which resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still, hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the entreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was, in the meantime, merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers; for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate, than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded

to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her desolate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footstep, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hillsides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland. The winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the woe-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude; but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror

and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with dispatches for Tushielaw, informing him of their daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement Lady Mary was cautiously informed by her mother, and she listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the continent, and she who had courted death was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived; and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal gateway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety her

sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear, which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air; yet no one but herself distinguished that sound of horse's feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised to fling back from the keenly hearing ear, and the sharply searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark-brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth: 'It is he!' Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest object, came on and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who, with a trembling intensity of feeling, watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

This melancholy event, it will be recollected, forms the theme of one of Campbell's most beautiful lyrics:

'But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs—
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.'

BURNET OF CASTLEHILL.

IN consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire for a time to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable, by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly cultivated field and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild-boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only 'the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy.'

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of multure is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in

bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples ; but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of 'a jolly miller.' Andrew bore a high character for honesty ; a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade ; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family, for three generations, had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblest with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoilt child ; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoilt child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V. the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the Reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around ; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted ; and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favourite pupil of the refugee ; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions ; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children ; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive

jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care, as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryst* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone—though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip—before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting.

'Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?' said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; 'they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryst to meet you a second time.'

'And so you do like me weel, Mary?' said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; 'at least you should do so,' Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply I like you.'

'It does not seem sae, Edward,' replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader that the

millar had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we have said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. 'He's a roving kind o' chield,' thought Andrew Tod; 'but Mary wad mak' onybody into a gude husband.'

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her, with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. 'Oh, Mary,' said the lover, 'I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs along wi' riches. But you must promise me,' continued he, speaking with great earnestness—'you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak' Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours.' Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness: 'Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think of him.'

Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still; but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness: 'Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then,' said she with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated; Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us request the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of

TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared particularly to be the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half-a-dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them.

‘Ha, my lads,’ said Elliot, ‘is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?’

‘I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o’er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista’en if what Tam took for a ghost, wasna the livin’ body o’ Ned Burnet coming up frae seeing the miller’s daughter.’

‘Confound the brat,’ said Elliot; ‘I’ll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d’ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?’ Some of the men said no, and others yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. ‘Never mind,’ said he at last; ‘I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there’s aye risk at the selling of them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o’ you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?’

‘I saw a gentleman wi’ a green hunting-dress,’ replied the man who spoke before, ‘but there was a servant wi’ him.’

‘He is oftener alone, though,’ said Elliot, ‘and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield Castle, for I saw him pay a boy, for pointing out his road, out of a large purse filled with the queen’s best coin. That purse must be ours. Drink to our success, lads.’

More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw—for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw’s follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting-coat, was

passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall and finely formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting-sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood when a man sprang from its cover, and seizing the stranger's arm with a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and, exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding further, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck. He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter; for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one; but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. 'It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him as weel as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can.' The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two quickly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learned on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. 'It maun ha'e been some of the same forest gang that

cleared the Dawick barn the other night,' said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack: 'within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: de'il be in their skins.' Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but he declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an undefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shewn enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance; but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. 'It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himsel', who was attacked yestreen; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield Castle, that it was Will Elliot who played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary; and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on

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to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them.' And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found; for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom; and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had, in the course of several years, annoyed and alarmed the country-side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had sheltered a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

AMIDST the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild-bee, and the low

mumfuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. 'It was so,' said the old man; 'but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house.' Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

'My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing

nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe ; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold ; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they "took sweet counsel," and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time ; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms ; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

'The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure ; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year ; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again another change came o'er the spirit of the storm : dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and

snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent; no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, "a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane," for her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of "hope deferred," and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were, in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear: "Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!" She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurgled together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonised wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him.

At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farmhouse, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

‘Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farmhouse at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men belonging to the farm were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen’s infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, shewed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer’s wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

‘The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man,

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now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain-head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to

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take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before.'

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

NEIL MACLAREN.

THE little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure more than a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. 'Confoun' these mists!' muttered he; 'they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin

this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing,' continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—'no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' about the hill-taps winna be sae easily ta'en by the sodgers.' The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was 'in the king's name.' This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it 'in the king's name.'

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact,

anxious to get a glimpse of the 'puir chield' who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to shew, exclaimed: 'Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been.' The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. 'Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman,' said he when alone with his wife; 'whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we ha'ena heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!' To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of: 'My puir dochter—my puir Ailie!' The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind; for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn *at last* from his home by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hillsides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely pyramidal height (for so it is shewn to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errickstane Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the

Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnstone used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath: 'Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!' while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither

for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-tub without the slightest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the blood-hound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hillsides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie, with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire from the peat-stalk. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and finding, by the terrified 'Gudesake! what's that!' that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then, having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached the Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted; and the servants of the household being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept 'tumbling and rolling' down the Devil's Beef-tub, though called upon to halt 'in the king's name.' The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhider, in which district he was a duniwassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered (chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-saved *pose*) the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

THE FIRST EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

IN the lower part of Peeblesshire, on the south bank of the Tweed, stands Traquair House, the seat of the Earls of Traquair, of one of whom tradition has preserved some particulars which throw a light on the manners of a bygone age.

Sir John Stewart, created Earl of Traquair by Charles I. in 1628, was also raised by that monarch to the dignity of Lord High-treasurer of Scotland, in which office he acted a conspicuous part in the history of that stirring period. Circumstances having on one occasion led the earl to visit Jedburgh, he there learned that a person of whom he had some knowledge, Willie Armstrong of Gilnockie, was in confinement for cattle-stealing—an offence far from uncommon in these times. Interested in the fate of the Borderer, the earl exerted his influence, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage.

Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his services to kidnap the president.

On due inquiry, the unscrupulous Borderer found that it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where,

riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea : his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office.

Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Madge* the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set his prisoner at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up.

The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when the president appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary; until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, who died in July 1646.

Lord Traquair does not appear to have been benefited by the unlawful exploit of the Border freebooter. From a high position in the state, he made a fall as great as was ever known in the vicissitudes of court favour: from being a wealthy and influential nobleman, he actually sunk to the condition of a beggar in the street. The cause of this extraordinary decline of fortune is to be found partly in the political troubles and changes in the reign of Charles I. and partly in private misfortune. For some reason, now unknown, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and like most others who, during their lives, have abandoned their entire means to their children, he was left by his ungrateful descendant

to pine and die in misery, an object of commiseration to strangers. In a history of the Family of Fraser, by the Rev. James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill, on the Beaully Firth, the writer mentions the following circumstances of this unfortunate earl, under the date 1668 :

‘A remarkable death this year was that of John Stewart, the old Earl of Traquair, time, place, and manner considered. This man was King James VI.’s cousin and courtier. Charles I. sent him as High Commissioner down to Scotland, and he sat as viceroy in the parliament, June 1639. He was early at court, the haven of happiness for all aspiring spirits ; and this broke him at last—he became the tennis-ball of fortune. What power and sway, place and preferment, he had then, I need not mention ; only this, keeping then with the revered bishops, and tampering under board with the Covenanters, he acknowledged to be his bane ; but whether then by his own misconduct, or by paction and resignation of his interest to his son, or the immediate hand of God upon him, I search not, but he proved a true emblem of the vanity of the world—a very meteor. I saw him, in 1661 [wrong date], begging in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and panner breeches ; and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said that at a time he had not [wherewithal] to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler’s house.’

ALLAN SCOTT.

ON the bank of a small mountain rivulet which dashes down towards the Tweed, about the centre of the county, stands a neat though humble cot, the residence not many years ago of Allan Scott, a youth whose early fate excited considerable interest in the district.

The father of Allan was an exemplification of a truth most honourable to human nature. He evinced in his own person how much respect and esteem can be attained by sobriety and good-conduct, even in the midst of poverty and distress. Everybody loved the old man, who was a hard-working tradesman, and when sorrow fell upon him, there was no one in our little town who did not sympathise with him. Allan was an only son, and was about thirteen years of age when his mother died, and the first blow was given to his father’s happiness. The old man’s health became broken, and it was only at intervals that he was able to work, and to teach his son his own trade. Hence, willing and diligent as Allan was, his

want of skill rendered him barely able to maintain his father and himself during those attacks of illness which fell more severely upon the old man the oftener they were repeated. It was an affecting sight at these times to see the son, in the short moments of evening relaxation, supporting and tending his infirm parent, as they crept slowly along the river-bank—the walk which the old man loved most, having been that which he had often trod with his departed partner by his side, and that dutiful son, then a playful child, gamboling around them. Allan, too, loved the Tweed, in whose clear pools he had learned, in his happy school-days, to be a bold and adroit swimmer. But little leisure was now left him for such amusements. His nights, after returning from the customary walk, were spent in the same incessant watching over his father's comforts. Their solitary little dwelling was seldom intruded upon, except by the kind inquiries, and sometimes kinder offers, of a friendly neighbour. For the former the inmates were always grateful, and the latter were always civilly declined. In truth, Allan struggled to do all and everything that was necessary. The old man had through life preserved a manly spirit of independence in his bosom, and the son strove, with perhaps an overnice filial tenderness, that his father should in his weakness and age feel dependence on none but him. But for some consciousness of this, many might have offered a little assistance; for many pitied, and all respected the humble pair. This very respect, however, rendered it a delicate matter to obtrude charity on those who, if they did feel pinching poverty, bore it meekly and uncomplainingly.

And in reality Allan and his father were in distress, which was put beyond a doubt by the step taken by them to relieve it. We say *them*, because, though the son was the true and only actor in the matter, yet the consent and blessing of the old man went with him in his honest endeavour. After a severe and protracted attack of his father's complaint, during which Allan's attendance had been so much required as to trench deeply on his earnings, the humble pair found that they would be totally unable to meet the approaching rent-day. This was a source of grievous anxiety to them; for though they had often met the same demand with difficulty, they never before had been so totally unprovided. The old man had recovered so far as to resume his work, and the first idea of a remedy for their need suggested itself to him. How reluctantly this idea was admitted into his mind, may be conceived when we inform the reader that the plan was, to permit his son to offer himself as a militia substitute, the bounty for which would relieve them altogether. The country was at this period at war, and the demand for substitutes was so considerable, that there would be no difficulty in putting the plan in execution. Yet, even with the prospect of losing his son only for a short time, strong must have been the honourable determination to owe no man anything, which could bring over the

feelings of a father to the adoption of a scheme like this. Well did the old man know the dutiful character of him on whom he depended. Allan had long meditated upon the plan in question, and had only refrained from stating it, from the disinclination to leave his father for the time which it would render imperative. And now that he saw his father, with health for the time re-established, turn to the scheme with some degree of cheerfulness and hope, he consented to embrace it at once. Being now a firmly knit, though slender lad of nineteen, his offer of himself speedily found an acceptor in a wealthy merchant who had had the bad-luck to be selected to serve his majesty by the indiscriminating ballot, which has no regard of persons. The bounty which Allan received was not only sufficient to discharge the rent of their humble dwelling, but was also large enough to support his father during his expected absence.

On the morning of the day preceding that fixed for his departure with his fellow-substitutes for Dumfries, the head-quarters of the corps to which he was to be attached, Allan went to make some necessary preparations with his comrades. After these were accomplished—having all, like himself, given up their occupations for the time—they took a short walk together to chat over their coming campaign. They were all light-hearted lads; and many of their parents, on hearing of Allan Scott's engagement, had recommended them to follow his conduct as a model. On this occasion they turned their stroll, at his request, to the side of the river, that they might take leave, as he said, of its clear stream for a time. The day was warm and fine, being in the beginning of summer, and on arriving in their walk at the pool where they had all dipped when school-boys, the fatal proposition to bathe was made by one of them. Allan, who was fond of the exercise, and a good swimmer, was not the last to consent. Not one of them, as it unhappily fell out, was so fearless and practised as he, and the most of them contented themselves with bathing in the shallower water. Allan plunged at once into the deepest quarter, and two of his companions, who did not join in the amusement, sat upon the rocky bank, gazing upon his free movements with pleasure. Suddenly they heard him give an agonised cry, and saw him attempt to make for the bank. The attention of all was now drawn to him, and they beheld him, after two or three severe struggles, sink below the surface, and in a moment the waters closed above him!

His companions looked on for an instant in stupefaction and dismay. But the boldest of them—for the cry made them aware that something was wrong—speedily came to the spot, and attempted to dive into the depths of the pool. None of them was capable of it, and the most forward got into serious danger himself. At last one of those who had not bathed cried: 'We are losing time; I will run for assistance.' This he accordingly did on the instant; but he

had to go to the town before he got what he sought. When he returned, several men were with him, one of whom, an experienced diver, brought up the body of poor Allan Scott. A surgeon whom they had warned was not long in following them, and by him several unsuccessful endeavours were made on the spot to restore the breath which had departed. On seeing the fruitlessness of this, he ordered them to convey the body as fast as possible to the town, where warmth and other remedies might be applied; and the men, for this purpose, took up their melancholy burden.

The church and its session-house stands in the centre of the town, and to the latter building they conveyed the body of Allan, as all decided that it would be exceedingly improper to take it to the old man's house. In the session-house, warmth, friction, and every means was used that the surgeon could suggest or apply for the recovery of the young man; but all was in vain; and at the end of more than an hour, actively employed, all hope was given up, with pain and reluctance, by those around. And now arose a thought of deeper sorrow and anxiety, if deeper there could be, than that excited by the fate of a youth so beloved and respected. Who could tell the tale to him who, all unconscious of his bereavement, sat in his lonely dwelling, waiting for that beloved and dutiful son's return? The task, melancholy as it was, behoved to be discharged; and the surgeon, seeing that the undertaking of this sad duty was expected from him, prepared to execute it. Unwilling to leave the body of the unfortunate youth exposed to the gaze of the crowd now attracted to the place, before departing, he desired all present to leave the apartment. The people at once complied with the request, one only of them remaining, at the wish of the surgeon, beside the corpse. The medical man then slowly and sadly turned towards the old man's abode, where we cannot follow him; for we should consider it as little less than sacrilegious to attempt to describe the effect of the awful tidings which he bore.

Is not this, reader, a melancholy event, and one likely to be long remembered by one who knew the history, and saw the bier-borne body of that unhappy youth? Yet the tale is not done—the catastrophe is not unfolded—the harrowing circumstance which interwove Allan Scott's name and fate with the deepest tendrils of memory is yet, strange as it may appear, to be narrated; and were it not a truth to which many yet can bear witness, we should think it too sad a one for these pages. But it is a truth, and from it a lesson of deep warning may be drawn.

When the surgeon, after being absent for a considerable time, returned to the session-house to make arrangements for bearing the unfortunate Allan's body to the home of his father, he found the person whom he had left behind standing outside the door of the chamber where the body lay. The truth was, the man had begun to feel disagreeably lonely and 'eerie' in the room, and, unconscious

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of any bad result being possible from the step, had risen and taken his station outside, locking the door behind him. But a circumstance had occurred while he was in this position which imprinted alarm and anxiety so visibly on his features, that the surgeon, on coming up to him, observed his discomposure at once; and before turning the key in the lock, the medical gentleman inquired if anything had happened. The answer made his own heart flutter with deep emotion. The man said that, while standing alone, a strange and momentary noise had struck upon his ear, coming as if from the apartment within. A suspicion of the truth crossing his mind on the instant, the surgeon opened the door hurriedly, exclaiming: 'Why did you not open it?—why did you not send for me?'

On entering the chamber, the suspicion of the anxious surgeon was verified. The body, which had been left with the face upwards, was found turned upon one side, and blood had issued from the mouth! The exertions which at the time had seemed utterly unavailing, had in reality produced an effect upon the body, evidenced, unhappily, when all had retired from the attempt. The spark of life had actually reanimated for an instant the cold frame, while there was none by to nurse and cherish its glimmering ray into vigorous and enduring flame. The renewed endeavours made no impression. The moment of hope had passed by, unseen and unprofited. What a solemn lesson is this, never, while the shadow of a possibility remains, to cease the endeavour to relight the lamp that has been quenched, for a time only it may be, in the deep waters!

THE BORDER WIDOW.

IN the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, when James V. proceeded with an army along the Borders in order to quell the numerous freebooters who kept the country in fear, an incident occurred which forms the subject of traditionary story in Tweeddale. The king, after visiting Polmood and Oliver Castle, on the upper part of the Tweed, crossed the mountain tract on the south, into the vale of the Meggét, and there suddenly environed the castle of Henderland.

This solitary tower was at the time inhabited by Piers Cockburn, one of the most noted marauders in this wild district of country. According to tradition, Piers was sitting at dinner when he was surprised by the king, and without ceremony led out and hanged over the gate of his own castle. While the execution was going forward, his unhappy wife is said to have taken refuge in the recesses of the Dow-glen—a dell formed by a mountain torrent called the Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the tower. A place, termed the Lady's Seat, is still shewn, where she is said to have

striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence.

In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn is still shewn. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced; and the following inscription is still legible, though greatly defaced by time: 'Here lyis Perys of Cokburne and hys wyfe Mariory.' Latterly, the tomb has been preserved from obliteration by the good taste of the late proprietor, Mr Murray of Henderland.

On the melancholy incident above related, the following simple and affecting ballad, the *Lament of the Border Widow*, was afterwards written:

'My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and pained his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.'



THERE IS NO HURRY!

A TALE OF LIFE-ASSURANCE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*



DO not tell you whether the village of Repton, where the two brothers John and Charles Adams originally resided, is near or far from London: it is a pretty village to this day; and when John Adams, some five-and-thirty years ago, stood on the top of Repton Hill, and looked down upon the houses—the little church, whose simple gate was flanked by two noble yew-trees, beneath whose branches he had often sat—the murmuring river, in which he had often fished—the cherry orchards, where the ripe fruit hung like balls of coral; when he looked down upon all these dear domestic sights—for so every native of Repton considered them—John Adams might have been supposed to question if he had acted wisely in selling to his brother Charles the share of the well-cultivated farm, which had been equally divided at their father's death. It extended to the left of the spot on which he was standing, almost within a ring fence; the meadows fresh shorn of their produce, and fragrant with the

* This interesting little story appeared originally in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, for which it was written by the amiable and gifted authoress. It has been issued in the present convenient form, for the purpose of universal distribution by all who are anxious to promote that most desirable practice—the insuring of lives for the benefit of surviving families.

THERE IS NO HURRY !

perfume of new hay ; the crops full of promise ; and the lazy cattle laving themselves in the standing pond of the abundant farm-yard. In a paddock, set apart for his especial use, was the old blind horse his father had bestrode during the last fifteen years of his life : it leant its sightless head upon the gate, half upturned, he fancied, towards where he stood. It is wonderful what small things will sometimes stir up the hearts of strong men, ay, and, what is still more difficult, even of ambitious men. Yet he did not feel at that moment a regret for the fair acres he had parted with ; he was full of the importance which the possession of a considerable sum of money gives a young man, who has been fagging almost unsuccessfully in an arduous profession, and one which requires a certain appearance of success to command success—for John Adams even then placed M.D. after his plain name ; yet still, despite the absence of sorrow, and the consciousness of increased power, he continued to look at poor old Ball until his eyes swam in tears.

With the presence of his father, which the sight of the old horse had conjured up, came the remembrance of his peculiarities, his habits, his expressions ; and he wondered, as they passed in review before him, how he could ever have thought the dear old man testy or tedious. Even his frequent quotations from 'Poor Richard' appeared to him, for the first time, the results of common prudence ; and his rude but wise rhyme, when, in the joy of his heart, he told his father he had absolutely received five guineas as one fee from an ancient dame who had three middle-aged daughters (he had not, however, acquainted his father with *that* fact), came more forcibly to his memory than it had ever done to his ear—

‘For want and age save while you may ;
No morning sun shines all the day.’

He repeated the last line over and over again, as his father had done ; but as his 'morning sun' was at that moment shining, it is not matter of astonishment that the remembrance was evanescent, and that it did not make the impression upon him his father had desired long before.

A young, unmarried, handsome physician, with about three thousand pounds in his pocket, and 'good expectations,' might be excused for building 'des châteaux en Espagne.' A very wise old lady once said to me : 'Those who have none on earth, may be forgiven for building them in the air ; but those who have them on earth should be content therewith.' Not so, however, was John Adams ; he built and built, and then by degrees descended to the realities of his position. What power would not that three thousand pounds give him ! He wondered if Dr Lee would turn his back upon him now, when they met in consultation ; and Mr Chubb, the county apothecary, would he laugh, and ask him if he could read his own prescriptions ? Then he recurred to a dream—for it was so vague at

that time as to be little more—whether it would not be better to abandon altogether country practice, and establish himself in the metropolis—London. A thousand pounds, advantageously spent, with a few introductions, would do a great deal in London, and that was not a third of what he had. And this great idea banished all remembrance of the past, all sense of the present—the young aspirant thought only of the future.

* * * * *

Five years have passed. Dr John Adams was 'settled' in a small 'showy' house in the vicinity of Mayfair; he had, the world said, made an excellent match. He married a very pretty girl, 'highly connected,' and was considered to be possessed of personal property, because, for so young a physician, Dr Adams lived in 'a superior style.' His brother Charles was still residing in the old farmhouse, to which, beyond the mere keeping it in repair, he had done but little, except, indeed, adding a wife to his establishment—a very gentle, loving, yet industrious girl, whose dower was too small to have been her only attraction. Thus both brothers might be said to be fairly launched in life.

It might be imagined that Charles Adams—having determined to reside in his native village, and remain, what his father and grandfather had been, a simple gentleman-farmer, and that rather on a small than a large scale—was altogether without that feeling of ambition which stimulates exertion and elevates the mind. Charles Adams had quite enough of this—which may be said, like fire, to be 'a good servant, but a bad master'—but he made it subservient to the dictates of prudence—and a forethought, the gift, perhaps, that above all others we should most earnestly covet for those whose prosperity we would secure. To save his brother's portion of the freehold from going into the hands of strangers, he incurred a debt; and wisely—while he gave to his land all that was necessary to make it yield its increase—he abridged all other expenses, and was ably seconded in this by his wife, who resolved, until principal and interest were discharged, to live quietly and carefully. Charles contended that every appearance made beyond a man's means was an attempted fraud upon the public; while John shook his head, and answered that it might do very well for Charles to say so, as no one expected the sack that brought the grain to market to be of fine Holland, but that no man in a profession could get on in London without making 'an appearance.' At this Charles shrugged his shoulders, and thanked God he lived at Repton.

The brothers, as years moved rapidly on—engaged as they were by their mutual industry and success in their several fields of action—met but seldom. It was impossible to say which of the two continued the most prosperous. Dr Adams made several lucky hits; and having so obtained a position, was fortunate in having an abundance of patients in an intermediate sort of state—that is,

neither very well nor very ill. Of a really bland and courteous nature, he was kind and attentive to all, and it was certain that such of his patients as were only in moderate circumstances, got well long before those who were rich. His friends attributed this to his humanity as much as to his skill; his enemies said he did not like 'poor patients.' Perhaps there was a mingling of truth in both statements. The money he had received for his portion of the land was spent, certainly, before his receipts equalled his expenditure; and, strangely enough, by the time the farmer had paid off his debt, the doctor was involved, not to a large amount, but enough to render his 'appearance' to a certain degree fictitious. This embarrassment, to do him justice, was not of long continuance; he became the fashion; and before prosperity had turned his head by an influx of wealth, so as to render him careless, he got rid of his debt, and then his wife agreed with him 'that they might live as they pleased.'

It so happened that Charles Adams was present when this observation was made, and it spoke well for both the brothers that their different positions in society had not in the smallest degree cooled their boyhood's affection; not even the money transactions of former times, which so frequently create disunion, had changed them; they met less frequently, but they always met with pleasure, and separated with regret.

'Well!' exclaimed the doctor triumphantly, as he glanced around his splendid rooms, and threw himself into a *chaise longue*—then a new luxury—'well, it is certainly a charming feeling to be entirely out of debt.'

'And yet,' said his wife, 'it would not be wise to confess it in our circle.'

'Why?' inquired Charles.

'Because it would prove that we had been in it,' answered the lady.

'At all events,' said John, 'now I shall not have to reproach myself with every extra expense, and think I ought to pay my debts first; now I may live exactly as I please.'

'I do not think so,' said Charles.

'Not think so!' repeated Mrs Adams in a tone of astonishment.

'Not think so!' exclaimed John. 'Do I not make the money myself?'

'Granted, my dear fellow; to be sure you do,' said Charles.

'Then why should I not spend it as pleases me best? Is there any reason why I should not?'

As if to give the strongest dramatic effect to Charles's opinion, the nurse at that moment opened the drawing-room door, and four little laughing children rushed into the room.

'There—are four reasons against your spending your income exactly as you please; unless, indeed, part of your plan be to provide for them,' answered Charles very seriously.

'I am sure,' observed Mrs Adams with the half-offended air of a weak woman when she hears the truth, 'John need not be told his duty to his children; he has always been a most affectionate father.'

'A father may be fond and foolish,' said Charles, who was peculiarly English in his mode of giving an opinion. 'For my part, I could not kiss my little Mary and Anne when I go to bed at night, if I did not feel I had already formed an accumulating fund for their future support—a support they will need all the more when their parents are taken from them, as they must be in the course of time.'

'They must marry,' said Mrs Adams.

'That is a chance,' replied Charles; 'women hang on hands now-a-days. At all events, by God's blessing, I am resolved that, if they are beauties, they shall never be forced by poverty to accept unworthy matches; if they are plain, they shall have enough to live upon without husbands.'

'That is easy enough for you, Charles,' said the doctor, 'who have had your broad acres to support you, and no necessity for expenditure or show of any kind; who might go from Monday morning till Saturday night in homespun, and never give anything beyond home-brewed and gooseberry wine, with a chance bottle of port, to your visitors; while I—Heaven help me—was obliged to dash in a well-appointed equipage, entertain, and appear to be doing a great deal in my profession, when a guinea would pine in solitude for a week together in my pocket.'

'I do not want to talk with you of the past, John,' said Charles; 'our ideas are more likely to agree now than they were ten or twelve years ago; I will speak of the future and present. You are now out of debt, in the very prime of life, and in the receipt of a splendid income; but do not, let me entreat you, spend it as it comes; lay by something for those children; provide for them either by insurance, or some of the many means that are open to us all. Do not, my dear brother, be betrayed by health, or the temptation for display, to live up to an income the nature of which is so essentially precarious.'

'Really,' murmured Mrs Adams, 'you put one into very low spirits.'

Charles remained silent, waiting his brother's reply.

'My dear Charles,' he said at last, 'there is a great deal of truth in what you say—certainly a great deal; but I cannot change my style of living, strange as it may seem. If I did, I should lose my practice. And then I must educate my children; that is an imperative duty, is it not?'

'Certainly it is; it is a part of the provision I have spoken of, but not the whole—a portion only. If you have the means to do both, it is your duty to do both; and you have the means. Nay,

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my dear sister, do not seem angry or annoyed with me ; it is for the sake of your children I speak ; it is to prevent their ever knowing practically what we do know theoretically—that the world is a hard world ; hard and unfeeling to those who need its aid. It is to prevent the possibility of their feeling a reverse.'

Mrs Adams burst into tears, and walked out of the room. Charles was convinced that she would not uphold his opinion.

'Certainly,' said John, 'I intend to provide for my children ; but there is no hurry, and'—

'There should be no hesitation in the case,' interrupted Charles ; 'every man *intends* to provide for his children. God forbid that I should imagine any man to be sufficiently wicked to say, "I have been the means of bringing this child into existence—I have brought it up in the indulgence of all the luxuries with which I indulged myself ; and now I intend to withdraw them all from it, and leave it to fight its own way through the world." No man could look on the face of the innocent child nestling in your bosom and say that ; but if you do not appropriate a portion of the means you possess to save that child from the "hereafter," you act as if you had resolved so to cast it on the wild waters of a turbulent world.'

'But, Charles, I intend to do all that you counsel ; no wonder poor Lucy could not bear these words, when I, your own and only brother, find them stern and reproachful ; no wonder that such should be the case ; of course I *intend* to provide for my children.'

'Then DO IT,' said Charles.

'Why, so I will ; but cannot in a moment. I have already said there is no hurry. You must give a little time.'

'The time may come, my dear John, when TIME will give you no time. You have been spending over and above your debt—more than, as the father of four children, you have any right to spend. The duty parents owe their children in this respect has preyed more strongly on my mind than usual, as I have been called on lately to witness its effects—to see its misery. One family at Repton, a family of eight children, has been left entirely without provision, by a man who enjoyed a situation of five hundred a year in quarterly payments.'

'That man is, however, guiltless. What could he save out of five hundred a year ? How could he live on less ?' replied the doctor.

'Live upon four, and insure his life for the benefit of those children. Nay,' continued Charles in the vehemence of his feelings, 'the man who does not provide means of existence for his helpless children, until they are able to provide for themselves, cannot be called a reasonable person ; and the legislature ought to oblige such to contribute to a fund to prevent the spread of the worst sort of pauperism—that which comes upon well-born children from the

carelessness or selfishness of their parents. God in his wisdom, and certainly in his mercy, removed the poor broken-hearted widow of the person I alluded to a month after his death ; and the infant, whose nourishment from its birth had been mingled with bitterness, followed in a few days. I saw myself seven children crowd round the coffin that was provided by charity ; I saw three taken to the workhouse, and the elder four distributed amongst kind-hearted hard-working people, who are trying to inure the young soft hands, accustomed to silken idleness, to the toils of homely industry. I ask you, John Adams, how the husband of that woman, the father of those children, can meet his God, when it is required of him to give an account of his stewardship ?

‘ It is very true—very shocking indeed,’ observed Dr Adams. ‘ I certainly will do something to secure my wife and children from the possibility of anything like that, although, whatever were to happen to me, I am sure Lucy’s family would prevent’——

Charles broke in upon the sentence his brother found it difficult to complete—‘ And can you expect distant or even near relatives to perform what you, whose duty it is, neglect ? Or would you leave those dear ones to the bitterness of dependence, when, by the sacrifice or curtailment of those luxurious habits which, if not closely watched, increase in number, and at last become necessities, you could leave them in comfort and independence ? We all hope for the leisure of a death-bed—awful enough, come as it may—awful, even when beyond its gloom we see the risen Sun of Righteousness in all his glory—awful, though our faith be strong in Him who is our strength ; but if the consciousness of having neglected those duties which we were sent on earth to perform be with us then, dark, indeed, will be the valley of the Shadow of Death. I do not want, however, to read a homily, my dear brother, but to impress a truth ; and I do hope that you will prevent the possibility of these dear children feeling what they must feel, enduring what they must endure, if you passed into another world without performing your duty towards them, and through them to society, in this.’

Mrs Adams met her brother-in-law that day (people five-and-twenty years ago did dine by day) at dinner with an air of offence. She was, of course, ladylike and quiet, but it was evident she was displeased. Everything at table was perfect, according to its kind. There was no guest present who was not superior in wealth and position to the doctor himself, and each was quite aware of the fact. Those who climb boldly, sometimes take a false step, but at all times make dangerous ones. When Charles looked round upon the splendid plate and stylish servants—when the children were ushered in after dinner, and every tongue was loud in praises of their beauty—an involuntary shudder passed through his heart, and he almost accused himself of selfishness, when he was comforted by the remembrance of the provision made for his own little ones, who

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were as pretty, as well educated, and as happy in their cheerful country home.

The next morning he was on his return to Repton, happy in the assurance his brother had given him before they parted, that he would really lay by a large sum for the regular insurance of his life.

‘My dear John,’ said the doctor’s wife, ‘when does the new carriage come home? I thought we were to have had it this week. The old chariot looked so dull to-day, just as you were going out, when Dr Fitzlane’s new chocolate-colour passed; certainly that chocolate-coloured carriage, picked out with blue, and those blue liveries, are very, very pretty.’

‘Well, Lucy, I think them too gay—the liveries I mean—for an M.D.; quieter colours do best: and as to the new carriage, I had not absolutely ordered it. I don’t see why I cannot go on with the jobs; and I almost think I shall do so, and appropriate the money I intended for my own carriage to another purpose.’

‘What purpose?’

‘Why, to effect an insurance on my life. There was a great deal of truth in what Charles said the other day, although he said it coarsely, which is not usual with him; but he felt the subject, and I feel it also; so I think of, as I said, going quietly on with the jobs—at all events till next year—and devoting this money to the insurance.’

It is difficult to believe how any woman, situated as Mrs Adams was, could have objected to a plan so evidently for her advantage and the advantage of her family; but she was one of those who never like to think of the possibility of a reverse of fortune—who thrust care off as long as they can—and who feel more pleasure in being lavish as to the present than in saving for the future.

‘I am sure,’ she answered in the half-petted, half-peevisish tone that evinces a weak mind—‘I am sure if anything was to happen to you, I would break my heart at once, and my family of course would provide for the children. I could not bear the idea of reaping any advantage by your death; and really the jobs are so very inferior to what they used to be—and Dr Leeswor, next door but one, has purchased such a handsome chariot—you have at least twice his practice; and—— Why, dear John, you never were in such health; there will be no necessity for this painful insurance. And after you have set up your own carriage, you can begin and lay by, and in a few years there will be plenty for the children; and I shall not have the galling feeling that any living thing would profit by your death. Dear John, pray do not think of this painful insurance; it may do very well for a man like your brother—a man without refinement; but just fancy the mental torture of such a provision!’

Much more Mrs Adams talked; and the doctor, who loved display, and had no desire to see Dr Leeswor, his particular rival, or

even Dr Fitzlane, better appointed than himself, felt strongly inclined towards the new carriage, and thought it would certainly be pleasanter to save than to insure, and resolved to begin immediately *after* the purchase of his new equipage.

When persons are very prosperous, a few ten or twenty pounds do not much signify, but the principle of careless expenditure is hard to curb.

Various things occurred to put off the doctor's plan of laying by. Mrs Adams had an illness that rendered a residence abroad necessary for a winter or two. The eldest boy must go to Eton. As their mamma was not at home, the little girls were sent to school. Bad as Mrs Adams's management was, it was better than no management at all. If the doctor had given up his entertainments, his 'friends' would have said he was going down in the world, and his patients would have imagined him less skilful; besides, notwithstanding his increased expenditure, he found he had ample means, not to lay by, but to spend on without debt or difficulty. Sometimes his promise to his brother would cross his mind, but it was soon dispelled by what he had led himself to believe was the impossibility of attending to it then. When Mrs Adams returned, she complained that the children were too much for her nerves and strength, and her husband's tenderness induced him to yield his favourite plan of bringing up his girls under his own roof. In process of time two little ones were added to the four, and still his means kept pace with his expenses; in short, for ten years he was a favourite with the class of persons who render favouritism fortune. It is impossible, within the compass of a tale, to trace the minutiae of the brothers' history: the children of both were handsome, intelligent, and, in the world's opinion, well educated. John's eldest daughter was one amongst a thousand for beauty of mind and person; hers was no glaring display of figure or information. She was gentle, tender, and affectionate; of a disposition sensitive, and attuned to all those rare virtues in her sphere which form at once the treasures of domestic life and the ornaments of society. She it was who soothed the nervous irritability of her mother's sick chamber and perpetual peevishness, and graced her father's drawing-room by a presence that was attractive to both old and young, from its sweetness and unpretending modesty; her two younger sisters called forth all her tenderness, from the extreme delicacy of their health; but her brothers were even greater objects of solicitude—handsome, spirited lads—the eldest waiting for a situation, promised, but not given; the second also waiting for a cadetship; while the youngest was still at Eton. These three young men thought it incumbent on them to evince their belief in their father's prosperity by their expenditure, and accordingly they spent much more than the sons of a professional man ought to spend under any circumstances. Of all waitings, the waiting upon patronage is the most tedious and the most

enervating to the waiter. Dr Adams felt it in all its bitterness when his sons' bills came to be paid; but he consoled himself, also, for his dilatoriness with regard to a provision for his daughters—it was impossible to lay by while his children were being educated; but the moment his eldest sons got the appointments they were promised, he would certainly save, or insure, or do something.

People who only *talk* about doing something, generally end by doing nothing. Another year passed: Mrs Adams was still an invalid; the younger girls more delicate than ever; the boys waiting, as before, their promised appointments, and more extravagant than ever; and Miss Adams had made a conquest which even her father thought worthy of her.

The gentleman who had become really attached to this beautiful girl was of a high family, who were sufficiently charmed with the object of his affections to give their full sanction, as far as person and position were concerned; but the prudent father of the would-be bridegroom thought it right to take an early opportunity of waiting upon the doctor, stating his son's prospects, and frankly asking what sum Dr Adams proposed settling on his daughter. Great, indeed, was his astonishment at the reply—'He should not be able to give his daughter anything *immediately*, but at his death.' The doctor, for the first time for many years, felt the bitterness of his false position. He hesitated, degraded by the knowledge that he must sink in the opinion of the man of the world by whom he was addressed; he was irritated at his want of available funds being known; and though well aware that the affections of his darling child were bound up in the son of the very gentlemanly, but most prudent person who sat before him, he was so high and so irritable in his bearing, that the fathers parted, not in anger, but in anything but good feeling.

Sir Augustus Barry was not slow to set before his son the disadvantages of a union where the extravagant habits of Miss Adams had no more stable support than her father's life. He argued that a want of forethought in the parents would be likely to produce a want of forethought in the children; and knowing well what could be done with such means as Dr Adams had had at his command for years, he was not inclined to put a kind construction upon so total a want of the very quality which he considered the best a man could possess; so, after some delay, and much consideration of the matter, he told his son that he really could not consent to his marriage with a penniless bride. And Dr Adams, finding that the old gentleman, with a total want of that delicacy which monied men do not frequently possess, had spoken of what he termed too truly and too strongly his heartless want of forethought, and characterised as a selfishness the indulgence of a love for display and extravagance, when children were to be placed in the world and portioned—insulted the son for the fault of the father, and forbade his daughter to receive him.

Mary Adams endeavoured to bear this as meekly as she had borne the flattery and tenderness which had been lavished on her since her birth. The bitter, bitter knowledge that she was considered by her lover's family as a girl who, with the chance of being penniless, lived like a princess, was inconceivably galling; and though she had dismissed her lover, and knew that her father had insulted him, still she wondered how he could so soon forget her, and never write even a line of farewell. From her mother she did not expect sympathy; she was too tender and too proud to seek it; and her father, more occupied than ever, was seldom in his own house. Her uncle, who had not been in town for some years, at last arrived, and was not less struck by the extreme grace and beauty of his niece, than by the deep melancholy which saddened her voice and weighed down her spirits. He was evidently anxious to mention something which made him joyous and happy; and when the doctor entered the library with him, he said: 'And may not Mary come in also?' Mary did come in; and her gentle presence subdued her uncle's spirits. 'I had meant to tell the intended change in my family only to you, brother John; but it has occurred to me we were all wrong about my niece. They said at home: "Do not invite my cousin; she is too fine, too gay to come to a country wedding; she would not like it:" but I think, surrounded as she is by luxuries, that the fresh air of Repton, the fresh flowers, fresh fields, and fresh smiles of her cousins, would do my niece good, great good; and we shall be quite gay in our own homely way—the gaiety that upsprings from hearts grateful to the Almighty for his goodness. The fact is, that in about three weeks my Mary is to be married to our rector's eldest son. In three weeks. As he is only his father's curate, they could not have afforded to marry for five or six years, if I had not been able to tell down a handsome sum for Mary's fortune. It was a proud thing to be able to make a good child happy by care in time. "Care in time"—that's my stronghold! How glad we were to look back, and think that, while we educated them properly, we denied ourselves to perform our duty to the children God had given to our care! We have not been as gay as our neighbours, whose means were less than ours; we could not be so, seeing we had to provide for five children; but our pleasure has been to elevate and render those children happy and prosperous. Mary will be so happy, dear child—so happy! Only think, John, she will be six years the sooner happy from our care in time!' This was more than his niece could bear. The good father was so full of his daughter's happiness, and the doctor so overwhelmed with self-reproach—never felt so bitterly as at that moment—that neither perceived the deathlike paleness that overspread the less fortunate Mary's face. She got up to leave the room, staggered, and fell at her father's feet.

'We have murdered her between us,' muttered Dr Adams, while

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he raised her up; 'murdered her; but I struck the first blow! God forgive me!—God forgive me!'

That night the brothers spent in deep and earnest converse. The certainty of his own prosperity, the self-gratulation that follows a just and careful discharge of duties imposed alike by reason and religion, had not raised Charles above his brother in his own esteem. Pained beyond description at the suffering he had so unconsciously inflicted on his niece—horror-struck at the fact that thousands upon thousands had been lavished, yet nothing done for hereafter, the hereafter that must come—he urged upon John the danger of delay, the uncertainty of life. Circumstances increased his influence. Dr Adams had been made painfully aware that gilding was not gold. The beauty, position, and talents of his beloved child, although fully acknowledged, had failed to establish her in life. 'Look, Charles,' he said, after imparting all to his brother, absolutely weeping over the state of uncomplaining but deep sorrow to which his child was reduced—'if I could command the necessary funds, I would to-morrow insure my life for a sum that would place them beyond the possible reach of necessity of any kind.'

'Do not wait for that,' was the generous reply of Charles Adams; 'I have some unemployed hundreds at this moment. Come with me to-morrow; do not delay a day, no, nor an hour; and take my word for it, you will have reason to bless your resolve. Only imagine what would be the case if God called you to give an account of your stewardship!' But he checked himself; he saw that more was not necessary; and the brothers separated for a few hours, both anxious for the morning. It was impossible to say which of the two hurried over breakfast with the greatest rapidity. The carriage was at the door; and Dr Adams left word with his butler that he was gone into the city on urgent business, and would be back in two hours.

'I don't think,' exclaimed Charles, rubbing his hands gleefully—'I don't think that, if my dear niece were happy, I should ever have been so happy in all my life as I am at this moment.'

'I feel already,' replied John, 'as if a great weight were removed from my heart; and were it not for the debt which I have contracted to you— Ah, Charles, I little dreamt, when I looked down from the hill over Repton, and thought my store inexhaustible, that I should be obliged to you thus late in life. And yet I protest I hardly know where I could have drawn in; one expense grows so out of another. These boys have been so very extravagant; but I shall soon have the two eldest off; they cannot keep them much longer waiting.'

'Work is better than waiting; but let the lads fight their way; they have had, I suppose, a good education; they ought to have had professions. There is something to me awfully lazy in your

"appointments:" a young man of spirit will appoint himself; but it is the females of a family, brought up as yours have been, who are to be considered. Women's position in society is changed from what it was some years ago: it was expected that they must marry; and so they were left, before their marriage, dependent upon fathers and brothers, as creatures that could do nothing for themselves. Now, poor things, I really don't know why, but girls do not marry off as they used. They become old, and frequently—owing to the expectation of their settling—without the provision necessary for a comfortable old age. This is the parent of those despicable tricks and arts which women resort to to get married, as they have no acknowledged position independent of matrimony. Something ought to be done to prevent this. And when the country steadies a little from the great revolution of past years, I suppose something may be thought of by improved teaching—and systems to enable women to assist themselves, and be recompensed for the assistance they yield others. Now, imagine your dear girls, those younger ones particularly, deprived of you'——

'Here is the patient upon whom I must call *en route*,' interrupted the doctor.

The carriage drew up.

'I wish,' said Charles, 'you had called here on your return. I wanted the insurance to have been your first business to-day.'

'I shall not be five minutes,' was the reply. The servant let down the step, and the doctor bounded up towards the open door. In his progress he trode upon a bit, a mere shred, of orange-peel; it was the mischief of a moment; he slipped, and his temple struck against the sharp column of an iron scraper. Within one hour Dr John Adams had ceased to exist.

What the mental and bodily agony of that one hour was, you can better understand than I can describe. He was fully conscious that he was dying, and he knew all the misery that was to follow.

'Mary—my dear niece,' said Charles Adams as he seated himself by her side; 'my dear, dear niece, can you fix your thoughts, and give me your attention for half an hour, now that all is over, and that the demands of the world press upon us. I want to speak about the future. Your mother bursts into such fits of despair that I can do nothing with her; and your brother is so ungovernable—talks as if he could command the Bank of England—and is so full of his mother's connections and their influence, that I have left him to himself. Can you, my dear Mary, restrain your feelings, and give me your attention?'

Mary Adams looked firmly in her uncle's face, and said: 'I will try. I have been thinking and planning all the morning, but I do not know how to begin being useful. If I once began, I could go

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on. The sooner we are out of this huge expensive house the better ; if I could get my mother to go with the little girls to the sea-side. Take her away altogether from this home—take her’——

‘Where?’ inquired Mr Adams. ‘She will not accept shelter in my house.’

‘I do not know,’ answered his niece, relapsing into all the helplessness of first grief ; ‘indeed I do not know. Her brother-in-law, Sir James Ashbrooke, invited her to the Pleasaunce ; but my brother objects to her going there, his uncle has behaved so neglectfully about his appointment.’

‘Foolish boy!’ muttered Charles ; ‘this is no time to quarrel about trifles. The fact is, Mary, that the sooner you are all out of this house the better : there are one or two creditors, not for large sums certainly, but still men who will have their money ; and if we do not quietly sell off, they will force us. The house might have been disposed of last week by private contract, but your mother would not hear of it, because the person who offered was a medical rival of my poor brother.’

Mary did not hear the concluding observation ; her eyes wandered from object to object in the room—the harp—the various things known from childhood. ‘Anything you and your mother wish, my dear niece,’ said her kind uncle, ‘shall be preserved : the family pictures—your harp, your piano—they are all hallowed memorials, and shall be kept sacred.’

Mary burst into tears. ‘I do not,’ she said ‘shrink from considering those instruments the means of my support ; but although I know the necessity for so considering, I feel I cannot tell what at quitting the home of my childhood. People are all kind ; you, my dear uncle, from whom we expected so little, the kindest of all ; but I see, even in these early days of a first sorrow, indications of falling off. My aunt’s husband has really behaved very badly about the appointment of my eldest brother ; and as to the cadetship for the second—we had such a brief, dry letter from our Indian friends—so many first on the list, and the necessity for waiting, that I do not know how it will end.’

‘I wish, my dear, you could prevail on your mother, and sister, and all, to come to Repton,’ said Mr Adams. ‘If your mother dislikes being in my house, I would find her a cottage near us ; I will do all I can. My wife joins me in the determination to think that we have six additional children to look to. We differ from you in our habits, but our hearts and affections are no less true to you all. My Mary and you will be as sisters.’

His niece could bear no more kindness. She had been far more bitterly disappointed than she had confessed even to her uncle ; and yet the very bitterness of the disappointment had been the first thing that had driven her father’s dying wail from her ears—that cry repeated so often, and so bitterly, in the brief moments left after his

accident—‘My children! My children!’ He had not sufficient faith to commit them to God’s mercy. He knew he had not been a faithful steward; and he could not bring himself, from the depths of his spiritual blindness, to call upon the Fountain that is never dried up to those who would humbly and earnestly partake of its living waters.

It was all a scene as of another world to the young, beautiful, petted, and fêted girl; it had made her forget the disappointment of her love, at least for a time. While her brothers dared the thunder-cloud that burst above their heads, her mother and sisters wept beneath its influence. Mary had looked forth, and, if she did not hope, she thought, and tried to pray. Now, she fell weeping upon her uncle’s shoulder: when she could speak, she said: ‘Forgive me; in a little time I shall be able to conquer this; at present, I am overwhelmed. I feel as if knowledge and sorrow came together: I seem to have read more of human nature within the last three days than in all my past life.’

‘It all depends, Mary, upon the person you meet,’ said Mr Adams, ‘as upon the book you read. If you choose a foolish book or a bad book, you can expect nothing but vice or foolishness; if you choose a foolish companion, surely you cannot expect kindness or strength.’ The kind-hearted man repeated to her all he had before said. ‘I cannot,’ he added, ‘be guilty of injustice to my children; but I can merge all my own luxuries into the one of being a father to the fatherless.’

But to all the plans of Charles Adams objections were raised by his eldest nephew and his mother: the youth could not brook the control of a simple straight-minded country man, whose only claim to be considered a gentleman, in his opinion, arose from his connection with ‘his family.’ He was also indignant with his maternal uncle for his broken promise, and these feelings were strengthened by his mother’s folly. Two opportunities for disposing of the house and its magnificent furniture were missed; and when Mrs Adams complained to her nearest and most influential connections that her brother-in-law refused to make her any allowance unless she consented to live at Repton—expecting that they would be loud in their indignation at his hardness—they advised her by all means to do what he wished, as he was really the only person she had to depend upon. Some were lavish of their sympathy, but sympathy wears out quickly; others invited her to spend a month with them at their country-seat, for change of air; and one hinted how valuable Miss Adams’s exquisite musical talent would be now. Mary coloured, and said ‘Yes,’ with the dignity of proper feeling. But her mother asked the lady what she meant, and a little scene followed, which caused the lady to visit all the families in town of her acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing her sympathy with ‘those poor dear Adamsses, who were so proud, poor things, that

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really there was nothing but starvation and the workhouse before them!' Another of those well-meaning persons—strong-minded and kind-hearted, but without a particle of delicacy—came to poor Mary with all the *prestige* of conferring a favour.

'My dear young lady, it is the commonest thing in the world—very painful, but very common: the families of professional men are frequently left without provision. Such a pity!—because, if they cannot save, they can insure. We all can do that, but they do not do it, and consequently everywhere the families of professional men are found in distress. So, as I said, it is common; and I wanted you to suggest to your mother that, if she would not feel hurt at it, the thing being so common—dear Dr Adams having been so popular, so very popular—that, while every one is talking about him and you all, a very handsome subscription could be got up. I would begin it with a sum large enough to invite still larger. I had a great regard for him—I had indeed.'

Mary felt her heart sink and rise, and her throat swell, so that she could not speak. She had brought herself to the determination of employing her talents for her own support, but she was not prepared to come with her family before the world as paupers. 'We have no claim upon the public,' she said at last. 'I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim. My dear father forwarded no public work—no public object; he gave his advice, and received his payment. If we are not provided for, it is no public fault. Besides, my father's children are able and willing to support themselves. I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim upon public sympathy, and an appeal to it would crush us to the earth. I am very glad you did not speak first to my mother. My uncle Charles would not suffer it, even suppose she wished it.'

This friend also departed to excite new speculations as to the pride and poverty of 'poor dear Dr Adams's family.' In the world, however—the busy, busy London world—it is idle to expect anything to create even a nine days' wonder. When the house and furniture were at last offered for sale, the feeling was somewhat revived; and Mary, whose beauty, exquisite as it was, had so unobtrusive a character as never to have created a foe, was remembered with tears by many. Even the father of her old lover, when he was congratulated by one more worldly-minded than himself on the escape of his son in not marrying a portionless girl, reproved the unfeeling speaker with a wish that he only hoped his son might have as good a wife as Mary Adams would have been.

The bills were taken down, the house purified from the auction-mob—everything changed; a new name occupied the doctor's place in the *Court Guide*; and in three months the family seemed as completely forgotten amongst those of whom they once formed a prominent part, as if they had never existed. When one sphere of life closes against a family, they find room in another. Many kind-

hearted persons in Mrs Adams's first circle would have been rejoiced to be of service to her and hers, but they were exactly the people upon whom she had no claim. Of a high, but poor family, her relatives had little power. What family so situated ever had any influence beyond what they absolutely needed for themselves? With an ill grace, she at last acceded to the kind offer made by Mr Charles Adams, and took possession of the cottage he fixed upon, until something could be done for his brother's children. In a fit of proud despair, the eldest son enlisted into a regiment of dragoons ; the second was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship through a stranger's interference ; and his uncle thought it might be possible to get the youngest forward in his father's profession. The expense of the necessary arrangements was severely felt by the prudent and careful country gentleman. The younger girls were too delicate for even the common occupations of daily life ; and Mary, instead of receiving the welcome she had been led to expect from her aunt and cousins, felt that every hour she spent at the Grange was an intrusion.

The sudden death of Dr Adams had postponed the intended wedding of Charles Adams's eldest daughter ; and although her mother agreed that it was their duty to forward the orphan children, she certainly felt, as most affectionate mothers whose hearts are not very much enlarged would feel, that much of their own savings—much of the produce of her husband's hard labour—labour during a series of years when her sister-in-law and her children were enjoying all the luxuries of life—would now be expended for their support. This, to an all-sacrificing mother, despite her sense of the duty of kindness, was hard to bear. As long as they were not on the spot, she theorised continually, and derived much satisfaction from the sympathising observations of her neighbours, and was proud, very proud, of the praise bestowed upon her husband's benevolence ; but when her sister-in-law's expensive habits were in daily array before her (the cottage being close to the Grange) ; when she knew, to use her own expression, 'that she never put her hand to a single thing ;' that she could not live without port wine, when she herself never drank even gooseberry, except on Sundays ; never ironed a collar, never dusted the mantel-piece, or ate a shoulder of mutton—roast one day, cold the next, and hashed the third—while each day brought some fresh illustration of her thoughtlessness to the eyes of the wife of the wealthy tiller of the soil, the widow of the physician thought herself in the daily practice of the most rigid self-denial. 'I am sure,' was her constant observation to her all-patient daughter—'I am sure I never thought it would come to this. I had not an idea of going through so much. I wonder your uncle and his wife can permit me to live in the way I do—they ought to consider how I was brought up.' It was in vain Mary represented that they were existing upon charity ; that they ought to be most grateful for what they received,

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coming as it did from those who, in their days of prosperity, professed nothing, while those who professed all things had done nothing. Mary would so reason, and then retire to her own chamber to weep alone over things more hard to bear.

It is painful to observe what bitterness will creep into the heart and manner of really kind girls where a lover is in the case, or even where a commonplace, dangling-sort-of flirtation is going forward ; this depreciating ill-nature, one of the other, is not confined by any means to the fair sex. Young men pick each other to pieces with even more fierceness, but less ingenuity ; they deal in a cut-and-hack sort of sarcasm, and do not hesitate to use terms and insinuations of the harshest kind when a lady is in the case. Mary (to distinguish her from her high-bred cousin, she was generally called Mary Charles) was certainly disappointed when her wedding was postponed in consequence of her uncle's death ; but a much more painful feeling followed when she saw the admiration her lover, Edwin Lechmere, bestowed upon her beautiful cousin. Mary Charles was herself a beauty—fair, open-eyed, warm-hearted—the beauty of Repton ; but though feature by feature, inch by inch, she was as handsome as Mary, yet in her cousin was the grace and spirit given only by good society ; the manners elevated by a higher mind, and toned down by sorrow ; a gentle softness, which a keen observer of human nature told me once no woman ever possessed unless she had deeply loved, and suffered from disappointed affection ; in short, she was far more refined, far more fascinating, than her country cousin. Besides, she was unfortunate, and that at once gave her a hold upon the sympathies of the young curate. It did no more ; but Mary Charles did not understand these nice distinctions, and nothing could exceed the change of manner she evinced when her cousin and her betrothed were together.

Mary thought her cousin rude and petulant ; but the true cause of the change never occurred to her. Accustomed to the high-toned courtesy of well-bred men, which is so little practised in the middle class of English society, it never suggested itself that placing her chair, or opening the door for her to go out, or rising courteously when she came into a room, was more than, as a lady, she had a right to expect ; in truth, she did not notice it at all ; but she did notice, and feel deeply, her cousin's alternate coldness and snappishness of manner. 'I would not,' thought Mary, 'have behaved so to her if she had been left desolate ; but in a little time, when my mother is more content, I will leave Repton, and become independent by my talents.' Never did she think of the power delegated to her by the Almighty without feeling herself raised—ay, higher than she had ever been in the days of her splendour—in the scale of moral usefulness ; as every one must feel whose mind is rightly framed. She had not yet known what it was to have her abilities trampled on or insulted ; she had never experienced the bitterness

consequent upon having the acquirements—which, in the days of her prosperity, commanded silence and admiration—sneered at or openly ridiculed. She had yet to learn that the Solons, the law-givers of English society, lavish their attentions and praise upon those who learn, not upon those who teach.

Mary had not been six months fatherless, when she was astonished first by a letter, and then by a visit, from her former lover. He came to renew his engagement, and to wed her even then, if she would have him. But Mary's high principle was stronger than he imagined. 'No,' she said; 'you are not independent of your father, and whatever I feel, I have no right to draw you down into poverty. You may fancy now that you could bear it; but a time would come—if not to you, to me—when the utter selfishness of such conduct would goad me to a death of early misery.' The young man appealed to her uncle, who thought her feelings overstrained, but respected her for it nevertheless; and, in the warmth of his admiration, he communicated the circumstance to his wife and daughter.

'Refuse her old lover under present circumstances!' repeated her cousin to herself as she left the room; 'there must be some other reason than that; she could not be so foolish as to reject such an offer at such a time.' Unfortunately, she saw Edwin Lechmere walking by Mary's side under the shadow of some trees. She watched them until the foliage screened them from her sight, and then she shut herself into her own room, and yielded to a long and violent burst of tears. 'It is not enough,' she exclaimed in the bitterness of her feelings, 'that the comforts of my parents' declining years should be abridged by the overwhelming burden to their exertions—another family added to their own; it is not enough that an uncomfortable feeling has grown between my father and mother on this account, and that cold looks and sharp words have come where they never came before, but my peace of mind must be destroyed. Gladly would I have taken a smaller portion, if I could have kept the affections which I see but too plainly my cousin has stolen from me. And my thoughtless aunt to say, only yesterday, that "at all events her husband was no man's enemy but his own." Has not his want of prudent forethought been the ruin of his own children? and will my parents ever recover the anxiety, the pain, the sacrifices, brought on by one man's culpable neglect? Oh, uncle, if you could look from your grave upon the misery you have caused!'—and then, exhausted by her own emotion, the affectionate but jealous girl began to question herself as to what she should do. After what she considered mature deliberation, she made up her mind to upbraid her cousin with treachery; and she put her design into execution that same evening.

It was no easy matter to oblige her cousin to understand what she meant; but at last the declaration that she had refused her old lover because she had placed her affections upon Edwin Lechmere, whom

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she was endeavouring to 'entrap,' was not to be mistaken; and the country girl was altogether unprepared for the burst of indignant feeling, mingled with much bitterness, which repelled the untruth. A strong fit of hysterics into which Mary Charles worked herself was terminated by a scene of the most painful kind—her father being upbraided by her mother with 'loving other people's children better than his own,' while the curate himself knelt by the side of his betrothed, assuring her of his unaltered affection. From such a scene Miss Adams hastened with a throbbing brow and a bursting heart. She had no one to counsel or console her; no one to whom she could apply for aid. For the first time since she had experienced her uncle's tenderness, she felt she had been the means of disturbing his domestic peace; the knowledge of the burden she was, and the burden she and hers were considered, weighed her to the earth; and in a paroxysm of anguish she fell on her knees, exclaiming: 'Oh! why are the dependent born into the world? Father, father! why did you leave us, whom you so loved, to such a fate!' And then she reproached herself for having uttered a word reflecting on his memory. One of the every-day occurrences of life—so common, as to be hardly observed—is to find really kind, good-natured people weary of well-doing. 'Oh, really I was worn out with so and so; they are so decidedly unfortunate that it is impossible to help them,' is a general excuse for deserting those whose continuing misfortunes ought to render them greater objects of sympathy.

Mr Charles Adams was, as has been shewn in our little narrative, a kind-hearted man. Estranged as his brother and himself had been for a number of years, he had done much to forward, and still more to protect, his children. At first this was a pleasure; but somehow his 'benevolence,' and 'kindness,' and 'generosity' had been so talked about, so eulogised, and he had been so seriously inconvenienced by the waywardness of his nephews, the thoughtless pride of his sister-in-law, the helplessness of his younger nieces, as to feel seriously oppressed by his responsibility. And now the one who had never given him aught but pleasure, seemed, according to his daughter's representations, to be the cause of increased sorrow—the destroyer of his dear child's happiness. What to do he could not tell. His daughter, wrought upon by her own jealousy, had evinced under its influence so much temper she had never displayed before, that it seemed more than likely the cherished match would be broken off. His high-minded niece saved him any further anxiety as far as she was concerned. She sent for, and convinced him fully and entirely of her total freedom from the base design imputed to her. 'Was it likely,' she said, 'that I should reject the man I love lest I should drag him into poverty, and plunge at once with one I do not care for into the abyss I dread? This is the common-sense view of the case; but there is yet another. Is it to be borne that I would seek to rob your child of her happiness? The supposition is an insult

too gross to be endured. I will leave my mother to-morrow. An old school-fellow, older and more fortunate than myself, wished me to educate her little girl. I had one or two strong objections to living in her house ; but the desire to be independent and away has overcome them.' She then, with many tears, entreated her uncle still to protect her mother ; urged how she had been sorely tried ; and communicated fears, she had reason to believe were too well founded, that her eldest brother, feeling the reverse more than he could bear, had deserted from his regiment.

Charles Adams was deeply moved by the nobleness of his niece, and reproved his daughter more harshly than he had ever done before for the feebleness that created so strong and unjust a passion. This had the contrary effect to what he had hoped for : she did not hesitate to say that her cousin had endeavoured to rob her both of the affection of her lover and her father. The injured cousin left Repton, bowed beneath an accumulation of troubles, not one of which was of her own creating, not one of which she deserved ; and all springing from the unproviding nature of him who, had he been asked the question, would have declared himself ready to sacrifice his own life for the advantage of that daughter, now compelled to work for her own bread. To trace the career of Mary Adams in her new calling would be to repeat what I have said before. The more refined, the more informed the governess, the more she suffers. Being with one whom she had known in better days, made it even more hard to bear ; yet she did her duty, and that is one of the highest privileges a woman can enjoy.

Leaving Mary for a moment, let us return to Repton. Here discord, having once entered, was making sad ravages, and all were suffering from it. It was but too true that the eldest of the Adames had deserted : his mother, clinging with a parent's fondness to her child, concealed him, and thus offended Charles Adams beyond all reconciliation. The third lad, who was walking the London hospitals, and exerting himself beyond his strength, was everything that a youth could be ; but his declining health was represented to his uncle, by one of those whom his mother's pride had insulted, as a cloak for indolence. In short, before another year had quite passed, the family of the once rich and fashionable Dr Adams had shared the fate of all dependents—worn out the benevolence, or patience, or whatever it really is, of their best friends. Nor was this the only consequence of the physician's neglect of a duty due alike to God and society : his brother had really done so much for the bereaved family, as to give what the world called just grounds to Mrs Charles Adams's repeated complaints, 'that now her husband was ruining his industrious family to keep the lazy widow of his spendthrift brother and her favourite children in idleness. Why could she not live upon the "fine folk" she was always throwing in her face?' Their daughter, too, of whose approaching union the fond father had been

so proud, was now, like her cousin whom she had wronged by her mean suspicions, deserted; the match broken off after much bickering; one quarrel having brought on another, until they separated by mutual consent. Her temper and her health were both materially impaired, and her beauty was converted into hardness and acidity.

Oh how utterly groundless is the idea, that in our social state, where one human being must so much depend upon another, any man, neglecting his positive duties, can be called only 'his own enemy!' What misery had not Dr Adams's neglect entailed, not alone on his immediate family, but on that of his brother! Besides, there were ramifications of distress; he died even more embarrassed than his brother had at first believed, and some trades-people were consequently embarrassed; but the deep misery fell upon his children. Meanwhile, Mrs Dr Adams had left Repton with her younger children, to be the dependents of Mary in London.

It was not until a fatal disease had seized upon her mother, that Mary ventured to appeal again to her uncle's generosity. 'My second brother,' she said, 'has, out of his small means, remitted her five pounds. My eldest brother seems altogether to have disappeared from amongst us: finding that his unhappy presence had occasioned so fatal a separation between his mother and you—a disunion which I saw was the effect of many small causes, rather than one great one—he left us, and we cannot trace him. This has broken my poor mother's heart; he was the cherished one of all her children. My youngest brother has been for the last month an inmate of one of the hospitals which my poor father attended for so many years, and where his word was law. My sister Rosa, she upon whom my poor father poured, if possible, more of his affection than he bestowed upon me—my lovely sister, of whom, even in our poverty, I was so proud—so young, only upon the verge of womanhood—has, you already know, left us. Would to God that it had been for her grave, rather than her destroyer!—a fellow-student of that poor youth, who, if he dreamt of her dishonour, would stagger like a spectre from what will be his death-bed to avenge her. Poverty is one of the surest guides to dishonour; those who have not been tempted know nothing of it. It is one thing to see it, another to feel it. Do not think her altogether base, because she had not the strength of a heroine. I have been obliged to resign my situation to attend my mother, and the only income we have is what I earn by giving lessons on the harp and piano. I give, for two shillings, the same instruction for which my father paid half-a-guinea a lesson; if I did not, I should have no pupils. It is more than a month since my mother left her bed; and my youngest sister, bending beneath increased delicacy of health, is her only attendant. I know her mind to be so tortured, and her body so convulsed by pain, that I have prayed to God to render her fit for Heaven, and take her from her sufferings. Imagine the weight of sorrow that crushed me to

my knees with such a petition as that ! I know all you have done, and yet I ask you now, in remembrance of the boyish love that bound you and my father together, to lessen her bodily anguish by the sacrifice of a little more ; that she, nursed in the lap of luxury, may not pass from life with starvation as her companion. My brother's gift is expended ; and during the last three weeks I have earned but twelve shillings ; my pupils are out of town. Do, for a moment, remember what I was, and think how humbled I must be to frame this supplication ; but it is a child that petitions for a parent, and I know I have never forfeited your esteem. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, my brother and my mother will meet my poor father face to face. Oh that I could be assured that reproach and bitterness for the past do not pass the portals of the grave ! Forgive me this, as you have already forgiven me much. Alas ! I know too well that our misfortunes drew misfortunes upon others. I was the unhappy but innocent cause of much sorrow at the Grange ; but oh ! do not refuse the last request that I will ever make !' The letter was blotted by tears.

Charles Adams was from home when it arrived, and his wife, knowing the handwriting, and having made a resolution never to open a letter 'from that branch of the family,' did not send it after her husband, 'lest it might tease him.' Ten days elapsed before he received it ; and when he did, he could not be content with writing, but lost not a moment in hastening to the address. Irritated and disappointed that what he really had done should have been so little appreciated, when every hour of his life he was smarting in one way or other from his exertions—broken-hearted at his daughter's blighted health and happiness—angered by the reckless wildness of one nephew, and what he believed was the idleness of another—and convinced that Rosa's fearful step was owing to the pampering and mismanagement of her foolish mother—Charles Adams satisfied himself that, as he did not hear to the contrary from Mary, all things were going on well, or at least not ill. He thought as little about them as he possibly could, no people in the world being so conveniently forgotten (when they are not importunate) as poor relations ; but the letter of his favourite niece spoke strongly to his heart, and in two hours after his return home, he set forth for the London suburb from whence the letter was dated. It so chanced that, to get to that particular end of the town, he was obliged to pass the house his brother had occupied so splendidly for a number of years ; the servants had lit the lamps, and were drawing the curtains of the noble dining-room ; and a party of ladies were descending from a carriage, which prevented two others from setting down. It looked like old times. 'Some one else,' thought Charles Adams, 'running the same career of wealth and extravagance. God grant it may not lead to the same results !' He paused, and looked up the front of the noble mansion ; the drawing-room windows were open,

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and two beautiful children were standing on an ottoman placed between the windows, probably to keep them apart. He thought of Mary's childhood, and how she was occupied at that moment, and hastened onward. There are times when life seems one mingled dream, and it is not easy to become dispossessed of the idea when some of its frightful changes are brought almost together under our view.

'Is Miss Adams at home?' inquired her uncle of a woman leaning against the door of a miserable house.

'I don't know; she went to the hospital this morning; but I'm not sure she's in. It's the second pair back; it's easy known, for the sob has not ceased in that room these two nights; some people do take on so'—

Charles Adams did not hear the concluding sentence, but sought the room: the door would not close, and he heard a low sobbing sound from within. He paused; but his step had aroused the mourner. 'Come in, Mary—come in. I know how it is,' said a young voice; 'he is dead. One grave for mother and son—one grave for mother and son! I see your shadow, dark as it is. Have you brought a candle? It is very fearful to be alone with the dead—even one's own mother—in the dark.'

Charles Adams entered the room; but his sudden appearance in the twilight, and evidently not knowing him, overcame the girl, his youngest niece, so much, that she screamed, and fell on her knees by her mother's corpse. He called for lights, and was speedily obeyed, for he put a piece of gold in the woman's hand: she turned it over, and as she hastened from the room, muttered, 'If this had come sooner, she'd not have died of starvation, or burdened the parish for a shroud: it's hard the rich can't look to their own.'

When Mary returned, she was fearfully calm. 'No; her brother was not dead,' she said. 'The young were longer dying than those whom the world had worn out; the young knew so little of the world, they thought it hard to leave it;' and she took off her bonnet, and sat down; and while her uncle explained why he had not written, she looked at him with eyes so fixed and cold, that he paused, hoping she would speak, so painful was their stony expression. But she let him go on, without offering one word of assurance of any kind feeling or remembrance; and when she stooped to adjust a portion of the coarse plaiting of the shroud—that mockery of 'the purple and fine linen of living days'—her uncle saw that her hair, her luxuriant hair, was striped with white.

'There is no need for words now,' she said at last; 'no need. I thought you would have sent; she required but little—but very little; the dust rubbed from the gold she once had would have been riches. But the little she did require she had not, and so she died. But what weighs heaviest upon my mind was her calling so continually on my father, to know why he had deserted her. She attached

A TALE OF LIFE-ASSURANCE.

no blame latterly to any one, only called day and night upon him. Oh! it was hard to bear—it was very hard to bear!’

‘I will send a proper person in the morning, to arrange that she may be placed with my brother,’ said Charles.

Mary shrieked almost with the wildness of a maniac. ‘No, no; as far from him as possible! Oh! not with him! She was to blame in our days of splendour as much as he was; but she could not see it; and I durst not reason with her. Not with him! She would disturb him in his grave!’

Her uncle shuddered, while the young girl sobbed in the bitter wailing tone their landlady complained of.

‘No,’ resumed Mary; ‘let the parish bury her; even its officers were kind; and if you bury her, or they, it is still a pauper’s funeral. I see all these things clearly now. Death, while it closes the eyes of some, opens the eyes of others; it has opened mine.’

But why should I prolong this sad story. It is not the tale of one, but of many. There are dozens, scores, hundreds of instances of the same kind, arising from the same cause, in our broad islands. In the lunatic asylum where that poor girl, even Mary Adams, has found refuge during the past two years, there are many cases of insanity arising from change of circumstances, where a fifty pounds’ insurance would have set such maddening distress at defiance. I know that her brother died in the hospital within a few days; and the pale, sunken-eyed girl, whose damp yellow hair and thin white hand are so eagerly kissed by the gentle maniac when she visits her, month by month, is the youngest, and, I believe, the last of her family—at least the last in England. Oh that those who foolishly boast that their actions only affect themselves, would look carefully abroad, and, if they doubt what I have faithfully told, examine into the causes which crowd the world with cases even worse than I have here recorded!

NOTE.—The evil consequences of a neglect or postponement of life assurance, such as are portrayed in the foregoing tale, are very far from being of uncommon occurrence; and as much may arise from ignorance, we have, in another tract, presented every requisite information on the subject.—ED.

ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.*

A TALE OF SELF-DENIAL.

I.

'MR ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?'

'Anything worth hearing?' was the responsive question of Mr Atkins; and he laid down the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and peered over his spectacles with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

'Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory.'

'Well, wife, let her go;' and Mr Atkins took up the *Patriot* again.

'But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her.'

'But you say she does not assist you any about the house.'

'Well, husband, she *might*.'

'Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory.'

'Father! are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?' said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.

'Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing; and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year.'

'I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home and pick

* Lowell is a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, to which young women, the daughters of farmers and others, resort for employment in the factories. The generally excellent conduct of these 'factory girls,' also their taste and literary abilities, are spoken of by travellers from England as a kind of wonder. Amongst them are contributed a series of papers in prose and verse, which form an annual, entitled the *Lowell Offering*; and it is from one of these interesting publications that the present story, which appears under the signature of 'Lucinda,' is extracted.—ED.

rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday, for that is the day they have set for their return?"

'Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year.'

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the roadside watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that, when older, she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment whilst she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her 'go-to-meeting dress.' And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, and another of cherry-red, and another upon the colour of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were: 'Mr Atkins, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation.'

'Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes; but after she has done so, she may see the folly of it: at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After

she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured.'

'Oh, husband, I have many fears for her,' was the reply of Mrs Atkins, 'she is so very giddy and thoughtless; and the Slater girls are as harebrained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home.'

'I have made a promise,' said Mr Atkins, 'and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers.'

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

II.

The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said: 'Abby, do you ever think?' Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath School, when he was endeavouring to impress upon her mind some serious truth.

'Yes, father,' she at length replied, 'I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell.'

'But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I were too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl.'

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise

them, said she to herself ; I will shew them that I have some reflection ; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done ; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that I am a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank ; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. Oh how different I will be from what they think I am ; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all !

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious ; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness ; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, ' No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution.'

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money ; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step ; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation ; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, ' I can gather them in our own pasture next year ;' when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, ' I will do without them *this* summer ;' and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings-bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might

be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial ; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment ; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet ; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in 'the year one.' The colour mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had '*just come down* ;' and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their sly innuendoes about 'bush-whackers.' Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose.

III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knee. 'Wife,' said he to Mrs Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, 'is it not a year since Abby left home ?'

'Why, husband, let me think : I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time ; and she said, "Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year." Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week.'

'Perhaps she will not come at all,' said Mr Atkins with a gloomy look ; 'she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news ; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you her first year in Lowell shall also be her last.'

'Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home ; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received ; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year.'

'Pa, the stage has stopped here,' said little Charley, and he

bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of 'Abby has come! Abby has come!' In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw-bonnet, with its plain trimming of light-blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress shewed to the best advantage her neat symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

'Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?' said her father as she opened a large new trunk.

'Not *one*, father,' said she, and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. 'But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift.'

'You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything.' There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. 'But what did you do with all your money?'

'I thought I had better leave it there,' said Abby, and she placed her bank-book in her father's hand. Mr Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

'It is but a little,' said Abby.

'But it was all you could save,' replied her father, 'and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?'

'Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is

but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me,' and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected wonders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given 'Sister Abby' a hundred kisses.

'Father,' said Abby as she arose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, 'may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown.'

'Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shewn yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence—SELF-DENIAL.'





ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.



THE elephant is the largest and most powerful of all living quadrupeds, and may be regarded as a remnant of those gigantic races which were common at an earlier period of the earth's history. Specimens have been found upwards of twelve feet high from the sole of the foot to the ridge of the shoulder, above five tons in weight, and capable of carrying enormous burdens. In general figure, the animal seems clumsy and awkward, but this is fully compensated by the litheness and agility of his trunk. His legs are necessarily massive, for the support of such a huge body ; but though apparently stiff, they are by no means the unwieldy members which many suppose. He can kneel and rise with facility ; can use the fore-feet by way of hand in holding down branches while he strips off the foliage with his trunk ; employ his feet in stamping his enemies to death ; and has been known to travel even with a heavy load from fifty to seventy miles in twenty-four hours. His feet, which are internally divided into toes, are externally gathered into a round cushioned mass, protected by flattish nails, and are therefore unfitted for walking on roads or rocky ground. Less bulky in the hinder quarters, his strength accumulates in his chest and neck, the latter of which is short and well adapted for the support of the head and trunk, which are his principal organs of action and defence.

Compared with the bulk of his body, the head appears small ; but not so when we take into account the weight and size of its appendages. These are pendulous ears, a couple of gigantic tusks in the

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male, and the proboscis or trunk, which in large specimens is capable of reaching to a distance of seven or eight feet. In the Indian species* the ears are rather small, but in the African they are so large, that the Boers and Hottentots make use of them as trucks when dried. The tusks, which correspond to the canine teeth of other quadrupeds, appear only in the upper jaw, fully developed in the male, and only partially so in the female. These he employs as his main weapons of defence, as well as in clearing away obstructions from his path, and in grubbing up succulent roots, of which he is particularly fond. The largest pair in the Paris Museum of Natural History is seven feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter at the base; but specimens of much larger dimensions are mentioned by early authors, whose accounts, however, have the disadvantage of being regarded as somewhat apocryphal. The eye of the elephant is small, but brilliant; and though, from the position in the head, it is incapable of backward and upward vision, yet this defect is remedied in a great degree by the acuteness of his hearing. Indeed all his senses are peculiarly keen, and concentrated, as it were, around the proboscis, for the purpose of directing more immediately the motions of that indispensable mechanism.

The trunk is of a tapering form, and composed of several thousand minute muscles, which cross and interlace each other, so as to give it the power of stretching and contracting, of turning itself in every direction, and of feeling and grasping with a delicacy and strength which is altogether astonishing. It encloses the nostrils, and has the power of inflating itself, of drawing in water, or of ejecting it with violence; it also terminates on the upper side in a sort of fleshy finger, and below in a similar protuberance, which answers to the opposing power of the thumb, and thus it can lift the minutest object. 'Endowed,' says an eloquent writer, 'with exquisite sensibility, nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this organ, at the volition of the elephant, will uproot trees or gather grass, raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit, kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks of the animal.'

The skin of the elephant, like that of the horse, is extremely

*In systems of natural history, the elephant ranks with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned class of animals, and forms the type of the *Proboscidean* order; that is, those which are furnished with a proboscis or prehensile trunk. There are only two species of the genus *Elephas*—namely, the Asiatic and the African; the latter being distinguished from the former by its large pendulous ears, less elevated head, and some minor peculiarities interesting only to professed naturalists. The *Mammoth*, whose remains are found so abundantly in Siberia, is another species which appears to have become extinct within a very recent period.

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sensitive; and though in domesticated specimens it appears chapped and callous, yet in a state of nature it is smooth, and sufficiently delicate to feel the attack of the tiniest insect; hence his care in syringing it with his trunk, in varnishing it with dust and saliva, and in fanning himself, as he often does, with a leafy bough. It possesses the same muscular peculiarity as the skin of the horse, and can, by its shuddering motion, remove the smallest object from its surface. The colour is generally of a dusky black, but individuals are occasionally found of a dull brown, or nearly white. Albinos, or rather cream-whites, are, however, extremely rare, and are treated with divine honours by some of the Eastern nations, as in Siam, Ava, and the Burman Empire.

NATURAL HABITS.

In its mode of life the elephant is strictly herbivorous, feeding upon rank grass, young shoots of trees, and succulent roots. His whole conformation is eminently fitted for such subsistence, and points to the tropical valley and fertile river-side as the localities where he can enjoy at all seasons herbage and water in abundance. Though created for the jungle and forest, where heat and moisture are the chief vegetative agents, yet the elephant, by his weight and size, is excluded from the swamp. He bathes in the river and lake only where the bottom is firm and secure, and rolls on the sward or in the forest glade, and not in the marsh, where he would inevitably sink beyond the means of extrication. Confined to the regions of an almost perpetual summer, he grubs up roots with his tusks, pulls down branches with his trunk to browse on their foliage, or feeds on the luxuriant herbage, enjoying greater ease and security than any other quadruped. His great size and strength place him beyond the dread of other animals; and, like all the herbivora, he is of mild disposition, having no occasion to wage war upon others for the satisfaction of his natural cravings.

In India, the head-quarters of the animal are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the Western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are found in herds of about a hundred in number. In Africa, they were, till recently, pretty numerous in Cape Colony; but the progress of civilisation has driven them inland, and they are now to be met with in droves only in the more fertile plains and along the river margins of Caffraria. During the time of the Carthaginians, the north of Africa appears to have been also numerous stocked with elephants; but this district they have long since abandoned; and even in the western regions, which furnished ivory in abundance during the early settlement of

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the Portuguese, they have become almost extinct. We know too little of the interior of that great continent, to say in what numbers they may exist in the plains drained by the Tchad, Niger, and other tropical rivers; but there, we presume, they still roam in undiminished numbers. Like most vegetable feeders, they are gregarious; and the herd is generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail, and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. By these means food, friends, and foes appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance.

The elephant has three distinct notes of intercommunication. The first is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good-humour, and all is safe; the second is a growl or groan issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; and the third, which is loud and long, like the roaring of the lion, is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. The members of the herd seldom roam far from each other, and even then the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength, will hardly venture to attack the elephant. Should he do so, the male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy, but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight. In their native forests, therefore, elephants, whether acting singly or in concert, are invincible to all enemies save man. The latter, even in his rudest state, has only to light a fire, and the huge brute flies in the utmost consternation; or he digs a pit and covers it with turf, and the animal falls into it, helpless, and at his mercy; or it may be that he tips his arrow with the vegetable poisons which experience has enabled him to practise, and the fatal substance benumbs and curdles the blood of his victim.

A herd of these gigantic animals browsing in their native forests must be an imposing spectacle: here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches, there another twisting the long grass into bundles; here a set listlessly flapping their ears under the shade, there another toying with each other, 'making unwieldy merriment.' The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commits. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet; hence the dread of the settler on the confines of the forests they frequent—the labour of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied

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their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dozing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose ; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

‘Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O’ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo ! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower ; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder palm, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He waves it to and fro.’

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a very old age. The ancients ascribed to him a life of three or four hundred years ; but, without laying much stress on their opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domesticated specimens reaching the great age of one hundred and thirty years. The peculiar provision made for the renewal of his teeth—which are unique in the animal creation—shews that nature intended him for a lengthened existence ; for, while in a limited number of years the teeth of other animals wear down and fall out, the elephant’s are in a continual state of progression, so that they are as powerful at the age of eighty as they were at eighteen. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all organised being ; and in course of years the joints of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and chapped, his appetite fails, and being unable to follow the herd, he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very playful and harmless ; and though suckled for a considerable time, is said to receive but a very scanty share of maternal affection. On this head, however, we have few opportunities of judging ; we know little of the animal in a truly natural state, and it breeds too seldom in captivity to be observed with accuracy.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

Man, standing in relation of superior to the brute creation, is necessitated to use this power for various purposes. He hunts them for their flesh, for their skins, or for some other substance of

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utility ; he destroys them because they are obnoxious to his cultivated fields, or dangerous to his personal safety ; he subjugates and trains them for the assistance they can yield him ; or it may be that he chases them for mere amusement. Thus it is with the elephant. The Kaffir hunts him for his flesh, which to him is a dainty, and for his ivory tusks, which he barter with the European ; the settler digs the pit and levels the rifle, to protect his crops and enclosures ; the Hindu subjugates the powerful brute for the purposes of burden ; and the English officer in India talks of ' bagging ' elephants for sport. Whatever be the ultimate object, the pursuit of such a huge and sagacious animal must be attended with no small danger ; hence the exciting descriptions with which books of Eastern travel abound. Of these, with which we could fill volumes, we shall select one or two striking examples.

The ordinary modes of capture resorted to by rude nations are poisoned arrows, pitfalls, and cutting the hamstrings of the animal. The two former are accomplished with little risk, but the latter requires great address and ingenuity. It is thus described by Bruce, as practised by the Africans, to whom elephant's flesh is a necessary as well as a luxury : ' Two men, absolutely naked, without any rag or covering at all about them, get on horseback ; this precaution is for fear of being laid hold of by the trees or bushes, in making their escape from a very watchful enemy. One of these riders sits upon the back of the horse, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes without one, with only a switch or short stick in one hand, carefully managing the bridle with the other ; behind him sits his companion, who has no other arms but a broadsword, such as is used by the Slavonians, and which is brought from Trieste. His left hand is employed in grasping the sword by the handle ; about fourteen inches of the blade being covered with whip-cord. This part he takes in his right hand, without any danger of being hurt by it ; and, though the edges of the lower part of the sword are as sharp as a razor, he carries it without a scabbard.

' As soon as the elephant is found feeding, the horseman rides before him, as near his face as possible ; or, if he flies, crosses him in all directions, crying out : " I am such a man and such a man ; this is my horse, that has such a name ; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and I am now come to kill you ; you are but an ass in comparison of them." This nonsense he verily believes the elephant understands, who, chafed and angry at hearing the noise immediately before him, seeks to seize him with his trunk or proboscis ; and, intent upon this, follows the horse everywhere, turning and turning round with him, neglectful of making his escape by running straight forward, in which consists his only safety. After having made him turn once or twice in pursuit of the horse, the horseman rides close up alongside of him, and drops his companion just behind on the offside ; and while he engages the

elephant's attention upon the horse, the footman behind gives him a drawn stroke just above the heel, or what in man is called the tendon of Achilles. This is the critical moment; the horseman immediately wheels round, takes his companion up behind him, and rides off at full speed after the rest of the herd, if they have started more than one; and sometimes an expert agageer will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not afraid, the tendon is commonly entirely separated; and if it is not cut through, it is generally so far divided that the animal, with the stress he puts upon it, breaks the remaining part asunder. In either case he remains incapable of advancing a step till the horseman's return; or his companions coming up, pierce him through with javelins and lances; he then falls to the ground, and expires with loss of blood.'

In South Africa, the musket and rifle take the place of the knife, and as in this case the hunter requires to be on his feet, the danger of the chase is greatly increased. The life of the Hottentot elephant-hunter is indeed one of imminent peril, and few practise it for many years without being maimed or crushed to death by the infuriated animals. They are a brave, fearless set of men, encountering every species of risk, and enduring fatigue with a courage that is truly wonderful. Accompanied by a few such spirits, the European resident generally sets out on a hunting expedition—indeed it would be madness in him to enter the bush without such an escort. We have a spirited account of such an adventure in the following personal narrative of Lieutenant Moodie: 'In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish River. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African Corps) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant-hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

'On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "*Passop!*—Look out!" coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the

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crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her or not. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the R.A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind-feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow;

but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

‘On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day’s hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr Knight of the Cape Regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R.A. corps, of the name of M’Clane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

‘Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant’s left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned (my personal antagonist), regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr C. Mackenzie of the R.A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

‘Thus ended our elephant-hunt; and I need hardly say that what we witnessed on this occasion of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future.’

We might extend our narrative of such adventures almost indefinitely, and the recital would present but little variation. The same mode of life, the same difficulty in getting near the watchful

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animals, the same accounts of resentment when they are wounded or infuriated, and the same tale of butchery when neither necessity nor safety requires the sacrifice. In the jungles of Hindustan and Ceylon, similar hunting-matches are sometimes got up by British officers, but the entangled state of the bush, and the danger of encountering the tiger or lion, happily render such 'sport' of comparatively rare occurrence. The African values the elephant only for his tusks and some tidbits of his carcass; the Indian regards him as a powerful auxiliary in labour and war, or as an indispensable adjunct of royal equipage. The former presents himself as a mere destroyer; the latter becomes a guardian and preceptor, and finds himself rewarded in proportion to the pains and kindness he bestows upon his gigantic captive.

CAPTURE OF THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

The object of the hunter in India being to obtain a large and powerful assistant in toil, he accordingly practises more merciful methods of capture. It is obvious, however, that to secure an animal so sagacious and strong, not only great ingenuity, but very forcible means, must be called into operation. The means most commonly employed are the noose, the pitfall, decoy females, and the kraal or keddah. Pliny, speaking of the capture of elephants in his time, says: 'The Indian hunter mounts an individual already tamed; and meeting with a wild one separated from the herd, he pursues it and strikes it until it becomes so exhausted, that he can leap from the one to the other, and thus reduce the animal to obedience.' The animals in Pliny's time must either have been more stupid, or the hunters more expert than they are now, for no such procedure would at present be found effectual. The capture and subjugation of an elephant is a work requiring great skill, caution, and patience; and we presume the Roman naturalist took his ideas from the trained ones accompanying the armies of the Empire, rather than from the wild specimens of the Indian jungle.

The noose or slip-knot is seldom resorted to, unless with very young and small specimens. This mode is something similar to that practised by the American guacho in capturing the wild horse of the Pampas—the slip-knot or *phaum* of the Hindu being the equivalent of the *lasso*. Mounted on well-trained elephants, two or three hunters surround a wild one, and entangle him with their phaums: he strains and struggles, but the tame ones resist his efforts, or he is strapped to a tree, till hunger and exhaustion reduce him to submission. He is then released, and driven off between the tame ones; and in a few months yields his master all but implicit obedience. The pitfall is a less skilful and more dangerous method, in so far as the safety of the animal is concerned. A pit, carefully

concealed with green boughs and turf, is dug in a path, over which the hunter endeavours to force the animal by blazing the herbage behind him. The alarmed elephant blindly hurries forward, and is precipitated into the excavation, where he is allowed to remain till he exhausts his rage, and begins to feel the cravings of hunger. Grass, rice, cane-shoots, and other delicacies are supplied him by degrees ; and being well secured with ropes, he is at last encouraged to raise himself from his confinement. This is done by throwing into the pit fagots and bundles of forage, which he places under his feet, till he is brought near to the surface, when forth he steps fettered, but sufficiently subdued to be mounted by a skilful driver.

Decoy females are often used, and in some of the countries bordering Hindustan, are said to be the only means employed in the capture of the large solitary males. Having watched a strayed one till a favourable opportunity occurs, the hunters urge the decoys, or *koomkees*, forward ; and so thoroughly conscious are these of their duty, that they approach their victim with all possible wiles and blandishments. The hunters having concealed themselves in the bush, the females begin to browse, gradually nearing the male, yet all the while feigning the utmost indifference. By and by he begins to approach them, and offer his attentions, caressing them with his trunk, and being caressed in return. During the intoxication of his pleasure, the hunters creep cautiously forward, and entangle his legs with thongs ; an operation in which they are sometimes assisted by the wily koomkees. Having attached these thongs to well-secured ropes, the decoys are ordered aside, and the victim feeling his position, struggles, roars, and becomes infuriated. Occasionally, in the paroxysms of his rage, he bursts asunder his fetters, and escapes to the forest ; but in general he is too well secured, and merely exhausts himself by his fruitless efforts.

In India proper, and in Ceylon, the capture of elephants is generally conducted on a more extensive scale by the kraal or keddah. This is a large enclosure formed of one, two, or three rows of strong posts, into which the animals are driven from the surrounding country, and then secured by means of skilful hunters, and tame elephants trained for the purpose. Books of Eastern travel abound with descriptions of keddah hunts ; but instead of gleanings from these, we shall transcribe the narrative of a friend, who several years ago participated in the sport in the district of Kandy. After describing the preliminaries, which seem to have thrown the whole district into a ferment, he thus proceeds with his spirited description : ‘ With respect to the kraal, it was nothing more than an enclosure about two hundred yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather small trees, stuck into the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The

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entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of £3 for every elephant captured.

'A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of the height up, was laid a platform capable of holding thirty or forty people, and formed of small branches fastened together by what is called jungle rope, which is nothing more than the creepers which are twisted round every tree and bush. A very large party of us sat down to an excellent breakfast in the tents; and the yelling appearing to come nearer and nearer, we were advised to make the best of our way to the tree, which we ascended by a steep ladder, and found it very comfortable, as we were completely shaded from the sun by an awning of cocoa-nut leaves. Having gained this commanding point, our patience was tried for several hours; for though the elephants were often so near the entrance that we could see the bushes move, and sometimes their ears flapping, yet they always broke away again, till at last, about three o'clock, eight elephants were driven into the kraal. Then the noise of the people became deafening, and their shouts and yells of triumph drove the poor creatures on; and we had a fine view of them as they came rushing towards us, crushing the jungle in every direction. The posts were immediately put down at the entrance, and the natives stationed themselves all round the fence; and whenever the animals came near it, they were driven back by their howling and waving white sticks at them. It is said that the elephant particularly dislikes white, which is the reason the wands are flourished; but perhaps it is that white is more conspicuous than anything else among the dark green. They were driven back several times, till they had half-exhausted themselves, and were then comparatively quiet in the thickest cover they could find, and all we

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saw was an occasional shower of earth that they tossed over their bodies with their trunks.

‘ Having thus so far succeeded, the next thing was to secure them ; and for this purpose the tame elephants were introduced into the kraal. Six very large ones were brought in, just under our tree, and began breaking down the jungle and clearing a space round the large trees, to which it was intended to tie the wild ones. It was really wonderful to see them twining their trunks round some of the smaller trees, and with two or three good shakes laying them flat. They sometimes pushed their head against a tree, so as to bring the whole force of their body upon it, and then down it came ; as for the brushwood, part of which was upwards of six feet high, they really mowed it down with their trunks. In about an hour’s time the whole was, comparatively speaking, clear, and the poor herd had no longer any hiding-place, but stood all huddled close together in a little thicket about the middle of the kraal. There was one very little thing among them, not much bigger than a large pig, and they seemed to take the greatest care of him, keeping him in the centre of them.

‘ Each tame elephant had two men on his back, one to guide him, and the other to noose the wild ones, who did not seem to be much afraid of them, as they allowed them to come very near, and then walked rather slowly away. One of the tame ones then followed in the most stealthy and treacherous manner possible ; and when he came close enough to the wild one, he began coaxing and tickling him with his trunk, whilst the man with the noose, which is fastened round the tame one’s neck, slipped off his back with it, and watched his opportunity to throw it over the hind leg of the other. He soon did this, as apparently the tame one gave the wild elephant a poke with his tusk, which made him lift his leg as if to move on ; and in a moment he was a prisoner. While the man was thus employed, it was curious to see the care which the tame elephant took of him, interposing his huge head in such a manner that the wild one could not touch him ; and if he should fail of securing the wild elephant, which sometimes happens, the tame one puts out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

‘ When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape ; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go ; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance ; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the

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tusks of both of them. In this way his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable ropes.

‘When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others; for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, who looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

‘In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, who was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, I think, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high; but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style.’

DOMESTICATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

Strictly speaking, the elephant cannot be classed with domesticated animals. When tamed and trained, he is no doubt a useful assistant, and is capable of performing duties which no other of the brute creation could approach; still he is not domesticated in the sense in which we apply the term to the horse, the ox, and the dog. These live with us, breed with us, die with us; their progeny partaking of the qualities of the parents, and being subject in course of time to innumerable modifications, as man may desire. Not so with the elephant. The huge, docile brute, adorned with the trappings of Eastern pomp, was but a few months ago the inhabitant of the jungle—the same as his progenitors have been for ages. In captivity the animal breeds but sparingly, grows slowly, and is expensive to maintain; and thus man is nearer his purpose to throw the noose or erect the keddah, when his stock requires to be replenished. Subjugation has effected no change on the form of the elephant, as on that of the horse and ox, either for better or for worse; and though his natural endowments admit of ingenious training, yet is he not domesticated. He is the servant-captive rather than the associate of man.

At what time the elephant was first subjugated, and trained to take part in the court and military equipage of the East, we have no means of knowing. His form appears on the most ancient Hindu

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sculptures ; he figures in their mythology ; and he is spoken of with pride and veneration in their earliest records. In that fertile and luxurious region he had been trained for centuries before the names of Greece and Rome were known, and even long before the people of Western Asia had passed from the primitive or pastoral condition. By the time of Herodotus, who visited Babylon about 500 years before the Christian era, elephants were common at that city ; and about a century later, Ctesias witnessed them in the same place 'overthrow palm-trees at the bidding of their drivers.' In the expedition of Cyrus against the Derlakes, the latter were assisted by the Indians with war-elephants, who put to flight the cavalry of their opponent ; and from contemporary notices it would seem that about this period the Persians and others were also in the habit of using them in war. It was to Alexander the Great that the western world was first indebted for the elephant : he it was that made the sports of Persia and India familiar to the Greeks and Macedonians. The acquisition of the war-elephant gave new pomp and splendour to his squadrons, and his example was followed by degrees by other nations. In time, the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Romans, all made use of elephants, both to assist in the march by carrying enormous loads of baggage, and to join the ranks, mounted by numbers of spearmen and archers. 'These animals,' says Potter, 'were wont to carry into the battle large towers, in which ten, fifteen, and, as some affirm, thirty soldiers were contained, who annoyed their enemies with missive weapons, themselves being secure and out of danger. Nor were the beasts idle or useless in engagements ; for besides that, with their smell, their vast and amazing bulk, and their strange and terrible noise, both horses and soldiers were struck with terror and astonishment, they acted their parts courageously, trampling under foot all opposers, or catching them in their trunks, and tossing them into the air, or delivering them to their riders. Nor was it unusual for them to engage with one another with great fury, which they always doubled after they had received wounds, tearing their adversaries in pieces with their tusks. But in a short time they were wholly laid



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aside, their service not being able to compensate the great mischiefs frequently done by them ; for though they were endued with great sagacity, and approached nearer to human reason than any other animal, whereby they became more tractable to their governors, and capable of yielding obedience to their instructions, yet, when severely wounded, and pressed upon by their enemies, they became ungovernable, and frequently turned all their rage upon their own party, put them into confusion, committed terrible slaughters, and delivered the victory to their enemies ; of which several remarkable instances are recorded in the histories both of Greece and Rome.' For the same reason, but more especially since the introduction of firearms and artillery, the war-elephant has been greatly abandoned even in the East, and is now chiefly used in carrying baggage, in doing other heavy work, and, above all, in adding to the 'pomp and circumstance' of oriental authority.

The present employment of the elephant in India, according to Von Orlich and other recent authors, is exceedingly varied—from the piling of firewood and the drawing of water, to the dragging of artillery and the carriage of royalty. In captivity he is well fed, regularly cleaned, and attended by the *mahouds* or drivers with greater care than they would one of their own species. On entering upon bondage he is never maimed, like the horse, ass, and dog ; the only loss he suffers being portions of his tusks, if these should be long and dangerous. An ordinary animal will cost about one thousand rupees (£100) ; but if large and tractable, he cannot be purchased under four or five thousand. His keep, which consists of grass, roots, rice, sugar-cane, and other vegetables, costs fully forty rupees a month, so that it is only the rich and powerful who can afford the luxury of an elephant stud. When placed under the *howdah* (a covered seat for persons of rank), his back is protected by a thickly-stuffed hair cushion, over which is spread an ornamented covering. The howdah is made to contain two persons, and this is the amount of the travelling elephant's burden. The driver sits on his neck, immediately behind the ears, and guides him with an iron prong ; and he is in general so docile, as to kneel for the parties to mount him. His great use, however, is as a beast of burden in a country where there are few or no roads ; and since an ordinary elephant will carry as much as five camels, we can readily perceive their value in marching not only with the commanders and sick, but with the tents and furniture. He is equally serviceable as a beast of draught, pulling with ease what it would take ten horses to move ; and it is for this reason that the Indian army has recently yoked him to their heavy artillery. Another power which the animal possesses, and one which is unknown to the horse or ox, is that of pushing ; and if his forehead be protected by a leathern pad, he will push forward weights which perhaps he could not draw. These and many other duties the elephant performs willingly and accurately ;

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and, if gently treated and well fed, with a regularity of disposition which seems almost mechanical. Last, but not least, for purposes of splendour he plays an important part in the immense retinues of great persons in India. When Sir Jasper Nicholls, commander-in-chief in one of the wars, arrived at the camp at Ferozepore, eighty elephants swelled his train. He had, in addition, three hundred camels and one hundred and thirty-six draught oxen; and above one thousand servants were present, merely for Sir Jasper's personal service, and to attend to the animals. When the governor-general made his entry, he brought along with him one hundred and thirty elephants and seven hundred camels!

It is in a state of bondage, therefore, and in the discharge of these multifarious duties, that we are now to consider the elephant, and to seek for those instances of docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions, the display of which has rendered his history remarkable beyond that of any other animal—the dog and horse alone perhaps excepted.

DOCILITY AND OBEDIENCE.

In point of docility or teachableness, the elephant is inferior to none of the brute creation; and yet he is not so far superior as many naturalists would have us to believe. The dog, the horse, ass, parrot, canary bird, and even the pig, sensual and stupid as it is generally considered, can each be taught to perform many astonishing feats; and if the elephant surpass them, it is only because he is furnished with an instrument of higher capability. Apart altogether from the question of sagacity or mental endowment, which will be considered in another section, he could not be taught to uncork a bottle, unscrew a nut, fan himself with a branch, or lift his master on his back, any more than the horse could, were it not that he possesses the wonderful grasping powers of the trunk, which in this respect is all but equal to the human hand. Indeed it is argued, upon very obvious grounds, that were the horse or dog endowed with an organ of the same aptitude, either would far excel the elephant in docility and performance. Be this as it may, the feats of the latter are not the less attractive, as the following anecdotes and illustrations will shew.

According to Ælian, the elephants of Germanicus were trained to take part in the performances of the Roman theatre. There, among the assembled thousands, they appeared quite at home, lost all dread of the clashing of cymbals, and moved in cadence to the sounds of the notes of the flute. 'Upon one occasion'—we quote the account given in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*—'when a particular exhibition of the docility of these elephants was required, twelve of the most sagacious and well trained were selected, who, marching into the theatre with a regular step, at the voice of their

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keeper, moved in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. In the intervals of the dance, they would beat time to the music, still preserving their proper order. The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, feasted the elephants, after this display, with prodigal magnificence. Splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, upon tables of ivory and cedar, was spread the banquet of the elephants, in vessels of gold and silver. The preparations being completed, the twelve elephants marched in, six males clad in the robes of men, and six females attired as women. They lay down in order upon their couches, or "*tricliniums* of festival recumbency," and, at a signal, extended their trunks, and ate with most praiseworthy moderation. Not one of them, says Ælian, appeared the least voracious, or manifested any disposition for an unequal share of the food, or an undue proportion of the delicacies. They were as moderate also in their drink, and received the cups which were presented to them with the greatest decorum. According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, or rather parallel ropes, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision.'

Even in our country the elephant has been taught to take part in the performances of the theatre—in other words, to appear as an actor requisite to the plot of the drama. This took place in the London Adelphi and in the Coburg a number of years ago; and however questionable might have been the taste, there is no doubt that the 'sagacious brute' was the most applauded player of the time. This animal, a female, was marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of 'the true prince,' uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience. Above all, she assisted the escape of some of the *dramatis personæ* from prison, by kneeling upon her hind legs, and thus forming an inclined plane for the safe descent of her friends; and this she did, unmoved by the glare of numerous lights, the sounds of music, and shouts of the admiring spectators. Equally curious with this is the feat mentioned by Arrian, of an elephant that he saw beating a measure with cymbals.

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This was performed by having two cymbals attached to its knees, while it held a third in its proboscis, and beat with great exactness the while others danced around it, without deviating from the time indicated. Busbequius, who visited Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century, there witnessed an elephant not only dance with elegance and accuracy, but play at ball with great skill, tossing it with his trunk, and catching it again, as easily as a man could with his hands. Nay, if we can credit *Ælian*, he has seen an elephant 'write Latin characters on a board in a very orderly manner, his keeper only shewing him the figure of each letter.'

Among the most interesting elephants kept in this country, without any reference to profit, was one which was at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, at Chiswick, the gift of a lady in India. This animal was a female, remarkable for the gentleness of its disposition; and from the kindness with which it was treated, and the free range that was allowed it, probably came nearer to an elephant in a state of nature than any other which ever appeared in this country. The house erected for her shelter was of large dimensions, and well ventilated; and she had, besides, the range of a paddock of considerable extent. At the call of her keeper she came out of her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the grass or paths. She would follow him with a pail or watering-pot round the enclosure. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst, she would exhibit her ingenuity by emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she did by pressing the bottle against the ground with her foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and gradually twisting out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the contents into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop, and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into her mouth. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was so great, that she would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. She was about twenty-nine years old when she died, early in 1829, of what was understood to be pulmonary consumption.

It is not always, however, for mere amusement or curiosity that the docility of the elephant is exhibited: it would say little for human ingenuity, were not the strength of such a powerful animal brought to bear upon useful and necessary operations. We have seen that in India he is made a beast of carriage and draught, carrying indifferently the howdah and baggage-chest, and dragging the ponderous artillery-car; but besides these, there are many other

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minor occupations in which he can be successfully engaged. Thus elephants were at one time employed in the launching of ships, being trained to push in unison with their powerful fronts and heavy bodies. It is told of one that was directed to force a large vessel into the water, but which proved superior to his strength, that, on being upbraided for his laziness, the distressed animal increased his efforts with such vehemence, that he fractured his skull on the spot. In piling wood, drawing water, removing obstructions from the way of an army on march, &c. the elephant is highly serviceable; and if properly directed, will perform his duties with astonishing precision. 'I have seen,' says M. D'Obsonville, 'two occupied in beating down a wall, which their keepers had desired them to do, and encouraged them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts; and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and by reiterated shocks continued their attacks, still observing and following the effect of the equilibrium with their eyes; then at last making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins.' It is also told of an elephant at Barrackpore, that would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, and then unload himself with undeviating accuracy. In the year 1811, a lady, staying with her husband, an officer in the Company's service, at a house near the fort of Travancore, was astonished one morning to observe an elephant, unattended, marching into the courtyard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and going his way, soon returned with a similar box, which he placed by the side of the other. He continued this operation till he had formed a considerable pile, arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

Much of what is called docility in animals arises from mere unreasoning habit, forced upon them by frequent repetition, by food, punishing them when the act is ill executed, and by giving them delicacies when it is well performed. Thus a horse will go to his own stall, and stand in it untied as well as when tied; go to and from the water, place himself between the shafts of the cart, and do other similar acts without any interference; just as an elephant will tie its own legs at night, or kneel when a person of rank passes by. But there are many duties which the latter will learn to perform almost at first sight, the knowledge of which he acquires with an aptitude that would do credit even to human reason. 'I have myself,' says the author of *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, 'seen the wife of a mahoud (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the

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sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground), he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it started.'

Perhaps the docility of the elephant could not be better illustrated than by the aptitude and precision which it manifests in the capture of its wild brethren. The female decoys are the very impersonations of duplicity and cunning: they can be taught not only to lavish their false caresses, but to bind the fetters of the captive; nay, they even outstrip their lessons, and seem to rejoice in the capture. Dr Darwin tells us that he was informed by a gentleman of veracity, that in some parts of the East the elephant is taught to walk on a narrow path between two pitfalls, which are covered with turf, and then to go into the woods and induce the wild herd to come that way. The decoy walks slowly onward till near the trap, and then bustles away as if in sport or in fear, passing safely between the pits, while some of those which follow in the wake are inevitably entangled. The same gentleman says also, that it was universally observed that such wild elephants as had escaped the snare, always pursued the traitor with the utmost vehemence; and if they could overtake him, which sometimes happened, they beat him to death.

ATTACHMENT AND GRATITUDE.

The elephant, when carefully tamed, is one of the most gentle, most obedient, and most affectionate of all domestic animals. He is so fond of his keeper that he caresses him, strives to please him, and even to anticipate his commands. His attachment, indeed, sometimes becomes so strong, and his affection so warm and durable, that he has been known to die of sorrow when in a paroxysm of madness he had killed his guide. This disposition, however, is wholly acquired; in a state of nature he has no regard for man, but shuns rather than seeks his presence. Whether this acquired regard be the result of fear, of habitual obedience brought about by a system of rewards and punishments, or of an innate gentleness which insensibly attaches itself to that which daily surrounds it, it would be difficult to decide, though, along with most naturalists, we are inclined to adopt the latter opinion. The animal is naturally

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gregarious, and when denied the companionship of its fellows, will, like the horse, dog, &c. expend its sympathies on those creatures with which it is most familiar.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle and place it between its feet. This he at length became so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept, he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis; and when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus rock it again to sleep. Nor will this instance of sagacious affection appear at all improbable to those who are acquainted with the thorough intimacy which generally subsists between the family of the Indian mahoud and his elephant, which may be said literally to live under the same roof, eat the same bread, and drink the same water.

We have seen how attached the Duke of Devonshire's elephant became to her keeper, crying after him when absent, and even refusing to be comforted. The same affection almost always subsists between the Indian mahoud and his charge. Nor is it at all surprising, seeing that he is ever with it, feeds it, cleans it, adorns and caresses it, with unflinching attention.

The following instances of gratitude are in the highest degree praiseworthy, and might well put to the blush many who lay claim to a higher position in the scale of intelligence. An elephant in Ajmeer, which passed frequently through the bazaar, or market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke from his fetters, and, running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and among others this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal, gratefully recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, laid aside his fury, and, taking up the infant gently in his trunk, placed it safely on a stall before a neighbouring house. Again, there was a soldier at Pondicherry who was accustomed, whenever he received his share of liquor, to carry a certain quantity of it to one of these animals, and by this means a very cordial intimacy was formed between them. Having drunk rather too freely one day, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, the soldier took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. The guard tried in vain to force him from this asylum, as the animal protected him most strenuously with his trunk. The following morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge animal. The elephant, who, without doubt, perceived the man's embarrassment, caressed him with his trunk, in order to

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inspire him with courage, and made him understand that he might now depart in safety.

RESENTMENT AND REVENGE.

Though generally mild, docile, and even affectionate, there are none of the domestic animals half so prone to resent injuries and insults as the elephant. The horse, for example, will endure patiently under the hardest labour, starvation, and the harshest treatment—rarely if ever avenging the brutalities to which he is exposed. Not so with the elephant; for, goad him beyond his accustomed speed, and he becomes furious; overload him, and he throws off his burden; refuse him a promised delicacy, and he punishes the insult; treat him harshly, and he will trample the aggressor to death. The manner in which he resents his insults is, however, frequently as ludicrous as his revenge is fatal.

Every one must have read of the mishaps of the Delhi tailor. This individual was in the habit of giving some little delicacy, such as an apple, to an elephant that daily passed by his shop, and so accustomed had the animal become to this treatment, that it regularly put its trunk in at his window to receive the expected gift. One day, however, the tailor being out of humour, thrust his needle into the beast's proboscis, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it. The creature passed on, apparently unmoved; but on coming to the next dirty pool of water, filled its trunk, and returned to the shop-window, into which it discharged the whole contents, thoroughly drenching poor Snip and the wares by which he was surrounded. Again, a painter was desirous of drawing the elephant kept in the menagerie at Versailles in an uncommon attitude, which was that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in this posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as he had frequently deceived him, and made him an offer only of throwing the fruit, he grew angry; and, as if he had known the painter's intention of drawing him was the cause of the affront that was offered him, instead of revenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on his master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it on the paper which the painter was drawing on, and spoilt it.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants anything to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by sprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bystander offered the female a bit of bread. The sentinel perceived it; but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before

him, discharged in his face a violent stream of water. A general laugh ensued ; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators ; but no sooner was this uttered, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it nearly into the form of a corkscrew. It is stated, amongst the traditionary stories of elephant resentment, that Pidcock, to whom the Exeter 'Change menagerie formerly belonged, had for some years a custom of treating himself and his elephant in the evening with a glass of spirits, for which the animal regularly looked. Pidcock invariably gave the elephant the first glass out of the bottle, till one night he exclaimed : 'You have been served first long enough, and it's my turn now.' The proud beast was offended, refused the glass when he was denied the precedence, and never more would join his master in his revelries.

Innumerable stories of ludicrous resentment might be collected, but we shall close this section with the following abridgments from the *Menageries* : 'Mr Williamson tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the Pangul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back ; and a quarter-master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the quarter-master, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind-tree which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could. Lieutenant Shipp, to try this memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence, and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water from head to foot.'

It is not always, however, in this harmless and jocular manner that the elephant displays his resentment, as the following well-authenticated instances will shew : An elephant that was exhibited in France some years ago, seemed to know when it was mocked by any person, and remembered the affront till an opportunity for revenge occurred. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw something into its mouth : the animal gave him such a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs ; after which it trampled upon him, broke one of his legs, and bending down on its knees, endeavoured to push its tusks into his body ; but they luckily ran into the ground on each side of his thigh, without doing him any injury. In this case the provocation was certainly not

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deserving of the punishment ; though in many instances the animal is but too justly excited. M. Navarette tells us that at Macassar an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The day following, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with its trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was completely dead. 'This comes,' says our authority, 'of jesting with elephants.'

Some years ago, at Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, and was by him chastised with a broomstick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes ; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed, in all probability, by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the entire body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him.

MEMORY AND FORCE OF HABIT.

That the elephant remembers with precision the lessons taught him, that he will resent an injury long after it has been committed, and will recognise an old guide many years after he has been parted from him, are facts that sufficiently prove the possession of a very retentive memory. In this respect, however, he is by no means superior to the horse ; but seems to associate his ideas more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Many feats ascribed to his sagacity and memory are eminently the effect of habit—meaning thereby the following of a particular line of conduct which one has been accustomed to, without any special effort of the understanding at the time of its repetition. The following instances, recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, seem to establish this position : 'A female elephant that had escaped to the forest, and had enjoyed her liberty for more than ten years, was at last caught, along with a number of others, in a keddah. After the others had been secured, with the exception of seven or eight young ones, the hunters, who recognised this female, were ordered to call on her by name. She immediately came to the side of the ditch within the enclosure, on which some of the drivers were desired to carry in a plantain-tree, the leaves of which she not only took from their hands with her trunk, but opened her mouth for them to put a leaf into it, which they did, stroking and caressing her, and calling to her by name. One of the trained elephants was now ordered to be brought to her, and the driver to take her by the ear and order her to lie down. At

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first she did not like the koomkee to go near her, and retired to a distance, seeming angry; but when the drivers, who were on foot, called to her, she came immediately, and allowed them to stroke and caress her as before; and in a few minutes after, permitted the trained elephants to be familiar. A driver from one of these then fastened a rope round her body, and instantly jumped on her back, which at the moment she did not like, but was soon reconciled to it. A small cord was then put round her neck for the driver to put his feet in, who, seating himself on the neck in the usual manner, drove her about the enclosure in the same manner as any of the tame elephants. After this he ordered her to lie down, which she instantly did; nor did she rise till she was desired. He fed her from his seat, gave her his stick to hold, which she took with her trunk and put into her mouth, kept, and then returned it, as she was directed, and as she had formerly been accustomed to do. In short, she was so obedient, that had there been more wild elephants in the enclosure, she would have been useful in securing them.

‘In June 1787, a male elephant, taken the year before, was travelling, in company with some others, towards Chittagong, laden with baggage; and having come upon a tiger’s track, which elephants discover readily by the smell, he took fright and ran off to the woods, in spite of all the efforts of his driver. On entering the wood, the driver saved himself by springing from the animal, and clinging to the branch of a tree under which he was passing. When the elephant had got rid of his driver, he soon contrived to shake off his load. As soon as he ran away, a trained female was despatched after him, but could not get up in time to prevent his escape.

‘Eighteen months after this, when a herd of elephants had been taken, and had remained several days in the enclosure, till they were enticed into the outlet, there tied, and led out in the usual manner, one of the drivers, viewing a male elephant very attentively, declared he resembled the one which had run away. This excited the curiosity of every one to go and look at him; but when any person came near, the animal struck at him with his trunk, and in every respect appeared as wild and outrageous as any of the other elephants. An old hunter at length coming up and examining him, declared that he was the very elephant that had made his escape.

‘Confident of this, he boldly rode up to him on a tame elephant, and ordered him to lie down, pulling him by the ear at the same time. The animal seemed taken by surprise, and instantly obeyed the word of command, uttering at the same time a peculiar shrill squeak through his trunk, as he had formerly been known to do, by which he was immediately recognised by every person who was acquainted with this peculiarity.

‘Thus we see that this elephant, for the space of eight or ten days, during which he was in the enclosure, appeared equally wild and fierce with the boldest elephant then taken; but the moment he was

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addressed in a commanding tone, the recollection of his former obedience seemed to rush upon him at once, and, without any difficulty, he permitted a driver to be seated on his neck, who in a few days made him as tractable as ever.

‘A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta being ordered from the upper country to Chotygoné, by chance broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not admitted. It was supposed that he had sold the elephant : his wife and family therefore were sold for slaves, and he was himself condemned to work upon the roads. About twelve years afterwards, this man was ordered up into the country to assist in catching the wild elephants. The keeper fancied he saw his long-lost elephant in a group that was before them. He was determined to go up to it ; nor could the strongest representations of the great danger dissuade him from his purpose. When he approached the creature, she knew him ; and giving him three salutes by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him on her back. She afterwards assisted in securing the other elephants, and likewise brought with her three young ones, which she had produced during her absence. The keeper recovered his character, and, as a recompense for his sufferings and intrepidity, had an annuity settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in the possession of Governor Hastings.’

These, and several other instances, establish the possession of a very good memory ; but not a memory associated with any high degree of reasoning, otherwise the animals would never have allowed themselves to be again entrapped. It is clear that in the above cases habitual obedience was more powerful than reason ; the sudden rush of recollection overpowering that faculty, and making them the slaves of that higher intelligence to which all flesh has been declared to be subject.

GENERAL SAGACITY.

According to some, the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, while others consider him inferior to the horse and dog. Taking the brain as the index of intelligence, there is nothing in the proportionate size of that organ which would lead to the former opinion, and therefore we must look to the general conduct of the animal for evidence of the assertion. His docility, obedience, attachment, and memory all certainly point to no mean degree of endowment ; but perhaps not more than is evinced by the horse and dog ; while his actions are rendered more perfect only through the instrumentality of his trunk. How far he is superior in general sagacity, that is, in reasoning from cause to effect, and in adapting ways and means to an end, the reader will be enabled to decide from the subjoined anecdotes. And here it will be observed, that we distinguish between

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docility and sagacity ; for although the former should be most apparent where the latter quality predominates, yet may animals, such as even the pig, be taught by force of habit to perform many astonishing feats, when they are avowedly destitute of general intelligence.

The following, given on the authority of the Rev. Robert Caunter, seems to be a purely deliberative act ; and that, be it observed, by the animal when in a wild state, and perfectly unacquainted with the devices of human training : ' A small body of sepoys stationed at an outpost—Fort de Galle, in Ceylon—to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set our authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick ; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan-tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they therefore watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well through the little vistas formed by the separated branches what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished ; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression ; but after a while, his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An

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opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained, sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of them entered, and when they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.'

In general, the elephant makes less use of his strength than his address, often applying the most dexterous methods of accomplishing his ends. 'I was one day,' says Jesse in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, 'feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then without difficulty secured it.' M. Phillipe, quoted by Buffon, was an eye-witness to the following equally wonderful facts: He one day went to the river at Goa, near which place a large ship was building, and where an area was filled with beams and planks for the purpose. Some men tied the ends of heavy beams with a rope, which was handed to an elephant, who carried it to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, drew it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship was building. One of the animals sometimes drew beams so large, that more than twenty men would have been necessary to move them. But what surprised M. Phillipe most was, that when other beams obstructed the road, this elephant raised the ends of his own beam, or edged it forwards, as the case might be, that it might clear those which lay in his way. Could the most enlightened man have done more?

At Mahé, on the coast of Malabar, M. Toreesa tells he had an opportunity of admiring the sagacity of an elephant displayed in a

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similar manner. Its master had let it for a certain sum per day ; and its employment was to carry with its trunk timber for a building out of the river. This business it despatched very dexterously, under the command of a boy ; and afterwards laid the pieces one upon another in such exact order, that no man could have done it better. Again, it is remarked by Terry, in his voyage to the East Indies, ' that the elephant performs many actions which would seem almost the effect of human reason. He does everything his master commands. If he is directed to terrify any person, he runs upon him with every appearance of fury, and when he comes near, stops short without doing him the least injury. When the master chooses to affront any one, he tells the elephant, who collects water and mud with his trunk, and squirts it upon the object pointed out to him.' Indeed, the same intelligence regulates him in the performance of his multifarious duties in the East—be these carriage of persons, goods, or baggage, the dragging of artillery, the piling up of wares, or the loading of boats. ' To give an idea of these labours,' says Bingley, ' it is sufficient to remark, that all the tuns, sacks, and bales transported from one place to another in India, are carried by elephants ; that they carry burdens on their bodies, their necks, their tusks, and even in their mouths, by giving them the end of a rope, which they hold fast with their teeth ; that, uniting sagacity to strength, they never break or injure anything committed to their charge ; that from the banks of the rivers they put these bundles into boats, without wetting them, laying them down gently, and arranging them where they ought to be placed ; that when disposed in the places where their masters direct, they try with their trunks whether the goods are properly stowed ; and if a tun or cask rolls, they go of their own accord in quest of stones to prop and render it firm.'

The general exercise of the mental power, without reference to training, is well illustrated by the following anecdote, related in Cuvier's *Animal Kingdom*: ' At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season and of the dry hot winds, the water in the neighbourhood of the camps necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail ; the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no little struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each was there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant-drivers, each

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with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal, being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously, or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it from his less powerful fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces in a very quiet, unsuspecting manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well.

‘It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute thus precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him. There were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape.

‘A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer-officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach the elephant the lesson which, by means of that extraordinary ascendancy these men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do, and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine, as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them. By this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the pleasure of his situation, after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed (they are observed in their natural state to frequent rivers, and to swim very often), was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant;

and what he could not effect by threats, he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until, by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out. The whole affair occupied about fourteen hours.'

Such are the accounts, which our limits will permit us to glean, as illustrative of the disposition and manners of this most powerful and intelligent animal. Making every allowance for the exaggeration of the writers, these records of his docility, obedience, attachment, and sagacity place him in a very favourable light; and though somewhat prone to resentment, the results are seldom fatal, save where the provocation has been unusually great. On the whole, he is a patient and tractable animal, especially useful under a burning sun, and in a country where there are no roads; presuming always that there is an abundant and cheap supply of forage. He can never, however, become so endeared to man as the dog and the horse, for these are fitted by their constitution and habits to become the inhabitants of almost every region, whilst the elephant must ever be confined to the range which nature has originally assigned him. As a domestic animal, he can at best be but the associate of a half-civilised existence; for so soon as man begins to construct roads and invent machines, to cultivate his lands and economise the produce, the elephant becomes not only useless, but positively detrimental. Already he has receded from the interior of India, and is only found wild in the forests of Dshemna, Nepaul, some parts of Ghauts Tarrai, in Ava, and in Ceylon. In Africa, where he is hunted for his spoils, and not tamed, he has disappeared from Cape Colony, from the northern regions of that continent, and from Senegambia; and will in all likelihood be the more eagerly hunted the scarcer he becomes. As portion of our terrestrial fauna, the elephant may linger on for a century or two; but to us he appears rapidly approaching the period of his extinction—a period when he must pass away before adverse conditions, in like manner as his former congeners, the mammoth and mastodon.





NARRATIVE OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

IN the long European struggle arising out of the French revolution, and ending at Waterloo in 1815, there was no single campaign more eventful, and at the same time more instructive to mankind, than the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. Never, perhaps, was such an amount of the evils and horrors of war concentratèd into the same space of time; and never was the saying more strikingly illustrated, that whatever mad pranks kings choose to play, the people must pay the piper. Very few now living can have any recollection of the profound impression made by those events at the time; to nine-tenths of the present generation the campaign of 1812 lies in the dim past, and, if known to them at all, is known only from the dozen sentences devoted to it in our school histories.

It may not therefore be unwholesome to turn back to this page in the annals of war, and trace it a little more at large; especially at a time when the warlike passion which seemed at one time to be dying out, has once more taken possession of civilised nations or their rulers. The terrible struggles of recent years, which have taken place under our own eyes, we are prevented from seeing in their true light by the biassing passions they excite; we shall be able to bring a calmer judgment to bear on a picture of the past.

From the time that Napoleon Bonaparte found himself, first as Consul (1799), and then as Emperor (1804), virtual Dictator of France, and wielding without control her gigantic insurrectionary energies, which no other power seemed able to resist, he began to cherish vast

projects for the aggrandisement of his country and of himself—for his own greatness and that of France he always considered as identical. All the nations of Europe (Europe first, but ultimately the whole earth) were to be brought into one federation, following the lead of France—that is, governing themselves according to the ideas of her ruler. They were to be induced, if possible, to come into this association voluntarily, but those who refused were to be compelled. Like ignorant and wayward children, they were to be chastised and trained to walk in the way they should go. It was all for their good. Napoleon's aim was that they should be all ultimately prosperous and happy; but they must learn to seek their prosperity and happiness in his way, and not in their own. It was on the plea that they were necessary to the carrying out of his grand ideas of universal beneficence, that he justified to himself and his contemporaries his most arbitrary and tyrannical measures; and the worshippers of his genius continue thus to justify, or at least excuse, them to the present day.

The chief obstacle to the execution of Napoleon's plans was Great Britain. Any opposition from the neighbouring continental nations was at once overcome by marching an army into their territories. Britain, surrounded by her ocean-rampart and her fleets, continued to set him at defiance. And not only did she resist his dictation herself, but by forming coalitions and furnishing subsidies, she was constantly stirring up armed resistance among the other nations. Hence the deep-seated enmity of Napoleon to Great Britain, and the desperate efforts he made to crush her. After the rupture of the peace, or rather truce, of Amiens in 1803, he began to make immense preparations for the invasion of England. His great difficulty was to get a fleet sufficiently strong to protect the transport of his army across the Channel from Boulogne, where it was assembled. During the summer of 1805 all was ready for the attempt, and Napoleon wrote to his Minister of Marine that if the fleet would appear and make him master of the Channel for twelve hours, England was no more. But Admiral Villeneuve was unable to elude the vigilance of Nelson; and at last the battle of Trafalgar (October 1805) put an end to the project of invasion.

But if England could not be reached by direct assault, she might be ruined indirectly. Her riches, derived from commerce, were the source of her power. Ruin her commerce, and she could no longer fight herself, or bribe others to fight. Accordingly, when the events of 1805 and 1806 had crushed Austria and Prussia, and put the whole of Germany as well as the Italian peninsula at his feet, he began to develop his famous 'Continental System,' by which all the countries of Europe were to be induced or compelled to exclude British merchandise from their ports. A decree, issued from Berlin in November 1806, declared the whole of the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, and all vessels trading to them to be liable to capture.

It also shut out all British vessels and produce both from France and from all the other countries adhering to her. The British government retaliated by 'Orders in Council,' which virtually prohibited all commerce between the states that embraced the continental system, unless in vessels bound for some British harbour; and Napoleon replied by another decree from Milan (1807), still more rigorous than the first. The Berlin decree was put in force at once in Italy, Holland, and the north of Germany; Prussia and Russia gave their adhesion to the system at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807; and Spain and Austria in 1808. Portugal, summoned to join the commercial league against Great Britain, yielded so far as to close her ports against British ships, but refused to confiscate the property of British residents: for this she was invaded (1807), and the reigning family deposed. In short, no government was to be allowed to exist that would not co-operate with Napoleon in the object dearest to his heart—to crush perfidious Albion, that enemy of the human race which alone stood between Europe and the glorious future that he was preparing for it. This is the key to the whole policy of Napoleon at this time. It accounts for his most wanton and apparently impolitic aggressions. It was because his brother Louis, whom he had made king of Holland, was reluctant to carry out with rigour the continental system against England, that he was obliged to leave his kingdom (1810), which was then annexed to France.

The continental system produced far more commercial distress on the continent than it did in England. It was impossible, even by the most stringent measures, to exclude English goods; a contraband traffic was organised, by which immense quantities were still introduced, but at greatly enhanced prices; and Napoleon himself soon found it useful to convert the evasion of his own decree into a source of revenue, by granting licences, for large sums, for the sale of British goods on the continent.

The hardships of the continental system were felt in Russia no less than in the rest of Europe. It was to enable him to carry out his schemes fully, that Napoleon had been so eager to court the alliance of Alexander, emperor of Russia. At the treaty of Tilsit, (1807), and at a subsequent interview at Erfurt (1808), the two monarchs divided the sway of Europe between them. Alexander gratified Napoleon by joining the league against British commerce, and allowed him to dispose of the Spanish peninsula and the other states of Western Europe at his pleasure; while Napoleon gave his assent to the ambitious designs of Russia against Sweden and Turkey, and agreed to forego his intention of restoring the kingdom of Poland. But the cordial understanding between the two potentates was of short duration. Alexander, who was no less ambitious and aggressive than Napoleon, but whose ambition and aggressiveness were more stealthy and better cloaked, soon began to be jealous and alarmed at the rapid strides of his brother despot. The

marriage of the French emperor with an Austrian princess (1810) was a cause of difference between them. Shortly after this, Napoleon, finding that the continental system was laxly carried out in the north of Germany, without more ado, annexed the kingdom of Holland, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, the duchy of Oldenburg, and other small states in that quarter, to the French territories; thus bringing the boundaries of France to the Baltic, where Russia claimed the right to dominate. Alexander immediately replied to this by issuing a ukase, which, while pretending merely to regulate the affairs of commerce, virtually renounced the continental system. This was to wound Napoleon in his most sensitive point, and an open rupture became inevitable. Both felt this, and the following year (1811) was spent in seeking alliances and in arming for the coming struggle.

When it became known that Napoleon had resolved on the invasion of Russia, his own friends were filled with consternation. Fouché, one of his prime adherents, in an able and eloquent address, reminded him that he was already the absolute master of the finest empire the world had ever seen, and that all the lessons of history went to demonstrate the impossibility of attaining universal monarchy. The French empire had arrived at that point when its ruler should rather think of securing and consolidating his present acquisitions, than of achieving farther conquests, since, whatever his empire might acquire in extent, it was sure to lose in solidity. Fouché stated the extent of the country which Napoleon was about to invade, and the distance which each fresh victory must remove him from his resources, annoyed as his communications were sure to be by hosts of Cossacks and Tartars. These and other admonitions were listened to with impatience. Napoleon, obstinate and imperative, despised counsel; and on this, as on many other occasions, carried his point, or silenced his advisers, by bombast and charlatanry. 'Don't disquiet yourself,' said he in reply to Fouché; 'but consider the Russian war as a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France and the general security. Am I to blame because the great degree of power I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished—my present situation is but a sketch of a picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code—one court of appeal. The same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws must have currency through Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world—*it is I who assure you of it.*'

Advices from other counsellors were equally in vain. With the army he should be able to raise, nothing could be more easy than to bring Russia to terms. Alarmed for the consequences of plunging into so distant a war, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, remonstrated with him on the undertaking. He conjured his kinsman to abstain from

tempting Providence; he entreated him not to defy heaven and earth—the wrath of man and the fury of the elements—at the same time; and expressed his apprehension that he must sink under the weight of the enmity which he daily incurred. The only answer which Bonaparte vouchsafed was in keeping with his character. He led the cardinal to a window, and opening the casement, and pointing upwards, asked him ‘if he saw yonder star.’ ‘No, sire,’ answered the astonished cardinal. ‘But *I* see it,’ answered Bonaparte; and turned from his relative, as if he had fully confuted his arguments.*

Thus, refusing all counsel, Napoleon may be said to have rushed on his fate. At this period he was engaged in a war with Spain; yet such was his power, that he found little difficulty in raising fresh armies; and in 1812, just before the campaign of Russia, he is understood to have had altogether—in France, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere—eight hundred thousand men in arms, independently of allies. To raise so many soldiers in France, he made forcible draughts on the whole male population between eighteen and sixty years of age. Men were everywhere torn from their families to serve in the army; leaving mothers, wives, and children in distress and destitution, and causing a large part of the common business of the country to be conducted by women. To aggravate the exhaustion of the nation, there was at this time a dearth of food, which caused a widespread suffering through the country. Everything tended to prove the madness of the Russian expedition, yet nothing occasioned its interruption. Accustomed to submit, and to believe in the continued good-fortune of their emperor, deranged also on the subject of military ‘glory,’ the French generally entered into this new war with high hopes, or at least offered no obstacle to its commencement and progress.

Reckless as he was, Napoleon was by no means blind to the difficulties of his project. Before his armies could reach the interior of Russia, where battles were likely to be fought, they would require to march eighteen hundred miles, through different states, and across large tracts of country, possessing little or no food for men or horses. As he had gained, by open force or secret intimidation, the aid of Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, and Austria, over which his forces would necessarily advance, he had nothing to fear from any attack by the way. His chief difficulty lay in procuring and transporting supplies of provisions for his army over such a wide and almost unknown territory. Another serious obstacle to his progress was the number of rivers. Between Paris and Moscow there are various large rivers issuing into the Baltic or Mediterranean seas, and therefore flowing at right angles with the proposed line of march of the French army. The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula could be crossed by bridges; but the Niemen, the Beresina, the Dnieper, and some others,

* Scott's *Life of Napoleon*.

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would require to be forded by men, horses, and wagons, and probably under the fire of an ever-vigilant and indignant enemy. Altogether, the enterprise was gigantic and hazardous. There had been nothing like it in modern history.

Napoleon's tactics as a general consisted in effecting sudden and overpowering movements; an enormous force being brought to bear on a centre of operations. On this principle he now acted. Gathering together that part of the army which France was to furnish, it was despatched in an easterly direction into Germany, where it was to unite with the levies drawn from Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Poland, and the other countries over which he exerted a control. From different directions, this immense force, under able generals, drew towards a central point on the Oder, whence all were to combine in a united attack on the Russian frontier.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

On the 9th of May 1812, Napoleon departed from Paris, to superintend the war in person. His march through France and part of Germany to Dresden was a continued triumph. Whole nations quitted their homes to throng his path; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all hurried to have a passing view of the great man, almost looked upon by them as a supernatural being. Kings and princes forsook their capitals to do him homage. The adulation was universal. On the 29th he departed from Dresden, taking his route through Poland; and from this time he acted as a presiding genius over the various divisions of his army, which was now hurrying on to the Vistula.

The scarcity in France, and the length of the way, caused much reliance for provisions on the countries in this quarter. But great as was Napoleon's power, he failed in his calculations in this respect. Many of his arrangements for provisioning the army fell short of what was necessary; and the subsistence of his forces—man and beast—was made to depend in a great measure on plunder. If he did not sanction robbery as a principle, he winked at it as a practice. He felt that a compromise was necessary, in order to maintain his position. 'Ever since 1805,' observes Segur, 'there was a sort of mutual understanding—on his part, to wink at the plundering practices of his soldiers; on theirs, to suffer his ambition.' In one sense, therefore, Bonaparte, in all his pomp and pride, was but the chief of a band of robbers. Like all robberies, however, this toleration of rapine recoiled on its author. The injustice and inhumanity of indiscriminate theft, accompanied as it often was by the murder of the unhappy victims, was a short-sighted policy. Aware of the merciless disposition of the French army, every one fled at its approach, with all they could carry along

with them; and frequently what could not be transported to a place of security was destroyed. It was only by making a sudden onslaught, that the marauding soldiery had any chance of securing a prey.

Between the Oder and the Vistula, the army began operations, laying hold of everything useful that fell in their way: wagons, cattle, and provisions of all sorts were swept off; everything was taken—even to such of the inhabitants as were necessary to conduct these convoys. There was everywhere, however, a great want of forage. The crops of rye, yet green, were cut to feed the horses; and so insufficient was this resource, that often the thatch was stripped from the houses. Laying the country thus waste before them, the army reached the banks of the Niemen, on the verge of the Russian empire. Let us here take a glance at the composition of this mighty force.

The army consisted of several divisions which generally moved at one or two days' distance from each other, on different points. On the extreme right were 34,000 Austrians, commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg; on the left was Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, at the head of 75,200 Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles; by the side of these was Eugène de Beauharnais (viceroy of Italy, and stepson of Napoleon), with 75,000 Bavarians, Italians, and French; next, the emperor, with 220,000 men, commanded by Murat, king of Naples, and Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney; and, finally, in front of Tilsit, was Marshal Macdonald, with 32,500 Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles. These, with some others not enumerated, amounted to 480,000 men actually present; besides which, many thousands were collected and kept in reserve. Of this large force, 400,000 were infantry, or soldiers on foot, and 80,000 cavalry. Along with this enormous force, there were thousands of wagons carrying provisions, thousands laden with gunpowder, shot, and shells, and thousands designed to accommodate the sick and wounded. The artillery consisted of 1372 pieces of cannon. For drawing the wagons of various kinds and the cannon, about 100,000 horses were employed; and to supply food for these poor animals, thus brought into a service of danger and fatigue, independently of those used by the 80,000 cavalry, a most extensive system of foraging was required.

Here, then, were nearly half a million of men, accoutred with every appliance of war, and elated with hopes of victory, plunder, and triumph. The idea of defeat was never for an instant entertained. The army of Napoleon believed itself to be invincible. It is lamentable to think, that of the half-million thus brought together to do the work of one man, none as yet knew what was the real cause of the war. It was only understood generally that the attack was to be on Russia; but of the grounds of dispute with that nation none knew or cared. The emperor had no doubt his own reasons

for what he did. It is important, therefore, to observe, that the Russian campaign was a thing entirely of Napoleon's contrivance, with a view to his own selfish purposes. Satisfied with his preparations, and ready, as he believed, to stoop on his prey, he at length deigned to declare himself. On the 22d of June he issued the following proclamation :

'Soldiers—The second Polish war has begun. The first terminated at Friedland and at Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia vowed an eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She now breaks her vows, and refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct, until the French eagles have repassed the Rhine, and left our allies at her mercy.

'Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled. Does she think us degenerated? Are we no more the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz? She places us between dishonour and war. Our choice cannot be difficult. Let us, then, march forward. Let us cross the Niemen, and carry the war into her country. The second Polish war will be as glorious to the French arms as the first has been; but the peace we shall conclude will carry its own guarantee, and will terminate the fatal influence which Russia has, for fifty years past, exercised in Europe.'

This bombastic proclamation was quite satisfactory to a body of men who wanted no substantial reason for fighting. Every one pronounced it a miracle of eloquence, and proudly contemplated the 'glory' they were to achieve. Such glory! The glory of murdering, despoiling, and, if possible, enslaving a people who had done them no harm, and wanted only to be let alone.

By means of pontoons—a kind of floating platforms placed on the river—the Niemen was passed by the foremost divisions of the French army; and no sooner did the Emperor Alexander learn that this act of aggression had been committed, than he issued the following proclamation, breathing, it will be observed, a very different spirit from that of his boastful antagonist :

'*Vilno, June 25, 1812.*—We had long observed, on the part of the emperor of the French, the most hostile proceedings towards Russia, but we had always hoped to avert them by conciliatory and pacific measures. At length, experiencing a continued renewal of direct and evident aggression, notwithstanding our earnest desire to maintain tranquillity, we were compelled to complete and assemble our armies. But even then we flattered ourselves that a reconciliation might be produced while we remained on the frontiers of our empire; and without violating our principle of peace, we prepared to act only in our own defence. All these conciliatory and pacific measures could not preserve the tranquillity which we desired. The emperor of the French, by suddenly attacking our army at Kovno, has been the first to declare war. As nothing, therefore, could inspire him with those friendly sentiments which possessed our

bosom, we have no choice but to oppose our force to those of the enemy, invoking the aid of the Almighty, the witness and defender of the truth. It is unnecessary for me to recall to the minds of the generals, the officers, or the soldiers, their duty and their bravery. The blood of the valiant Slavonians flows in their veins. Warriors! you defend your religion, your country, and your liberty! I am with you. God is against the aggressor. ALEXANDER.'

The war had now commenced; but strangely enough, except at the outset at Kovno, no army appeared to fight against. As division after division entered Russia, and pressed forward, nearly on the same line of march, the Russians fell back, giving no decided interruption to their progress. The French could not restrain their astonishment at the rapidity with which they were allowed to proceed. The season being the middle of summer, there was no interruption from the weather; and the only thing that incommoded the men was the excessive heat, with the great clouds of dust which filled the atmosphere.

It was from no lack of force or courage that the Russians receded, leaving a clear entrance into their country. The army collected by Alexander amounted to 300,000 men, divided into two corps, respectively commanded by General Barclay de Tolly* and the Prince Bagration. At first, the emperor of Russia designed to hazard a battle with the enemy; but those better acquainted with the French system of war, strenuously advised him to present a passive resistance, being well assured that Napoleon's ambition would lead him into savage countries, which, during the rigour of winter, would become the grave of his armies. Acting on this prudent advice, Alexander risked no encounter of great moment, but kept continually retreating, so as to leave the French entire masters of the country through which they passed. In retiring, however, every means was adopted to cut up and discourage the invaders. Bands of Cossacks—a wild kind of cavalry, brought from the extreme limits of the empire—hovered near the line of march, and slew all the straggling and foraging parties they could light upon. Houses, villages, and towns likely to afford shelter were so effectually destroyed, that frequently it would have been difficult to say where they stood. The crops of grain were likewise cut and carried away, or destroyed, and the stacks of hay were universally burned. Nor were these devastations committed against the will of the unhappy inhabitants. The Russians—nobles, priests, and serfs, all classes—for the time laid aside their mutual jealousies, and united in a warm attachment to the emperor, and so bitter a hatred of the French, that they voluntarily ruined themselves to defeat the iniquitous invasion of their country. By Napoleon, as well as by many others, it was believed that the Russian serfs, in the hope of freedom, would have hailed

* General Barclay was a Scotsman by extraction, and a German by birth.

and succoured the French as liberators; but these enslaved classes did not, by their conduct, warrant this presumption. Brought up with two leading ideas—veneration of God and the emperor—they shrunk everywhere from the profane violators of their country, and entertained a thorough distrust and horror of all Napoleon's professions.

Besides setting fire to their hamlets, the peasantry, says Scott, 'proclaimed the punishment of death to all of their own order who, from avarice or fear, should be tempted to supply the enemy with provisions; and they inflicted it without mercy on such as incurred the penalty. It is an admitted fact, that when the French, in order to induce their refractory prisoners to labour in their service, branded some of them on the hand with the letter N, as a sign that they were the serfs of Napoleon, one peasant laid his hand on a log of wood, and struck it off with an axe which he held in the other, in order to free himself from the supposed thralldom.' While such stubborn independence from the peasantry dismayed the French invaders, they were not less astonished with the patriotic ardour of the nobles, who everywhere deserted their mansions, and left them a prey to the invading army. At a village which a band of the French one day reached, they found the seigneur, or feudal proprietor, surrounded by a number of men armed with scythes, poles, and other rude weapons, as if resolved to make a stand. A few shots from the invading force speedily dispersed this miserable group; the chief alone evincing firmness on this trying occasion. Awaiting the approach of the French soldiers, armed with a poniard, he menaced all who summoned him to surrender. 'How can I survive the dishonour of my country?' cried he in uncontrollable and frantic indignation. 'Our altars are no more! Our empire is disgraced! Take my life; it is odious to me!' Some of the soldiers tried to calm his fury, and endeavoured to wrench the poniard from his hand; but this only exasperated him the more. The result may be anticipated.

By incessant marching, the van of the army, with Bonaparte at its head, reached and took possession of Vitebsk, on the Dwina, after a brief engagement. This was on the 28th of July. Vitebsk, like every other place, was deserted by nearly all the inhabitants, and every useful article removed. Having reached this point, with only one large town—Smolensk, or Smolensko—between him and Moscow, Napoleon confidently believed that Alexander would send to propose terms of peace; but no letter arrived; and every day added to the difficulties of his position. Already, by desertion, fatigue, famine, and wounds, the French army had lost nearly a third of its numbers. In the progress of the march, the soldiers first experienced the loss of wine, then spirits, beer, water, and bread. For several days at a time, the only food that could be got was roots; and on arriving at Vitebsk, the principal fare of whole divisions of men

consisted of a nauseous kind of broth made of rye. The consequence was, an extensive prevalence of dysentery and typhus fever; and as there were no hospitals or comfort of any kind, thousands daily dropped down and died. For upwards of a hundred miles the line of march was marked not less by devastation, than by bodies of men and horses scattered about in all directions. The sufferings of the foot-soldiers were also undermining discipline. Many of the less zealous in the cause had begun to grumble with the aimless object of the enterprise, and to desert in considerable bodies. Instead, however, of returning, they went off on predatory excursions on their own account, murdering and robbing all the natives who fell into their hands, and living a life of dissipation as long as the means of indulgence were within their reach. Ultimately, all these marauders were cut down without mercy by the Cossacks, or by armed bands of the enraged peasantry.

To bring in supplies from points at a distance from the line of march, troops scoured the country, seizing without mercy everything which could be of use. The hearts of the more compassionate officers were often pained with the affecting spectacle which these incursions presented. What constituted the whole fortune of families—carts and horses, provender, clothing, and food—were relentlessly seized. In entering towns which were suddenly and unexpectedly environed, there was a universal pillage. Describing the entrance of a division into one of the towns, Labaume says: ‘As we advanced towards the centre of the town, we observed, in every street, crowds of soldiers robbing the houses, altogether regardless of the cries of the wretched inhabitants, or the tears of the mothers, who, on bended knees, begged for their own lives and those of their children. This insatiable rage for plunder was justified by some who, famishing, only sought for provisions; but others, under this pretence, rifled the dwellings of their contents, and even robbed the women and children of the clothes with which they were covered.’

The increasing difficulties of the march induced the more cautious advisers of Napoleon to counsel either his fortifying and remaining in Vitebsk till the succeeding spring, or his returning to Vilno or Warsaw. But these counsels, though often renewed and discussed, were uniformly repelled. Haunted with the image of captive Moscow, or at least of Smolensk, Bonaparte was determined to proceed; and there was the greater urgency for this movement, as there could not, at Vitebsk, be gathered together on any occasion more than twenty-four hours’ provisions. To return to Poland would have been a confession of defeat, and that was not for an instant to be thought of. Impelled onward, therefore, by necessity, as well as by restlessness of mind, it was resolved to leave Vitebsk; and the army, forming a junction on the 10th of August, marched on Smolensk.

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MARCH TO SMOLENSK AND MOSCOW.

• After leaving Vitebsk, the engagements were more frequent and fierce. The Russians had partly changed their tactics. The object was now to wear out and keep the invaders in check; so that, by detaining them on the way, they would find it impossible to retreat before the approach of winter. At Smolensk, a large fortified city on the Dnieper, a Russian army, under Barclay de Tolly, made a stand, in order to cover the removal of the inhabitants with all transportable stores. The prospect of fighting here a distinct battle, on a large scale, delighted Napoleon; for all his successes had arisen from generalship in great battles. 'Now I have them!' said he, on coming in sight of the Russian army. A bombardment of the city ensued, and the Russian forces were attacked with all the usual energy of the French commanders. After a desperate struggle (August 18), Smolensk was taken, the Russians retiring, according to their ordinary practice; yet the victory, when achieved, proved utterly worthless. On the evening of the day of battle, thick columns of smoke were seen to rise from different quarters, and presently torrents of flame were distinctly observed, spreading with incredible rapidity in various directions. The whole city was speedily on fire, and, in the middle of a fine summer's night, presented to the bewildered gaze of the French army the spectacle of a vast volcano.

Next day the French entered Smolensk, everywhere marching over scattered ruins and dead bodies. Palaces yet burning, shewed walls half destroyed by the flames; and strewn amidst the fallen wreck, were the blackened carcasses of the unfortunate inhabitants whom the fire had overtaken. The few houses that remained were completely filled by the rapacious soldiery; while at the door stood the miserable proprietor, without an asylum, deploring the death of his children and the loss of his fortune. Amidst the universal havoc, some of the churches had escaped destruction, and in these were crowded hundreds of unhappy victims, who had escaped the conflagration. In the great cathedral, venerated by the Russians, might be seen whole families, aged men and children, prostrated before the altars, and appealing to Heaven for the succour which man had denied. The solemnity of these spectacles of misery was, in the meanwhile, broken by the loud shouts of the victors and the clanging sounds of military music. 'The affair of Smolensk,' as it is called by historians, cost the Russians 12,000 soldiers, and the French 4000. The approaches to the city were heaped with dead bodies, and the wounded, left on the ground for want of hospitals, presented the most harrowing spectacle.

The destruction of Smolensk by the Russians dismayed and perplexed Napoleon. He had confidently expected that this fine large city would have afforded quarters and provisions to his troops,

on which he could have fallen back, if necessary, from Moscow. He now perceived the enormous magnitude of his enterprise. It was not alone a war against the emperor of Russia; it was a war against the whole nation—a complication of wars. He had not only to fight against soldiers, but against the people; and, what was worse, a wilderness, remote, barren, infinite. To aggravate his difficulties, Murat, Ney, and other generals, on whom were his main dependence, loudly murmured against the undertaking. He overruled their objections, and, pointing to Moscow as the goal of peace and security, issued orders to proceed still onward on the march.

The army accordingly, after a stay of only four days at Smolensk, set out for Moscow, a distance of 279 miles, which was expected to be traversed in fifteen days. Difficulties of an appalling kind now presented themselves at every step. Much of the way lay through marshes and forests; and almost every day there was an obscure battle, which thinned the ranks and dispirited the soldiers. Not all the blandishments of Napoleon, nor a profuse distribution of decorations—small bits of ribbon, usually much prized by the French—could compensate the privations which were endured.

No engagement of any moment took place till the 7th of September, when was fought the battle of the Borodino, or Moskwa, as it was indifferently called. In this famous encounter, in which the Russians were commanded by Kutusoff, the French were the victors, and had the way cleared for them to Moscow. It was, however, a dear-bought triumph. The slaughter had been immense. The loss of the French amounted to 12,000 killed and 38,000 wounded; that of the Russians was 15,000 killed and 32,000 wounded. The French, it is said, fired on this occasion 90,000 cannon, and each soldier used 100 cartridges. 'As we passed over the ground which the Russians had occupied,' says Labaume in his account of the campaign, 'we were able to judge of the immense loss that they had sustained. On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of our howitzers had been so destructive, that mountains of dead bodies were scattered over the plain; and the few places that were not encumbered with the slain, were covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, and cuirasses, or with grape-shot and bullets, as numerous as hailstones after a violent storm. The most horrid spectacle, however, was the interior of the ravines: almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge in these hollows to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches—heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with piercing cries—eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments. We had no means of relieving them, and could only deplore the calamities inseparable from a war so atrocious.' Segur heightens this melancholy picture. In speaking of the sufferings of the Russians, he mentions 'that

one of these poor fellows lived for several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been gutted by a shell, and the inside of which he gnawed. Some were seen straightening a broken leg, by tying a branch of a tree tightly against it, then supporting themselves with another branch, and walking in this manner to the next village.'

The town of Mojaïsk was next captured; but, like all the other towns, it contained neither inhabitants nor provisions, and being of wood, it was left in flames, amidst which hundreds of the wounded, and those too feeble to fly, were consumed. Mental torture, with bodily infirmity, now almost drove Napoleon to despair; and in this state of inquietude he took the road to Moscow with the collected wreck of his army.

As the French approached the capital of the Russian empire, the inhabitants in this part of the country, as elsewhere, fled before them, leaving nothing but a desert of scorched fields and smoking houses. The determined resolution with which this devastation continued to be effected greatly appalled Bonaparte; but he still consoled himself with the reflection that Moscow would offer a compensation for all privations. On reaching Moscow, as he believed, the whole object of the expedition would be accomplished: the Russian citizens would submit to the French emperor; he would dictate to them his laws, and offer them his protection; after the first shock of the entrance of the foreign army into the city, trade and commerce would assume their accustomed routine; the inhabitants would walk in the streets peacefully; the merchants would re-open their shops, and, except that Moscow would be in the possession of the French instead of the Russian emperor, all would be as it was. Such were the hopes of Napoleon; hopes doomed, however, to be miserably disappointed.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of September when the advanced guards of the French army, reaching the top of the last eminence which lay between them and Moscow, caught their first glimpse of the famous city, termed by native poets 'Moscow with the golden cupolas.' The picture was one of enchantment. There, in the midst of a fertile plain, through which the waters of the Moskwa were seen meandering, rose a thousand towers and steeples crowned with golden balls—a thousand domes flashing and blazing in the light of the sun. Ravished by these glistening colours, the eye, on looking at the city more narrowly, discerned its myriads of houses of all materials—wood, brick, stone; of all styles of architecture—Gothic, modern, and nondescript; and of all proportions—from the mansion of the grandee to the hut of the artisan. It was the boasted capital of a barbarous empire; luxury and wretchedness, gold and filth, quaint magnificence and miry poverty, all huddled together, with the brilliant points exposed to the sun's rays. As the French soldiers gazed on the spectacle,

their hearts swelled proudly, and as the cry of 'Moscow! Moscow!' rolled along the ranks, many were already anticipating the time when, in their old age, they would look back upon the present as the most honourable moment in their lives, and be able to say to a new generation: 'I was also in the army of Moscow.' Napoleon himself partook of the general enthusiasm. Surveying the scene beneath him, he exclaimed: 'There at last is the famous city!' His next exclamation, however, betrayed the anxiety under which he had been labouring: 'It was high time!'

As is usual on such occasions, Napoleon expected the arrival of a deputation of the principal men of the city, to surrender it into his hands. He waited till evening, the whole of his forces in the meantime coming up, and the scouts of Murat advancing to the suburbs of the city, and even mingling with the Cossacks in the rear of the retreating Russian army. Still no deputation arrived, and Napoleon now became anxious. Was it that the inhabitants of Moscow were ignorant of the formality which it was necessary for a capital to go through when it surrendered? Or was it that the nobles were removing with their effects? Rumours began to reach him that the city was deserted. Some of the scouts had penetrated into the streets, and found all silent, as if the population were either gone or asleep. Several Frenchmen too, who had been resident in Moscow, came out of their hiding-places, and, joining their countrymen, made the same report. Napoleon could scarcely at first credit it: it was so contrary to all his experience of war or human nature, that an entire city should be abandoned by its population, because it was about to fall into the hands of an enemy. That a few of the most influential inhabitants should do so, was nothing wonderful; but that all—merchants, tradesmen, artificers, who had little to lose by the change of masters—should voluntarily incur ruin by leaving their habitations, and fleeing into the country beyond, was a circumstance utterly unprecedented. The disagreeable truth, however, soon became too plain to be longer disbelieved. The city had been deserted: none were left in it except a few thousands of prowling vagabonds, the refuse of the population, who remained behind to plunder, along with a few French and foreign residents, whom the retreating Russians could not carry away.

To understand how this had been brought about, it is necessary to look back a little. The Emperor Alexander, on being forced to retreat before the French, had retired into the heart of his empire, to superintend in person the preparations which it was necessary to make there, leaving, as we have seen, his generals to oppose the French on their march. He proceeded to Moscow, a city rarely visited by the Russian czars, and, in consequence of its wealth, and the number of nobles who resided in it, somewhat jealous of the consequences which might result from such visits of an autocratic master. The excess of the danger, however, removed every feeling

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of mutual suspicion between the emperor and his subjects; and when Alexander reached the ancient city, he was received with bursts of enthusiasm, and with offers of money and other supplies, such as he could not have expected. One merchant alone put down his name for 50,000 roubles, which was equal to two-thirds of his fortune, and paid the sum next day. A fever of patriotism seized all ranks; and before Alexander left Moscow, he was convinced that its population would do their duty.

After the emperor's departure, the inhabitants of Moscow watched with intense interest the approach of the French. While Napoleon was yet at a great distance, and long before the battle of the Moskwa had been fought, many left the city; the rest were encouraged and stimulated by the proclamations of the governor-general, Count Rostopchine, who held out hopes that the French would be defeated ere they reached Moscow, and forced to retreat. At the same time he made preparations for evacuating the city and leaving it a desert, in case his predictions should fail.

Whether the still more desperate resolution to burn the city was originated or sanctioned by Rostopchine, remains doubtful. He himself, while afterwards living in Paris, published a refutation of the charge (*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou*; Paris, 1823), in which he affirms that the desperate deed was due in part to the fervid patriotism of a few of the inhabitants, and in part to the violence and negligence of the French. One thing is certain, that he had prepared the means of destruction for his own country palace near the city, and at the last moment applied the torch with his own hand. This example of devotion was perhaps sufficient for the frenzied inhabitants, without any formal order or preparation by the governor. Be that as it may, the dreadful sacrifice was made.

About a fortnight before the arrival of the French, the general emigration had commenced. The archives of the city and the public treasure were removed by the orders of Rostopchine; the merchants next began to shift their property; and at last the whole country for miles round was covered by crowds of fugitives, turning to take a last look of their beloved Moscow. The news of the battle of the Moskwa completed the evacuation of the city. The wretched citizens who had remained to the last in their houses, were now obliged to take to flight, urged equally by the stern measures of Rostopchine, and their fear of the French. A stream of fugitives—men, women, and children—poured out at the gate of Kolomna, carrying with them whatever they esteemed dearest. Men might be seen harnessed to carts, dragging their wives, their children, their aged parents, or the little remains of their property. None apparently remained in the city except the foreign residents, some soldiers and officers of police, and a few thousands of abandoned wretches, the dregs of the population, a great proportion of whom were released from the various prisons for the occasion. To this savage horde, rushing about the streets with

ferocious joy, and delighted with the universal turmoil, and the prospect of pillage which it afforded them, was intrusted, it is said, the task of setting fire to the city on the arrival of the French. Such was the condition of Moscow when the French entered it. The army, the nobles, and the merchants gone—Rostopchine and the whole population gone: none left to negotiate the surrender, nor to welcome the conqueror, but a few Frenchmen in hiding, and a squalid crew of criminals and bacchanals hallooing in the deserted streets. To Napoleon, the disappointment must have been no doubt severe. He concealed his feelings, however, and only shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed: 'Ah, the Russians little know as yet the effect which the taking of their capital will produce upon them!'

Napoleon entered the city after dark on the 14th of September; and stopping at one of the houses in the suburbs, took up his residence for the night, while the army quartered all around. Rumours of the intended conflagration reached him, and he could take no rest. Every moment he was sending out to learn the state of things in the city. At length, about two in the morning, he was informed that a fire had broken out. 'A fire-balloon,' says Segur, 'had settled in the palace of Prince Trubetskoi, and consumed it: this was the signal. Fire had immediately been set to the Exchange; Russian police-officers had been seen stirring it up with tarred lances. Here, howitzer shells, perfidiously placed, had discharged themselves in the stoves of several houses, and wounded the military who crowded round them. Retiring to other quarters, which were still standing, they sought fresh retreats; but when they were on the point of entering houses closely shut up and uninhabited, they heard faint explosions within; these were succeeded by a light smoke, which immediately became thick and black, then reddish, and lastly the colour of fire, and presently the whole edifice was involved in flames.' So it continued during the night; and at daybreak, when Napoleon hastened into the streets, black smoke was seen issuing from under the iron roofs of hundreds of houses in all quarters of the city. Giving instructions to the soldiers to use their exertions to suppress the fire, he entered the Kremlin, the central part of Moscow, and the site of the ancient palace of the czars. Here, after inspecting the various wonders of the place, he employed himself in writing proposals of peace to the Emperor Alexander; thus carrying into effect the proudest aim of a conqueror—that of dictating terms to a rival in his own capital. In this case, however, the honour was an empty one; the capital was deserted; and at the moment he was writing his letter, flames were blazing around.

During daylight of the 15th, the conflagration still continued; the houses which had been set on fire during the night were consumed to ashes. It appeared, however, that the efforts made by the French to subdue the fire were producing effect, and hopes were entertained that the progress of the destructive element might be arrested. The

approach of night put an end to these hopes. The incendiaries, who had concealed themselves during the day, rushed out of their hiding-places, armed with torches, and recommenced their horrible work. Many of them were cut down by the French, reeling in a state of drunkenness through the streets, or in the act of setting fire to houses. Their numbers, however, increased, and defied the vigilance of the soldiery. Although masters of Moscow, the French troops could not find safe quarters in it. Fearful of being burned alive in the houses, if they remained within the city, they were obliged to bivouac without its gates. Meanwhile, Napoleon continued in the Kremlin, issuing his orders in quick succession. The palace had several times been threatened with the fate of others of the great buildings, the wind carrying the flames and showers of sparks in that direction. Fears began to be entertained that one of the burning brands which flew over the palace might alight on one of the powder-wagons which stood in the courtyard, or on some secret store of combustibles designedly concealed. One such brand, descending with true aim, might heave emperor and his army into the air in one murderous explosion. The noise, the heat, the glare of the flames awoke Napoleon from a short sleep. He paced the apartments hurriedly, ever and anon going to the windows to watch the progress of the conflagration. 'Short and incoherent exclamations,' says Segur, 'burst from his labouring bosom. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"'

At last the cry arose: 'The Kremlin is on fire!' The intelligence was true. Twice the flames had reached the building, and twice they had been extinguished; but the third time, an incendiary had set fire to a tower, where the labours of the soldiers were unavailing. Napoleon was forced to flee. Leaving the Kremlin, he set out for Peterskœ, a residence of the Russian czar, about three miles distant, on the road to St Petersburg. It was with great difficulty that he effected his escape. 'We were encircled,' says Segur, 'by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search we discovered a postern-gate leading between the rocks to the Moskwa. It was by this narrow passage that Napoleon, his officers, and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were. And how were they to advance? How force a passage through the waves of this ocean of flame? There was no time to be lost. The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street appeared to be the only outlet. The emperor rushed on foot, and without hesitation, into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and

the fall of burning timbers, and of the red-hot iron roofs which tumbled around him. The flames, which with impetuous roar consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding, spreading beyond the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burned our eyes, which we were nevertheless obliged to keep open, and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry; and we were already almost suffocated with the smoke.' At length the emperor and his attendants were extricated from the labyrinth of burning edifices, and were able to make their way to Peterskœe.

This was on the evening of the 16th. The conflagration, however, raged till the 20th, when it ended, having lasted in all six days. During these six days, says Dr Lyall, in his *History of Moscow*, 'innumerable palaces, crowds of noble mansions, and thousands of houses, bazaars, shops, and warehouses, containing the wealth and luxuries of the world, the depositories of science, of literature, and taste, the cabinets and galleries, were destroyed. The total loss by fire and the war in the city and government of Moscow was estimated at 321,000,000 roubles'—about £50,000,000 sterling. On the 20th, Napoleon returned to Moscow, and again took up his residence in the Kremlin, which, owing to the exertions of the troops after his departure, had escaped with little damage. The description given by eye-witnesses of the appearance of the city and its suburbs, now that the fire was over, is horrible in the extreme. Strict orders had at first been issued to refrain from pillage; but these had been at last withdrawn, and thousands of persons of all descriptions—French and Russians, officers and privates, men of respectable character and the lowest dregs of the population, the refuse of the Russian jails—had for several days been going about through the streets, breaking open shops, and ransacking houses, in quest of such goods or movables as had escaped the fire. There had been no order or regularity; all had been excess and brutal indulgence. On the road from Peterskœe to Moscow, the most strange and disgusting scenes met the eyes of the emperor—large blazing bonfires, in which the fuel consisted of mahogany furniture and gilded doors; around these, officers and soldiers, splashed and bedaubed with mud and dirt, lying on silken couches, or sitting in fine arm-chairs, their feet resting on Siberian furs, Cashmere shawls, or Persian gold cloth; gold and silver plates in their hands, from which they were ravenously eating huge pieces of half-broiled horse-flesh. Round every one of these little groups were gathered crowds of Russian citizens, trying in some cases to recover part of their own property, in others to pillage their neighbours, but many of them tempted merely by the fires which the French had kindled,

and the horse-flesh which they were eating. Entering the suburbs of the city, the scenes which offended the eye and the other senses were still more painfully disgusting. Everywhere heaps of ashes, and fragments of stone and iron, blocked up the path; and the air was filled with an indescribable stench, rising from such a smouldering chaos of lime, bricks, wood, dead bodies, and all the heterogeneous mass of materials which the imagination can conceive to be lodged in a great city. In the gardens, of which there are a great number in the suburbs of Moscow, wretched and gaunt-looking Russians, of both sexes—some with scarcely a rag to cover them, others clad in furs and rich pelisses—were seen scraping the soil with their nails, in search of roots or herbs; or fighting with each other for the thigh-bone of a horse which had been left behind by the French. On the banks of the river, crowds were devouring handfuls of raw and sour corn, which they had fished up from the water, out of a large quantity which had been sunk by the orders of Rostopchine. Penetrating farther into the city, the spectator was met by still more striking disorder: soldiers were seated on bales of rich merchandise, on mountains of sugar and coffee, and surrounded by barrels of luscious wines and costly liqueurs, which they were dealing out in exchange for bread, meat, or gold. Round these auctioneers reeled crowds of intoxicated purchasers; and not far off, half-covered by heaps of ashes, might be seen the corpses of poor wretches, most of them Russians, who, in a similar state of intoxication, had fallen victims to the fire.

The return of Napoleon put a stop to many of these scenes of disorder. The indiscriminate pillage was ordered to cease; regiments were appointed in turn to collect the property which remained; the churches and other public buildings were evacuated by the cavalry, who had taken shelter in them; the principal streets were cleared; and directions were issued to secure the Russian stragglers, who still loitered in the town and its suburbs. It was too late, however, to put this last order into execution, as most of the Russians, on learning the emperor's return, had abandoned Moscow, and fled into the country. Nor was it possible to repair the losses caused by the indiscriminate pillage of the last six days. Quantities of provisions, which, if judiciously taken care of, would have proved a welcome addition to the army stores, had been irretrievably squandered by the thoughtless soldiers who had obtained possession of them. But the uproar and confusion caused by the fire were such, that even the best-disciplined army could not have been kept in check, or obliged to obey orders.

If the desertion of Moscow by its inhabitants was a circumstance for which Napoleon was totally unprepared, the burning of the city, we may well conceive, was a still greater astonishment to him. Here he was in the centre of Russia, in the city of Moscow, in the palace of the czars: this had long been the goal of his hopes; and

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yet all his anticipations of the consequences of such an event were disappointed. He was still as far as ever from the conquest of Russia ; and should the inhabitants continue to manifest the same spirit of resistance which had prompted them to set fire to their capital rather than submit, he might march from town to town, and yet approach no nearer the end of his expedition. Besides, a Russian winter was coming on ; and how would he be able to make good his quarters in the midst of an inhospitable population, willing to destroy their stores of provisions, rather than contribute them to the support of the invader? Perplexed with these anxieties, Napoleon still cherished the hope that the czar would submit and come to terms : accordingly, he waited at Moscow in expectation of Alexander's reply to the letter which he had despatched on the 15th. The French emperor, however, had miscalculated the firmness of his rival ; had, like the rest of Europe up to this moment, given him credit for less strength of character than he possessed. 'No pusillanimous dejection !' was Alexander's address to his subjects when he learned the destruction of Moscow ; 'let us vow redoubled courage and perseverance ! The enemy is in deserted Moscow as in a tomb, without means of domination, or even of existence. He entered Russia with 300,000 men, of all countries, without union, or any national or religious bond : he has lost half of them by the sword, famine, and desertion. He has but the wreck of this army in Moscow. He is in the heart of Russia, and not a single Russian at his feet. Meanwhile, our forces are increasing, and enclosing him. He is in the midst of a mighty population—encompassed by armies which are waiting for and keeping him in check. To escape famine, he will soon be obliged to direct his flight through the close ranks of our brave soldiers. Shall we then recede when all Europe is looking on and encouraging us?'

In the meantime, while Napoleon was waiting in Moscow, Murat and part of his army were in pursuit of the Russian general Kutusoff. Several engagements took place between the wary Russian and the chivalrous king of Naples ; decisive, however, of nothing, except the obstinacy of the Russians. Napoleon became daily more weary of this protracted warfare, more sensible of the dangers of his position, more anxious to bring the czar to sue for peace. His plans were undecided. At one time it seemed to be his intention to remain at Moscow through the winter ; and, in conformity with this design, or possibly merely as a feint to deceive the Russians, an intendant and municipal magistracy were appointed for the city ; a theatre was erected amid the ruins ; first-rate actors were sent for from Paris ; and an Italian singer commenced giving entertainments in the Kremlin. At another time, Napoleon would, in one of his vaunting moods, propose to his assembled generals to march to St Petersburg—a project which a few words of common sense from any of their number were sufficient to put aside. The only other

course which could be adopted in the circumstances, was one from which Napoleon revolted, and which no one durst yet openly propose to him—it was to retreat. The necessity of deciding upon something became more and more evident. What quantity of provisions had been saved from the pillage of Moscow was soon exhausted; and the army, quartered through the city, was dependent on the success of parties of cavalry sent to procure forage in the district around. Soon all the stock in the neighbourhood of the city was eaten up, and it became necessary for these parties to extend their foraging expeditions to a greater distance, where, in addition to other difficulties, they had to contend, while pursuing their labour of pillage, with the enraged peasantry and with bands of roving Cossacks. ‘Our cattle,’ says Labaume, ‘perished for want of forage. Our real miseries were disguised by an apparent abundance. We had neither bread nor meat; yet our tables were covered with sweetmeats, syrups, and dainties. Coffee, and every kind of wine, served in crystal or china vases, convinced us that luxury might be nearly allied to poverty. The extent and the nature of our wants rendered money of little value to us, and this gave rise to an exchange, rather than a sale of commodities. Those who had cloth offered it for wine; and he who had a pelisse could procure plenty of sugar and coffee.’ In addition to their present sufferings, the French were haunted by the dread of the Russian winter, of whose horrors they had heard, but could as yet form only a vague and undefined conception. In the meetings between Murat’s soldiers and the Russians, during occasional moments of truce, the latter would tell them that the winter was at hand; that indeed it should have, in the natural course of things, already commenced: that within a fortnight their nails would drop off, and their arms fall out of their benumbed and half-dead fingers; that their graves would be the snows of Russia.

Still Napoleon would not decide upon a retreat; still he hoped that the czar would yield. His calculations were founded on the conviction that the occupation of Moscow, even in its deserted state, was too great a blow for the nation to survive. ‘Millions of money,’ he said, ‘have no doubt slipped through our hands in consequence of the burning of Moscow; but how many millions is Russia losing! Her commerce is ruined for a century to come. The nation is thrown back fifty years: this of itself is an important result. When the first moment of enthusiasm is past, this reflection will fill them with consternation.’ The soldiers, for the moment, caught the tone of the emperor, and endeavoured to please him, by assuming, as well as they could, the outward appearance of a conquering and still high-spirited army. Poor fellows!—with hungry stomachs, with tattered uniforms, with their toes projecting through their torn shoes—they would do their best to furbish themselves up, so as to appear clean and smart at a review; and at the sight, in front of their ranks, of the fat little man—in obedience to whose views or whims it was

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that they had left their homes eight hundred leagues away, and come hither to live on horse-flesh, and blow their fellow-men out of the world—they would still make the air ring with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur.'

All Napoleon's efforts to induce the czar to sue for peace failed; a letter which he had despatched to Kutusoff on the 6th October, had produced no result. The alternative now pressed upon him—to retreat out of Russia, or to winter in Moscow. There were not wanting among his officers men who advised the latter course. Let them make themselves as comfortable as possible, they said, in the city; let them make every effort to procure provisions, by sweeping the neighbouring country; to lessen the consumption of forage, and increase the supply of food, let all the spare horses be salted down and barreled. With these preparations, they would be able to defy the Russian winter, and wait patiently for the arrival of spring. Strange picture!—an army shut up for a winter in a ruined and smoke-blackened city, amusing themselves with balls, operas, and theatricals, and living meanwhile on salted horse-flesh! Napoleon, however, could not bring himself to entertain the idea of wintering in Moscow; his thoughts were in Paris, from which he had, for some time, received no communication—the despatches having been intercepted in passing through such an extent of hostile territory. What might not happen in Europe during his absence! Might not some revolution occur, which would be taken advantage of for his ruin by his foreign allies or his discontented subjects? And on his return to Paris might he not find himself no longer an emperor?

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

With feelings of the deepest humiliation, yet maintaining his accustomed bravado and pretension, Napoleon determined on retreating from Moscow; and a battle fought between Kutusoff and Murat in the environs of the city, shewed him that there was no time to lose. The order to march was issued to the French troops on the 18th of October—a month and four days after their triumphant entry into the capital. 'Let us march upon Kaluga,' he said; 'and woe be to those I meet by the way!' On the 19th the army quitted Moscow, on its way to Kaluga. It consisted of 100,000 fighting men, with a number of sick; for, anxious to give his retreat as little the appearance of a confession of defeat as possible, Napoleon had caused all the hospitals to be evacuated, and only such of the sick as could not be shifted, amounting to about 1200 men, to be left in Moscow. Following the army, there was a long procession of attendants and baggage-bearers, resembling the hordes which we read of in ancient history as accompanying barbarian armies on their return from successful invasions. 'It consisted,' says Segur, 'of three or four files of infinite length, in which there was

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a mixture, a confusion of chaises, ammunition-wagons, handsome carriages, and vehicles of every kind. Here, trophies of Russian, Turkish, and Persian colours, and the gigantic cross of Ivan the Great ; there, long-bearded Russian peasants, carrying or driving along our booty, of which they constituted a part ; others dragging even wheelbarrows, filled with whatever they could remove. The fools were not likely to proceed in this manner till the conclusion of the first day ; but their senseless avidity made them think nothing of battles, and a march of eight hundred leagues. Among these army-followers were men of all nations, without uniform and without arms, and servants swearing in every language, and urging, by dint of shouts and blows, the progress of elegant carriages, drawn by pigmy horses harnessed with ropes. They were filled with provisions, or with the booty saved from the flames. They carried also Frenchwomen, with their children, formerly happy inhabitants of Moscow, but who had now fled from the hatred of the Muscovites.'

And now began that retreat which will ever remain one of the most dreadful chapters in the bloody annals of war. On the 22d of October the emperor had fixed his quarters at Borovsk. Here, though the distance was ten leagues from Moscow, was distinctly heard the sound of the tremendous explosion in which, by Napoleon's orders, left to be executed by the rearguard of his army, the Kremlin was blown up. Next day took place the terrible battle of Malo-Jaroslavitz, fought between the advanced portion of the French forces under Prince Eugène, and a Russian army under Doctoroff. The French were victorious ; but this battle had been one of the most desperate ever fought ; and on the 25th, when Napoleon entered the town where it took place, and from which it derives its name, the scene which presented itself shocked even his accustomed eye. The lines of the streets could no longer be distinguished, on account of the number of corpses heaped up in them, many of them with their heads crushed by the wheels of the cannon which had passed over them. These, and the smoking ruins, and the blood-stained walls, and the moanings of poor wounded wretches crawling along, and the doleful sound of the funeral march accompanying the burial of the slain officers, testified how obstinate the engagement had been. The victory of Malo-Jaroslavitz only shewed Napoleon the desperate position he was in, and made him more eager to retreat. He was particularly anxious to reach Smolensk before the winter should have set in with severity : here he hoped to find plenty of everything of which the army stood in need, and the retreat beyond that point would be easier. There were three routes to Smolensk, each of which was attended with its peculiar difficulties. Napoleon chose that by Mojaïsk, and the field of his former bloody battle of Borodino.

On the 28th of October the army reached Mojaïsk, leaving a track of ruin and devastation behind it, and fronting a desert

equally horrible. 'The fields,' says Labaume, 'trampled down by thousands of horses, seemed as though they had never been cultivated. The forests, cleared by the long continuance of the troops, partook likewise of the general desolation. But most horrible was the multitude of dead bodies, which, deprived of burial for fifty-two days, scarcely retained the human form. As we traversed the fields of Borodino, my consternation was inexpressible when I found the forty thousand men who had perished there yet lying exposed. The whole plain was entirely covered with them. None of the bodies were more than half-buried. In one place were to be seen garments yet red with blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and birds of prey; in another were broken arms, drums, trumpets, and helmets. Continuing our march through the plain, we heard at a distance a feeble voice appealing to us for succour. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and, to their astonishment, saw a French soldier stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken. "I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony I endured, and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I laid myself down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned all my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make my voice heard." The poor wretch was placed in a carriage, and carried along with the army.

From Mojaïsk the army retreated to Gshatsk, and thence to Viazma, the emperor marching some distance in advance, and Prince Eugène and Marshal Davout bringing up the rear. The sufferings of the men, especially those in the divisions of Prince Eugène and Davout, were increased during this march by the severity of the weather, which, although the sky still continued clear, had become piercingly cold, and foreboded the coming on of the snow-season. Starvation, cold, and the attacks of the Russians, especially the Cossacks, who hovered on the retreat like birds of prey, thinned the army so much, that when the rear reached Viazma, it became necessary to reorganise it, adding the broken regiments together, so as to form new ones. Smolensk was now the goal of all hopes. The order of march from Viazma to Smolensk was as follows: Napoleon left Viazma on the 1st of November; Prince Eugène and Davout, who were a day or two behind, left it on the 4th, fighting their way through the Russians, who by this time had arrived at the town, and were occupying the roads in its neighbourhood; and, by the directions of Napoleon, Marshal Ney remained last of all, to bear the brunt of the enemy's attacks, and protect the rest of the army during their retreat. Ney was also instructed to retreat as slowly

as possible, in order to afford time for the rest not only to arrive at Smolensk, but also to repose in that town for a few days after their fatigues. Thus it will be seen that the post of danger and honour belonged to Ney. The rest of the army had to contend with famine and cold; but he had to contend, in addition, with the pursuing Russians—to retreat step by step, and in as dilatory a manner as possible.

The march from Viazma to Smolensk was a terrible one for the whole army, but especially for the rear divisions. On the 6th of November, while the most advanced were still two or three days' march from the long-wished-for Smolensk, the winter came on. It came on suddenly, like a true Russian winter. The clear blue sky disappeared; the sun, the luminary of Napoleon's fancied destiny, was no longer seen; thick cold fogs descended, rolling and whirling, from the heavens; bitter sleety blasts swept along the earth; and at length the snow came down in large flakes, darkening the atmosphere, and enclosing the bewildered traveller as he walked. The whole aspect of nature was changed: objects around altered their appearance, at first from the effect of the ghastly fogs which preceded the storm, and afterwards from the effects of the snow, which covered the earth, the trees, the hills, and undulations of the ground with its white mantle. Driven into chasms and hollows, it accumulated there in wreaths, cheating many poor shivering wretches, who, stumbling in, were engulfed in the snow, and made no efforts to rise again. Many perished in these snow-pits. Leaving these to their fate, the others pushed on through the drifting storm. Soon their garments, after being wet through, began to freeze and stiffen on their bodies; their limbs became benumbed and powerless; their very breath was congealed as it issued from their mouths, and hung in icicles from their beards. On and on they staggered, as if by a mechanical effort of perseverance, growing weaker and weaker at every step. At last, when sense and feeling were almost extinct, a stone, a piece of slippery ice, a branch of a tree, would trip them up, and, falling to the ground, they would lie there, unable to rise, and in a few minutes they would be covered with a little snow tumulus. To one turning his head to look back, the road, covered with these white hillocks, seemed like a churchyard in a snowy day. All order was at an end among the survivors. Muskets were dropped among the snow, or fell from the frozen fingers which carried them; soldiers left their ranks, officers their companies; and all wandered on, caring for nothing, and thinking of nothing, but self. Some would straggle off into by-paths, hoping to reach some shelter. These uniformly fell into the hands of the Cossacks, who either killed them at once, or stripped them naked, and left them to perish in the snow. Night at last came, to vary and increase the horrors of the day. Halting to bivouac, the first care of all was to kindle a fire. Wagons, and everything which could be used as fuel, were

broken up; and after a flame had been with difficulty kindled, crowds would gather round it, thawing their garments and limbs, and eating their repast of raw and bloody horse-flesh. Hundreds, falling asleep by the enormous fires which they had kindled, never awoke. Such as survived the night, had again to undergo the miseries of the day—to stagger on through the snow, to rush eagerly upon a fallen horse to secure part of its flesh, to see their companions fall at every step, to hear the croaking of crows overhead, and the howling of dogs devouring the corpses behind them—and thus for day after night, for night after day, until Smolensk could be reached.

Some of course suffered less during this retreat than others; Napoleon's own division suffered less than that of Prince Eugène; and Prince Eugène's, again, less than that of Ney. Ney's conduct during the retreat was heroic. Instructed to protract his march as long as possible, to afford the rest of the army time to recruit at Smolensk, he obeyed his orders by literally fighting for ten whole days between Viazma and Smolensk. It was on the 9th of November when Napoleon reached the latter town—his long-looked-for haven of safety. Alas! Smolensk was by no means the termination of their misfortunes! Napoleon had calculated, on finding there fifteen days' provisions and forage for an army of a hundred thousand men; instead of which he found a quantity of flour, rice, and spirits, not sufficient for fifty thousand, and no meat of any kind. The operations of the Cossacks, and the activity of several Russian generals whom he had left in his rear on his advance to Moscow, occasioned this defalcation. In the distribution, too, of what provisions there were, fresh sufferings arose. Those who reached Smolensk first being a host of stragglers, without order and without officers, received no supplies till they were reorganised, or till the regular troops came up; and many died in the interval, besieging the doors of the magazines where the flour was lodged. When the regular troops did arrive, only a few could obtain baked bread. To the rest were distributed rye-flour, vegetables, and spirits, for which they fought and scrambled in the streets. Refusing to carry the supplies to their regiments, the wretched men would tear open the sacks at the doors of the magazines, snatch a few pounds of flour, and as much spirits as they could obtain, and then rush away to gorge themselves in some secret place. Next day the dead bodies of many of these unfortunate wretches were found in the streets and in the houses. As it was the 14th of November before all the army reached Smolensk, those who came last, and who stood most in need of refreshment, fared worst. The brave Ney and his men were regaled with what the others had left.

On the 19th of October, when the French army left Moscow, it consisted of 100,000 fighting men, an immense cavalcade of unarmed stragglers, together with an enormous train of artillery and baggage. When the whole wreck of the troops was collected at Smolensk, it

appeared that there remained only 36,000 fighting men, with stragglers, baggage, and artillery reduced in proportion. In other words, nearly two-thirds of the army had perished in twenty-five days. What a carnage ! And what a prospect for the survivors, who had still so many dangers before them !

The next stage of the retreat was from Smolensk to Orcha, a distance of five days' march. Napoleon again marched first, quitting Smolensk on the 14th of November. Prince Eugène and Davout were to follow at a day's interval. Ney was instructed, as before, to bring up the rear, leaving Smolensk on the 16th or 17th. The whole country between the two towns was occupied by Russian armies under Kutusoff, Milaradowitch, and others ; and through these the various divisions of the retreating army had successively to fight their way. It is impossible for any but a military pen to do justice to the retreat from Smolensk to Orcha, or to describe the desperate battles that were fought within so short a space of time. Suffice it to say, that again Ney was the hero of the march. When the rest, escaping from their own difficulties, had arrived at Orcha, they waited anxiously for the marshal's appearance ; but after several days, during which no intelligence was received of him, they gave him up for lost. At length, on the evening of the 20th, he reached Orcha with his brave little band. When Napoleon, who was a league or two in advance, heard that the marshal had made his appearance, he leaped and shouted for joy, and cried out that he had saved his eagles, and that he would sooner have suffered any other loss than that of such a man. Leaving Smolensk on the 17th, he had been obliged to pursue a new route, to avoid being cut off ; and after three days of incessant fighting, during which every manœuvre which the most extraordinary military genius could suggest was put in practice, he had been able to save his army. One anecdote of his march will shew the terrible condition to which the poor fugitives were reduced. At the gates of Smolensk, says Segur, 'a mother had abandoned her little son, only five years old. In spite of his cries and tears, she had driven him away from her sledge, which was too heavily laden. She herself cried out, with a distracted air, "that *he* had never seen France—that *he* would not regret it : as for *her*, *she* knew France ; *she* was resolved to see France once more." Twice did Ney himself replace the unfortunate child in the arms of his mother : twice did she cast him off into the frozen snow. This solitary crime, amidst a thousand instances of the most sublime and devoted tenderness, they did not leave unpunished. The unnatural mother was abandoned to the same snow from which her infant was snatched, and intrusted to another mother. This little orphan was exhibited in their ranks ; and he survived all the horrors of the retreat.'

On the 25th of November, the whole army, reduced now to about twenty-eight thousand fighting men and forty thousand stragglers,

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still encumbered with a quantity of baggage, were assembled on the banks of the Beresina, which they had to cross. The passage of this river was one of the most disastrous points in the retreat. The bridge at Borissov had been destroyed; a Russian army under Tchitchakoff occupied the opposite bank of the river, and the passage appeared impracticable. So desperate seemed the state of affairs, that Murat advised Napoleon to leave the army to its fate, and make his own way to Paris. Napoleon, however, refused to listen to such a proposal, and occupied himself for two days in making such preparations as should enable him to cross the river, and at the same time deceive the enemy as to the exact spot at which he intended to cross it. 'What a frightful picture,' says Labaume, 'did such a multitude of men present! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses, and sheep-skins half-burnt, and muttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this fatal river. Germans, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their different languages; finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.' The passage of the river commenced on the 27th, two wooden bridges having been by that time hastily constructed. A considerable part of the army crossed safely during the forenoon and afternoon of that day; among the rest Napoleon, with a division of about six thousand men, whom he marched immediately to Zembin, leaving the remainder to follow. Unfortunately, many of the stragglers preferred remaining on the left bank till the morning of the 28th, loath to quit the fires which they had kindled. The delay proved calamitous. The Russian armies in pursuit had come up before daylight; and, in order to afford time for the stragglers and baggage to cross, the soldiers who remained on the left side had to interpose themselves between them and the Russians. A terrible carnage ensued: one whole division of the French was obliged to surrender, and the rest were exposed to an incessant fire. Meanwhile the crowd was crushing along both bridges in the wildest confusion—men, women, children, horses, baggage—all struggling to be first. A heavy snow was falling; the weather was bitterly cold; large pieces of ice were floating down the river, and dashing against the frail woodwork; and the Russian bullets and cannon-balls were sweeping overhead. The scene became every moment more horrible. Here might be seen strong men, brutal in their selfishness, driving carriages through the crowd, crushing to death those who stood in their way; there, poor weak wretches, sitting composedly on the bank, gazing at the water;

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and farther on, persons who had been thrown off the bridge into the water, trying to climb up again, or grasping, in their agony, floating fragments of ice. One of the bridges at length broke down. The crowd still pushing on from behind, scores were thrown into the water, and carried down by the stream. The rest rushed, pell-mell, to the other bridge. Nothing now was to be heard but groans, curses, and screams from victims trampled to death under the feet of their companions. So it continued during the whole night of the 28th, the Russian artillery never slackening their murderous fire. When morning dawned, many thousands still remained waiting to cross. Before this time, however, the Russians had approached so near that, to save those who had crossed, it became necessary to burn the bridge. This was accordingly done at about half-past eight o'clock; and all who had not passed were abandoned to the Russians. The fatal passage of the Beresina cost the army an immense number of its men; about twenty thousand armed men and thirty thousand stragglers alone escaping to the other side.

The miseries of the fugitives, however, were not yet over. The dreadful winter, the want of food, the goading attacks of the Cossacks, who hovered on the skirt of the army, continued to thin the ranks of the wretched caravan, and to strew its route with corpses. On the 5th of December the army reached Smorgoni, on the banks of the Vilno. Here Napoleon left it in a private manner, taking with him a small body-guard, and travelling as fast as possible, by means of sledges, in the direction of Poland and France. At his departure, the retreating army was left in the command of Murat, who was to conduct it homeward. No sooner, however, was it known that Napoleon had left the army to its fate, than there arose universal disorganisation and anarchy. Generals, inferior officers, and common soldiers were all seized with the instinct of self-preservation, and refused to obey orders. What little remains there were of generous or soldierly feeling in the army, were now entirely lost: hunger, cold, and despair had reduced the heroes of the Grand Army to a horde of savages.

From Smorgoni to Vilno, a distance of three days' march, was the next stage of the retreat: arrived at Vilno, a large and wealthy city, it was hoped that all their sufferings would be at an end. But, as if the Russian winter had resolved to drag back and detain its victims, these three days' march were through an atmosphere of icy frost. We shall let Segur describe these last days and nights of the retreat. 'On the 6th of December,' he says, 'the very day after Napoleon's departure, the sky exhibited a dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it quite stiff and frozen. We flitted along in this empire of death like unhappy spirits. The dull and monotonous sound of our steps, the cracking of the snow, and the feeble groans of the dying, were the only interruptions to the vast and doleful silence. Such of our

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soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Whenever they stopped for a moment from exhaustion, the winter, laying his heavy and icy hand upon them, was ready to seize upon his prey. In vain did these poor unfortunates, feeling themselves benumbed, raise themselves, and, already deprived of the power of speech, and plunged in a stupor, proceed a few steps like automaton; their blood freezing in their veins like water in the current of rivulets, congealed their heart, and then flew back to their head: these dying men then staggered as if they had been intoxicated. From their eyes, which were reddened and inflamed by the continual aspect of the snow, by the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouac, there flowed real tears of blood; their bosom heaved with heavy sighs; they looked at heaven, at us, and at the earth, with an eye dismayed, fixed, and wild; it expressed their farewell, and perhaps their reproaches, to the barbarous nature which had tortured them. They were not long before they fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands; their heads still wavered for a few minutes alternately to the right and left, and from their open mouth some agonising sounds escaped; at last it fell, in its turn, upon the snow, which it reddened immediately with livid blood, and their sufferings were at an end. Their comrades passed by them without moving a step out of their way, for fear of prolonging their journey, or even turning their head; for their beards and their hair were stiffened with the ice, and every movement was a pain.

Such were the last *days* of the Grand Army. Its last *nights* were still more dreadful: those whom they surprised marching together, far from every habitation, halted on the borders of the woods; there they lighted their fires, before which they remained during the whole night, erect and motionless, like spectres. They seemed as if they could never have enough of the heat; they kept so close to it as to burn their clothes, as well as the frozen parts of their bodies, which the fire decomposed. The most dreadful pain then compelled them to stretch themselves, and the next day they attempted in vain to rise. In the meantime, such as the winter had almost wholly spared, and who still retained some portion of courage, prepared their melancholy meal. It consisted, ever since they had left Smolensk, of some slices of horse-flesh broiled, and some rye-meal diluted into a *bouillie* with snow-water, or kneaded into muffins, which they seasoned, for want of salt, with the powder of their cartridges. The sight of these fires was constantly attracting fresh spectres, who were driven back by the first comers. They then laid themselves down among the snow behind their more fortunate comrades, and there expired.

On the 9th of December the fugitives reached Vilno. After crossing the Beresina, they had been joined by about twenty-five thousand recruits, so that at Smorgoni their numbers amounted

in all to about seventy-five thousand men. Of these, about one-half perished during the three days' march; only forty thousand reaching Vilno. Here no arrangements had been made for receiving or accommodating them; and a universal pillage ensued, many dying in the streets before food could be procured. From Vilno, the wreck of the army pushed on in broken bands to Kovno, the last town on the Russian frontier. The greater number of them arrived here on the 12th of December, and crossed the Niemen next day. Out of four hundred thousand men, in the prime of health and strength, who had crossed the Niemen on their advance into Russia, not more than twenty-five thousand now recrossed it on their return; and these were covered with rags, with hollow eyes and hunger-bitten faces. Plunging into the forests of Russian Poland, these poor wretches made their way to their several homes as well as they could, pursued for miles by the remorseless Cossacks. Many perished by the sword and by famine; and finally, only a mere handful reached France. Prince Eugène, after making every research to gather together the remains of his division, could muster only about eight hundred wounded, the miserable wreck of forty-eight thousand warriors.

Thus the Grand Army, which was to have subdued Russia, was annihilated, and its boastful chief a fugitive towards France. On the evening of the 10th of December, the sledges which bore Napoleon and a few attendants from the scene of danger reached Warsaw; and hence, wrapped in furs, after a brief stay, they pursued their way as secretly as possible through Germany and France to Paris. His sudden and unexpected appearance in Paris on the 19th of December caused general surprise; and it was only by concealing for a time the result of the campaign, and issuing false intelligence respecting the movements and state of the army, that he was able to prevent the discontent which was likely to arise. Ultimately, all became known; but while Europe was filled with horror for so much suffering, France was distracted and amused with the prospect of new campaigns and victories which would efface the recollection of its losses.

From the most careful calculations that can be made, it would appear that upwards of 650,000 men, French and Russians, invaders and defenders, perished in this most disastrous campaign. All estimates of the loss of life and also of property must, however, fall short of the truth. Many thousands of Russians perished obscurely, murdered in defence of their homes; thousands died of fatigue, hunger, and other privations. Innumerable villages, towns, and cities were sacked, burnt, and destroyed; and many years of dire suffering elapsed before the general distress was allayed, or the marks of disaster obliterated.



THE ANCIENT MARINER, AND OTHER POEMS,
BY COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.



It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three ;
' By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

An ancient Mariner
meeteth three gallants
bidden to a wedding-
feast, and detaineth
one.

' The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand ;
' There was a ship,' quoth he.
' Hold off ! unhand me, graybeard loon !'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is
spell-bound by the eye
of the old seafaring
man, and constrained
to hear his tale.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how
the ship sailed south-
ward with a good wind
and fair weather, till
it reached the line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she :
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest
heareth the bridal
music; but the Mari-
ner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear !
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by
a storm towards the
South Pole.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head ;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice-mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of
fearful sounds, where
no living thing was to
be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird,
called the albatross,
came through the
snow-fog, and was
received with great
joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And, lo ! the albatross
proveth a bird of good
omen, and followeth
the ship as it return-
ed northward through
fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

' God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ? ' With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient Mariner
inhospitably killeth
the pious bird of good
omen.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch !' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !'

His shipmates cry out
against the ancient
Mariner for killing
the bird of good-luck.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist ;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

But when the fog
cleared off, they jus-
tify the same, and
thus make themselves
accomplices in the
crime.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze con-
tinues ; the ship enters
the Pacific Ocean, and
sails northward even
till it reaches the line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink :
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross be-
gins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot : alas !
That ever this should be ;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root :
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried : 'A sail ! a sail !'

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner ; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

A flash of joy.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows;
for can it be a ship
that comes onward
without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but
the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen
as bars on the face of
the setting sun—the
spectre woman and
her death-mate, and
no other, on board the
skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-
Death, have diced for
the ship's crew; she,
the latter, winneth the
ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the
courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the
moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop
down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death be-
gins her work on the
ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,*
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

The wedding-guest
feareth that a spirit
is talking to him.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Ma-
riner assureth him of
his bodily life, and
proceedeth to relate
his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the crea-
tures of the calm,

* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Author.*

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they
should live, and so
many lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they ;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth
for him in the eye of
the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and
fixedness he yearneth
towards the journey-
ing moon, and the
stars that still sojourn,
yet still move onward,
and everywhere the
blue sky belongs to
them, and is their ap-
pointed rest, and their
native country, and
their own natural
homes, which they
enter unannounced,
as lords that are cer-
tainly expected, and
yet there is a silent
joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes ;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the
moon he beholdeth
God's creatures of the
great calm ;

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their
happiness.

He blesseth them in
his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to
break.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

By grace of the Holy
Mother the ancient
Mariner is refreshed
with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind ;
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds,
and seeth strange
sights and commotions
in the sky and the
elements.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side ;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's
crew are inspired, and
the ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
Be calm, thou wedding-guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the souls of
the men, nor by demons
of earth or middle air,
but by a blessed troop
of angelic spirits sent
down by the invocation
of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit
from the South Pole
carries on the ship as
far as the line, in obe-
dience to the angelic
troop, but still requir-
eth vengeance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

'Is it he?' quoth one ; 'Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross !
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ;
Quoth he : 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind !

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated ;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather ;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded ; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter ;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away ;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt ; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated ;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made ;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sailèd softly too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep alway !

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn ;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock ;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits
leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were,
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Alas ! what saw I there ?

And appear in their
own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood !

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight ;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice ;
It is the hermit good ;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood ;
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The hermit of the
wood

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump ;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk—
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now ?'

'Strange, by my faith,' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ; and see these sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

Approacheth the ship
with wonder.

'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply—
'I am afeared.' 'Push on, push on !'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner
is saved in the pilot's
boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro :
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row !'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The hermit crossed his brow ;
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou ?'

The ancient Mariner
earnestly entreateth
the hermit to shrieve
him, and the penance
of life falls on him :

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land :
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon
throughout his future
life, an agony con-
straineth him to travel
from land to land,

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are :
And hark ! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding-guest :
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his
own example, love
and reverence to all
things that God made
and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 21st of October 1772, at Ottery St Mary, of which his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, London, and distinguishd himself as a scholar. Being of an imaginative and irregular turn of mind, he was ill adapted to the ordinary struggles of life, and in youth encountered various misfortunes. About the beginning of the present century, he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth ; and at Stowey, near the residence of the latter, he wrote his *Ancient Mariner*, and various other pieces ; in which may be seen the richness of his imagination and depth of his poetical and metaphysical temperament. The versification of the *Ancient Mariner* is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural ; yet the poem is full of vivid and original sentiment, and it possesses touches of exquisite tenderness. 'There is nothing else like it,' says a critic ; 'it is a poem by itself ; between it and other compositions there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' This lamented poet died at Highgate in 1834. In the present tract, we offer a few of his earliest pieces, trusting to make them favourably known in quarters from which they have hitherto been excluded. May every reader be able to say with the author : 'Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my affliction ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared my solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of LOVE,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng ;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside ;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride !

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM OF CHRISTABEL.]

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

PICTURE OF A DUNGEON.

[FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.]

AND this place our forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot !
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters ;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man ;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled ;
Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

And when, as tossed on waves of woe,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast ;
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die :
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And though, in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were ;
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME, AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing ! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore ;
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray ;
Ah ! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of love.
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leaped, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam ;
Aid, lovely sorceress, aid thy poet's dream
With fairy wand ; oh, bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes ;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed :
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
Oh, dear deceit ! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes ;
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn ;
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
With her I list the warblings of the grove ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love ! ye heard her name ! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair ;
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle-trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
Oh, heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music voyaging the breeze !
Spirits, to you the infant maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly ;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye ;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips !
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile :
She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy, still those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as the angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls.
Oh ! (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam ;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale :
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight ;
Or soar aloft, to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :
So tossed by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted, views that cloudless day,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.
Dear native brook ! like peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek !
Dear native brook ! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay ;
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray ;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears ;
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears ;
And Memory, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy—
No more your skylarks, melting from the sight,
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight ;
No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between ;
Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope ! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve.
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze ;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].

I.

SPIRIT who sweetest the wild harp of time !
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
Yet mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind ;
When lo ! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year !
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither from the recent tomb,
 From the prison's direr gloom,
 From Distemper's midnight anguish ;
 And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish ;
 Or where, his two bright torches blending,
 Love illumines manhood's maze ;
 Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
 Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
 Hither, in perplexèd dance,
 Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !
 By time's wild harp, and by the hand
 Whose indefatigable sweep
 Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour ;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er nature struggling in portentous birth
 Weep and rejoice !
 Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell :
 And now advance in saintly jubilee
 Justice and Truth ! They, too, have heard thy spell ;
 They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
 I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry :
 ' Ah ! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay ?
 Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?'
 Fly, mailèd monarch, fly !
 Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
 No more on Murder's lurid face
 The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !
 Manes of the unnumbered slain !
 Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !
 Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
 When human ruin choked the streams,
 Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
 ' Mid women's shrieks and infants, screams !
 Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
 Oft at night, in misty train,
 Rush around her narrow dwelling !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb !
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate !

IV.

Departing year ! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision ! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits : thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad hours ! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song :
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make :
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake :
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might !
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Maskèd Hate and envying Scorn !
By years of havoc yet unborn !
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared !
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul !
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, " full of gifts and lies !"
By Wealth's insensate laugh ! by Torture's howl !
Avenger, rise !
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow ?
Speak ! from thy storm-black heaven, oh, speak aloud !
And on the darkling foe

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud !
O dart the flash ! O rise and deal the blow !
The past to thee, to thee the future cries !
Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans below !
Rise, God of Nature ! rise.'

* * * *

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion ! O my mother isle !
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers ;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks) ;
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child !
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore !
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven ! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood !
The nations curse thee !

* * * *

IX.

Away, my soul, away !
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !
Away, my soul, away !
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content ;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.



GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732. He was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of large property, the descendant of John Washington, an Englishman who had emigrated to America during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball. Her husband dying suddenly in the year 1743, the charge of educating a large family, consisting of two surviving sons of her husband by his former wife and five surviving children of her own, devolved upon her. George Washington was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death.

Although cut off in the prime of life, Augustine Washington left all his children well provided for. Lawrence, the eldest, was left an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, besides shares in ironworks

in Maryland and Virginia; Augustine, who was next oldest, inherited an estate in Westmoreland; George inherited the house and lands in Stafford County, where his father resided at the time of his death; his three younger brothers had each a plantation of six or seven hundred acres assigned him; and provision was otherwise made for the sister. By the will of her husband, Mrs Washington was intrusted with the sole management of the property of her six children, until they should respectively come of age. Being a woman of singular prudence and strength of character, she fulfilled this important charge with great success. She lived to see her illustrious son at the height of his greatness.

The means of education were at that time very limited in the American colonies. Wealthy persons, who wished their sons to receive a liberal education, were under the necessity of sending them home to the mother-country for that purpose; but most of the planters were satisfied with the plain elementary education which their sons could obtain at the nearest school. Sometimes a man of superior qualifications would settle down as a schoolmaster in Virginia; but the majority of the schoolmasters pretended to nothing more than being qualified to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. It was under a person of this kind that George Washington acquired all the school education that he ever received; and he appears to have left school altogether before arriving at the age of sixteen. From all that can be learned of this early period of his life, he seems to have been characterised by great docility and rectitude of disposition. His schoolfellows, it is said, used to refer all their disputes to his judgment. As a boy, he was exceedingly fond of such athletic exercises as leaping, wrestling, throwing the hammer, swimming, &c.; and his military propensity developed itself in the delight which he took in arranging his schoolfellows in companies, making them parade like soldiers, attack imaginary forts, and fight mimic battles. The best insight, however, which we obtain into Washington's character and pursuits when a boy, is derived from fragments of his juvenile copy-books and manuscripts which have been preserved. They are all written in a neat and careful hand, with great attention to method and arrangement. The greater number contain exercises in arithmetic and practical geometry, especially land-surveying; and the diagrams which are drawn to illustrate the geometrical exercises are remarkable for their accuracy and beauty. The earliest of the manuscripts is a folio one, entitled 'Forms of Writing,' containing copies of bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and varied characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. These 'Forms of Writing' are followed by quotations in verse, more remarkable, his biographer tells us, for the soundness of the sentiments which they express, than for their poetical merit; and these quota-

tions, again, are followed by 'Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation.' The rules are a hundred and ten in number, and appear to have been either copied entire out of one book, or collected out of several. We may quote two or three as specimens. Rule 2: 'In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.' Rule 12: 'Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.' Rule 29: 'Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.' Rule 40: 'Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.' Rule 57: 'Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.'

The methodical habits which we see so clearly manifested in these juvenile copy-books, were Washington's characteristics through life.

Grammar, or the study of languages, was no part of Washington's education when a boy. His early letters are sometimes faulty in point of grammar and expression, and it was only by practice in writing and conversation that he acquired the accurate and distinct style which he afterwards wrote. When considerably advanced in life, he made an attempt to learn French, but appears to have succeeded but poorly.

When Washington was fourteen years of age, a proposal was made with his own consent, which, if carried into effect, would have opened up for him a very different career from that which he was destined to follow. Observing his liking for adventure and active exercise, his brother Lawrence exerted his interest to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The warrant was procured, and the boy was pleased with a prospect which was at that time as promising as one in his circumstances could desire; but as nothing could overcome Mrs Washington's reluctance to let her son go to sea, the project was at length abandoned: George Washington remained at school, and some other boy obtained the midshipman's berth.

After leaving school, at the age of sixteen, Washington resided some time with his brother Lawrence on his estate of Mount Vernon; so called in honour of Admiral Vernon, who was a friend of Lawrence Washington, and under whose command George was to have served. Lawrence Washington had married Miss Fairfax, the daughter of his near neighbour, William Fairfax, a person of wealth and political station in the colony, and a distant relative of Lord Fairfax—a nobleman of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric habits, who had left England and come to reside in Virginia, where he was the proprietor of a vast tract of country lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and stretching across the Alleghany Mountains. At the time of George Washington's

residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax was on a visit at the house of William Fairfax, the father-in-law of Lawrence ; and between the two families a constant intercourse was kept up. As young Washington was continually employed in his favourite pursuit of land-surveying, putting his art in practice on his brother's estate, it occurred to Lord Fairfax to engage him in surveying his own vast property. Various circumstances were rendering such a survey absolutely necessary. Settlers were squatting down on the most fertile spots on the extremity of his lordship's lands, without leave being asked or given ; and to put a stop to such proceedings, it was essential that the boundaries of the lands should be defined, and the remoter districts accurately divided into lots. Our young surveyor was intrusted with this very responsible office ; and accordingly, in the month of March 1748, he set out on his surveying expedition to the valleys of the Alleghanies, accompanied by George Fairfax, the son of William Fairfax. The tour lasted two months, and from the entries in Washington's journal, the labour appears to have been pretty arduous. On the 15th of March he writes : 'Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, covered with vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did.'

For three years Washington pursued the profession of land-surveyor in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, making occasional journeys as far as the Alleghanies. As he had received a commission as public surveyor, which gave his surveys authority, and as there were very few of the profession at that time in Virginia, his practice was extensive and lucrative. In writing to a friend, describing the hardships and exposures which he had to undergo in his surveying tours to the west, he says : 'Nothing could make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles.' In another letter written during the same period to a friend, whom he addresses as 'dear Robin,' and who appears to have been his confidant, he says : 'My place of residence at present is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax's), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty ; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion.' Several other letters of the same period are written in the same desponding tone ;

but the name of this 'troublesome' Lowland beauty, who was Washington's first love, has unfortunately perished.

About the year 1751, the French and the Indians were making themselves very disagreeable neighbours to the British colonists in Virginia; the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by the depredations which they committed. To defend themselves against these, as well as to be prepared for the war which seemed likely at no distant period to break out between France and Great Britain, it was resolved to organise the colonial militia, divide the province into districts, and appoint an adjutant-general, with the military rank of major, to superintend each district. Washington, who was now in his twentieth year, was appointed one of these officers, probably by the interest of his friends the Fairfaxes. The office, besides bringing him in a hundred and fifty pounds a year, afforded him opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with military affairs. He entered with ardour into its duties, taking lessons from the ablest military men he could meet with, submitting himself to the drill, and reading numerous books on the military art.

Shortly after Washington's appointment to the rank of major in the militia, his brother Lawrence, whose health had been long declining, was advised to make a voyage to Barbadoes, and reside a few months there for the benefit of the climate; and as it was necessary that he should not go unattended, George accompanied him. While in Barbadoes, Washington was attacked by small-pox, but recovered after a short illness. As his brother was not deriving any benefit from the climate, he resolved to go to Bermuda in the spring, and in the meantime Washington was to return to Virginia. From Bermuda, Lawrence was to write to him to rejoin him along with his wife. This arrangement, however, was never carried into effect; for though, in the spring, Lawrence did proceed to Bermuda, he found himself so much worse, that he saw it to be necessary to return to Virginia; and on the 26th of July 1752 he died at Mount Vernon, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. By his will, the property of Mount Vernon was bequeathed to his daughter; but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington, with the reservation of a life-interest in favour of his wife. Washington was also appointed one of the executors.

Immediately on his return from Barbadoes, Major Washington had resumed his military duties with great zeal and perseverance; and when, on the appointment of Mr Dinwiddie as governor of Virginia, the whole colony was mapped out into four grand military divisions, so high was Major Washington's character, that the northern division was allotted to him. His duties were to 'visit the several counties, in order to train and instruct the militia officers, review the companies on parade, inspect the arms and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manœuvres and discipline.'

WAR WITH THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIER.

Every day fresh accounts were received of the encroachments which the French were making on the British territory beyond the Alleghanies. These accounts had reached the government at home, and the British cabinet had sent out instructions to Governor Dinwiddie to build two forts on the Ohio, for the purpose of driving off the intruders, and asserting the British claim to the disputed territory. As a preliminary step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner, in the name of his Britannic majesty, to confer with the commander of the intruding French troops, and demand his reason for invading the British territory, and also with a view to collect accurate information respecting the numbers and force of the invaders, their intended movements, and the extent to which they had gained the confidence and alliance of the Indians. Major Washington was selected as a person well qualified for this important mission, although yet only in his twenty-second year. Accompanied by seven others, two of whom were to act as his interpreters, one with the French, the other with the Indians, he performed a difficult and dangerous journey of 560 miles, in the depth of winter, through a region of forest, swamp, and wilderness, which had not yet been penetrated by civilisation; and after an absence of nearly three months, returned to Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia government, having fully accomplished the main objects of his expedition. The three principal objects which Governor Dinwiddie contemplated by the mission were, the ascertaining of a suitable site for a British fort, a conference with the Indian tribes, with a view to secure their assistance against the French, and a visit to the French fort itself. Major Washington attended to them all. Proceeding to the French fort, he had several interviews with the commandant; but as nothing satisfactory resulted from these conferences, he took his departure, after having stayed long enough to obtain all the intelligence he wished to carry back to Governor Dinwiddie. Immediately on his return to Williamsburg, his journal of the expedition was published, and being regarded as an important official document, as affairs then stood between France and Great Britain, it was copied into almost all the newspapers both in the colony and in the mother-country.

Governor Dinwiddie commenced his military preparations with great alacrity. He summoned an early meeting of the legislature, to adopt such proceedings as might appear proper in the emergency; and not content with this, he wrote to the governors of the other provinces, to rouse their flagging zeal. The colonists, however, shewed no signs of sympathy with the bustling activity of the governor. They were in no hurry, they said, to precipitate themselves

into a war with which they had no concern. What business had the governor of Virginia with the encroachments of the French on the Ohio? Was it even certain that they were encroaching on the king's lands? What claim had the king of Great Britain to these lands, any more than the king of France? Or, if the lands did belong to the king of Great Britain, why did he not send out his own soldiers to beat back the French, instead of leaving it to be done by the colonists, to whom it did not matter a pin's point whether the French kept possession of the lands or not? Such murmurs gave the governor great vexation. It is true that, after a long discussion, the legislature of Virginia voted ten thousand pounds for the defence of the colony; but the manner in which the vote was made was very displeasing to the loyal governor. 'I am sorry,' he wrote to the Earl of Holdernessee, 'to find the colonists very much in a republican way of thinking.'

A respectable militia force was nevertheless raised. An Englishman, Colonel Fry, was appointed to the first command, and Washington was named his second, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While the governor and Colonel Fry were engaged in trying to recruit the army by appeals to the colonists, and by holding out bounties in land to such as would enlist, Colonel Washington, with three small companies, was sent to occupy an outpost in the very line in which the French were advancing. It was destined that the first battle in the war should be fought by him. Hearing that the French had succeeded in obtaining possession of the British fort at the Ohio fork, and that a party was approaching in the direction of his post, he deemed it advisable to advance himself into the wilderness; and on the 27th of May 1754, meeting a party of fifty French soldiers under the command of M. de Junonville, an action ensued, in which Junonville and ten of his men were killed, and twenty taken prisoners. Only one of Washington's men was killed, and two or three wounded. As war had not yet been formally declared, the importance of this skirmish was greatly magnified both in France and Great Britain, and Washington did not escape blame. In France, the death of Junonville was pronounced to be nothing else than a murder in cold blood; and it was even made the subject of a heroic poem, in which Washington did not appear to advantage. Nor does the transaction appear to have been regarded with more favour in England, if we may believe the following passage in Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of George the Second*, written not long after the event. 'In the express which Major Washington despatched on his preceding little victory,' says Walpole, 'he concluded with these words: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." On hearing of this, the king said sensibly: "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many." However,' adds Walpole, 'this brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade.' A gentleman once asked Washington

whether he ever used the expression attributed to him. 'If I said so,' replied Washington, 'it was when I was young.'

Colonel Fry dying when on his way to join the army, the command devolved on Washington; for although Colonel Innes, a Scotchman, was appointed, he never assumed the office. Washington was involved in great difficulties, owing to the complaints of the officers and men, whom an ill-timed parsimony deprived of part of their pay. Doing his best, however, to preserve order among his men, amounting now to upwards of 300 militia, and about 150 regulars under Captain Mackay, he continued the campaign. Fearing that a French force would advance from Fort Duquesne and overpower him, he withdrew to the Great Meadows, nearer the inhabited parts of the colony. Here, his men being fatigued by the labour of transporting the guns and baggage, and there being a scarcity of provisions, he resolved to intrench himself, and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly, a fort was built, called Fort Necessity. Unexpectedly, the fort was besieged by a French force amounting to nearly 900 men; and after some resistance, Washington was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms, and retreat to Wills's Creek. So skilful, however, was his conduct on this occasion, that he and his little army received the thanks of the House of Burgesses.

Governor Dinwiddie had now conceived some scheme for organising the militia on what he considered a better footing; but as this scheme had the effect of reducing Washington to the rank of a captain, and not only so, but of making him inferior in that rank to captains bearing the king's commission, he resigned his command, and retired from the army. 'If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it,' was the answer he gave to Governor Sharpe of Maryland, who had solicited him to remain in the army, 'you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself.' He therefore passed the winter of 1754-5 in retirement. In the spring of 1755, however, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of soldiers from Great Britain, and Washington was prevailed on to join him as aide-de-camp, retaining his former rank. 'I may be allowed,' he said, 'to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans.'

The unfortunate issue of Braddock's expedition is well known. Having, by means of the vigorous exertions of Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, been provided with 150 wagons, and the number of horses requisite to transport his cannon and baggage—a piece of gratuitous labour on Franklin's part, which Braddock, in his letter to the English ministry, complaining of the inactivity of the colonial authorities, speaks of as being 'the only instance of address and integrity he had seen in the provinces'—

he marched westward to attack Fort Duquesne, and finally, as he thought, expel the French from the British territory. The march was rough and difficult, and Braddock consulted Washington as to the best mode of proceeding. 'I urged him,' says Washington, 'in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches.' This advice prevailed; the army was divided into two, General Braddock leading the advanced division of 1200 men, and Colonel Dunbar bringing up the rest more leisurely. During the march, Washington was seized with a violent fever, which detained him several days. When he rejoined General Braddock on the evening of the 8th of July, the troops were on the banks of the Monongahela, within fifteen miles of Fort Duquesne. In approaching the fort, it was necessary to cross the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side. 'Early on the morning of the 9th,' writes Mr Sparks, 'all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern bank of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.' They had just crossed the river a second time, and were ascending a wooded acclivity on their way to the fort, when suddenly they were attacked and thrown into confusion by two heavy discharges of musketry from an unseen enemy. Alarmed and bewildered, the troops did not know what to do; they fired at random into the woods, and huddled together in disorderly masses, shrinking from the deadly discharges which were poured in from the right and the left simultaneously. For three hours this unequal combat continued, the Indians and French taking deliberate aim from the ravines in which they were concealed, the British firing upon each other in their confusion and desperation. The carnage was terrible: more than half the men were either killed or wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, six were killed and thirty-seven wounded; and General Braddock himself received a wound which proved mortal. During the battle, Washington exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, riding about in every direction, and giving the general's orders—a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. 'By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,' he wrote in a letter to his brother after the battle, 'I have been protected beyond all human

probability or expectations; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.'

The failure of this expedition was the subject of universal conversation for a long time afterwards, and many were the reproaches cast out against the memory of the ill-fated Braddock. Washington was the only person engaged in the affair who derived honour from it. It was proved that he had given General Braddock advice which had been neglected; in particular, that he had insisted on the necessity of sending out Indian scouts to precede the army; and it was entirely owing to his bravery and presence of mind that the remains of the army were enabled to cross the river and effect a retreat. Wherever, therefore, the unfortunate battle of the Monongahela was spoken of, Washington's name was mentioned with honour. In the meantime, having no permanent commission in the army, he had retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his late brother's child, had now become his own property. Here he employed himself assiduously in fulfilling his duties as adjutant-general of the district. The attention of the whole colony, however, was turned to him, and he was not allowed long to live in retirement. Such was the military ardour which had been excited in all classes by General Braddock's defeat, that the language of war and patriotism was even heard from the pulpit. The clergy preached sermons stimulating the martial spirit of their congregations; and one sermon preached at that time became memorable afterwards. It was in a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Davies before a volunteer company, that a reference was made to Washington, which made a deep impression then, and was often quoted afterwards as prophetic. Speaking of the courage displayed by the Virginia troops, the preacher used these words: 'As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.' This was but the common feeling of the colony; and it was in accordance with this feeling that, the legislature having made a grant of £40,000 to be employed in fresh military preparations, Washington was requested to assume the chief command of the Virginia forces. Before accepting this command, he made several stipulations; 'among others, that he should possess a voice in choosing his officers, and that there should be a better system of military regulations, more promptness in paying the troops, and a thorough reform inducing activity and method in all the departments for procuring supplies.'

Elected in the autumn of 1755, Washington continued in his command nearly three years. It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to give a detailed account of all that he was engaged in during that period. Suffice it to say, that the qualities he was

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required to exercise during that time were those for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. As the tardiness and inactivity of the colonial authorities in all matters connected with the military service, obliged him to confine his operations to such as were merely defensive, he had not so many opportunities of signalling himself as a successful general in the field. The skill, however, which he thus acquired in conducting a defensive war, was of vast consequence to him afterwards. He kept his command till the close of the campaign of 1758, when, the great object of the war having been accomplished by the re-occupation of the Ohio, he resigned his commission, and again retired to Mount Vernon, carrying with him the good wishes of the army, and the esteem of the whole colony.

PRIVATE AND POLITICAL LIFE FROM 1759 TO 1775.

In 1755, Washington, while on a visit to New York, had a second slight attack of the tender passion. The object this time was a Miss Mary Phillips, the sister of the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Forced at length to leave New York, without making any declaration of his affections, Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Washington's associates in Braddock's expedition. It was not till 1758, when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, that Washington fairly yielded to female charms. This time the object was Mrs Martha Custis, a beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy young widow, with two children, between whom and herself her late husband's property was equally divided. To this lady Washington was married, on the 6th of January 1759.

The next fifteen years of Washington's life were spent in fulfilling the duties of private life, which were not small, considering that they included the managing of an extensive property, and in attending to those other duties of a public nature which devolved upon him, in consequence of his election as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

Washington's estate, like every other property in Virginia, was cultivated by negro slaves; and, according to the feelings of the time and place, he does not appear to have considered that the keeping of men in a state of degrading bondage was any way criminal or improper—a circumstance which one has cause to regret in estimating the benevolence and conscientiousness of his character. In his diary for 1760, the following passages respecting his rural occupations occur: '*February 5.*—Visited my plantations, and found, to my great surprise, Stephens constant at work. Passing by my carpenters that were hewing, I found that four of them—viz., George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet yesterday from ten o'clock. Sat down, therefore,

and observed Tom and Mike, in a less space than thirty minutes, clear the bushes from about a poplar stock, line it ten feet long, and hew each his side twelve inches deep. Then letting them proceed their own way, they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock off in two places, putting it on the blocks for hewing it square, and lining it. From this time till they had finished the stock entirely, required twenty minutes more, so that in the space of one hour and a quarter they each of them, from the stump, finished twenty feet of hewing. From hence it appears very clear, that, allowing they work only from sun to sun, and require two hours at breakfast, they ought to yield each his one hundred and twenty-five feet while the days are at their present length, and more in proportion as they increase. While this was doing, George and Billy sawed thirty feet of plank ; so that it appears that, making the same allowance as before (but not for the time required in piling the stock), they ought to saw one hundred and eighty feet of plank. It is to be observed, that this hewing and sawing, likewise, were of poplar ; what may be the difference, therefore, between the working of this wood and others, some future observations must make known.' *March 26.*—'Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention.' *March 18.*—'The lightning, which had been attended with a good deal of rain, had struck my quarter, and about ten negroes in it ; some very badly injured, but with letting blood, they recovered.'

Several interesting details of his ordinary habits as a planter are given by his biographer, Mr Sparks. Tobacco was the staple product of his plantations : the greater part of his produce he sent to the London market ; but he occasionally consigned smaller quantities to correspondents in Liverpool and Bristol. It was then the practice of the Virginia planters to import directly from London all the articles which they required for common use ; and accordingly, 'twice a year, Washington forwarded lists of such articles to his agent, comprising not only the necessities and conveniences for household purposes—ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, and other implements of agriculture ; saddles, bridles, and harness for his horses—but likewise every article of wearing apparel for himself and the different members of his family, specifying the names of each, and the ages of Mrs Washington's two children, as well as the size, description, and quality of the various articles. In an order sent to his tailor in London, he describes himself as "six feet high, and proportionably made ; if anything, rather slender for a person of that height ;" and adds, that his limbs were long. In exact measure, his height was six feet three inches. He required the agent through whom he sent these orders to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in

these concerns, that for many years he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business, ascertained the prices, could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him even in the smallest matter, of which, when discovered, he did not fail to remind his correspondents the next time he wrote.'

Washington, while thus intent on agricultural pursuits, did not withdraw himself from general society. 'He was a frequent visitor at Annapolis, the seat of government in Maryland, renowned as the resort of the polite, wealthy, and fashionable. At Mount Vernon, he returned the civilities he had received, and practised on a large and generous scale the hospitality for which the southern planters have ever been distinguished. When he was at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers at his house.' During his occasional visits to Williamsburg and Annapolis, he frequently attended the theatre; and at home, his principal amusement was the chase. He used, at the proper season, to 'go out three or four times a week with horses, dogs, and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours or visitors at Mount Vernon.'

As a landed proprietor, Washington had to take part in many kinds of local business. His neighbours used frequently to ask his assistance in settling disputes, or advising them in matters of importance, and his sagacity and judgment in such affairs gave him a strong and extensive influence. Being a vestryman of Truro parish, in which he resided, parochial affairs occupied much of his attention. The clergyman of the parish used to tell the following story of him in his capacity as vestryman. The church being old and ruinous, it was resolved to build a new one, and several meetings of the parishioners were held to determine on the site. At length the parishioners divided into two parties, one insisting that the new church should be built on the site of the old one, the other insisting on its being built in a more central situation. The conservatives appeared to have the majority; and when, at a final meeting, Mr George Mason, a friend and neighbour of Washington, and an influential man in the colony, made an eloquent speech about not deserting a spot hallowed by so many venerable associations, and in which the bones of their fathers were buried, such was the effect, that it seemed the resolution to adhere to the old site would be carried without a dissenting voice. At this critical moment Washington rose up, and taking from his pocket a plan of Truro parish, in which were marked the two disputed sites, and the positions of the houses of all the parishioners, spread it out before them, bidding them forget Mr Mason's eloquent speech, and attend to the difference of the

distances they would have to travel in going to church, as exhibited by the map. The result was, that the new site was agreed on.

Washington was punctual in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is related that when he took his seat, the speaker, in compliance with a vote of the house, rose up to return him the thanks of the colony for his distinguished military services, and did so in such complimentary terms, that when Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, he blushed, trembled, stammered, and was unable to utter a single syllable. 'Sit down, Mr Washington,' said the speaker; 'your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses any power of language that I possess.' Washington made it a point of conscience to be present at almost every sitting. He spoke very seldom, but attended carefully to all the proceedings; and when he did speak, it was with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand, and strictly to the point. 'It is not known,' says his biographer, 'that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate.' He was one of those who derive their influence in public assemblies, not from their eloquence, but from their sagacity and the soundness of their judgment. It was owing to this, perhaps, that Washington's name was not so often mentioned as those of other colonists in the early stage of the dispute between the colonies and the mother-country. It has even been argued from the same circumstance, that Washington's sentiments did not at first agree with those of the leaders of the American revolution. But the fact is, that, from the very beginning, he belonged to the party of Henry, Randolph, and Lee, although, like them, he long believed it possible that the rupture between England and the colonies might be healed. He spoke in terms of decided hostility to the Stamp Act, calling it an 'unconstitutional method of taxation, and a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies.'

The struggle was approaching its crisis. In March 1773, Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Lord Botecourt as governor of Virginia, prorogued the unmanageable House of Burgesses. A few days after the session of 1774 had commenced, the intelligence reached the colony of the act which the English parliament had passed, shutting up the port of Boston. The excitement was immense, and on the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order appointing the 1st of June (the day on which the act of the English parliament relative to the port of Boston was to take effect) to be observed as 'a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity' which seemed impending over the colony. In consequence of this order, the house was next day dissolved by Lord Dunmore. A large number of the members immediately met in the Raleigh tavern, constituted themselves into an association, and threw out a public recommendation to enter into a correspondence with the other provinces, for the purpose of convening a general congress of deputies from all the

thirteen British colonies in America. This idea of a general congress had been suggested by Franklin the previous year.

On the 1st of August 1774, deputies from the various counties of Virginia met at Williamsburg, and constituted themselves a convention. This convention named the following seven persons as representatives of the colony of Virginia in the congress about to be held—Peyton Randolph, Richard Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 5th of September these seven persons met at Philadelphia with the deputies appointed by eleven of the other colonies; namely, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Such was the celebrated first continental congress, which now assumed the direction of affairs. Their proceedings consisted principally in drawing up humble petitions to the king, stating the grievances of the colonies, and letters to the people of Great Britain, appealing to their sense of justice.

The precise part acted by each member of congress cannot be ascertained, as the details of the proceedings were not published; but it is certain that Washington was regarded as one of the leading men in it, and that his opinion on all points was received with the utmost deference. The celebrated orator, Patrick Henry, was asked about this time 'whom he thought the greatest man in congress.' 'If you speak of eloquence,' was his reply, 'Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'

The second congress met on the 10th of May 1775. The members were nearly the same as in the first, only we observe the new name of Benjamin Franklin as one of the deputies from Pennsylvania. The petition which the first congress had addressed to King George had produced no effect; and the disposition of the British parliament appeared more hostile than before to the liberties of the colonists. In these circumstances, the congress assumed a decided tone. It was unanimously voted 'that the colonies be immediately put in a state of defence:' the army then engaged in besieging the British troops in Boston was adopted by congress as a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief; the members of congress pledging themselves individually to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

At the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington was forty-three years of age. His life, during the next eight years, is identified with the history of the war between Great Britain and

the American States. We can narrate only the leading particulars of the history of this important period.

Washington's first care, after being appointed to the command, was to form and systematise the army, which was miserably weak and ill provided with the necessaries of war. The task was no easy one, as he had to contend against the wishes of the soldiers themselves, against the mutual jealousies of the officers, and against the irresolution of congress. Nevertheless, he succeeded to a certain extent. 'He arranged the army into six brigades of six regiments each, in such a manner that the troops from the same colony should be brought together as far as practicable, and act under a commander from that colony. Of the whole he made three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments. The great work of creating a regular military system was to be executed mainly by the commander-in-chief. Congress might approve, sanction, and aid; but it was his task to combine, organise, establish, and sustain. To this end he kept up an unremitted correspondence with congress during the whole war. His letters were read to the house in full session, and almost every important resolution respecting the army was adopted on his suggestion or recommendation, and emanated from his mind. Besides his unceasing intercourse with congress, he was obliged to correspond with the heads of the provincial governments, and afterwards with the governors and legislatures of the states; with conventions, committees, and civil magistrates.'

The first year of Washington's command was spent not so much in actual warfare, as in making these arrangements. At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was nine thousand six hundred and fifty. More than a thousand of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. 'Search the volumes of history through,' said Washington, 'and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together without powder, and then to have one army disbanded, and another to be raised within the same distance of a reinforced enemy.' The advanced season of the year, however, rendered it impossible for the British troops to avail themselves of the advantage which these circumstances gave them.

Washington, when he accepted the command, had expected to be able to reside a part of every year at Mount Vernon. As, however, he found it impossible to do so, it was Mrs Washington's custom to join him in the camp every winter, returning to Mount Vernon at the opening of the campaign in spring. But though absent from his estates, Washington did not neglect his private affairs. In the midst of his pressing and multifarious business as

commander-in-chief, he kept up a regular correspondence with Mr Lund Washington, to whom he had committed the management of his property during his absence. Twice or thrice a month Mr Lund Washington sent him a detailed account of whatever had happened, or whatever was going on, at Mount Vernon ; and all these letters were answered by Washington in the most punctual manner.

In the end of 1775, General Howe, who had been sent out to supersede General Gage in the command of the British forces, was fitting out an expedition which was imagined at first to be against New York, but which was, in reality, destined for North Carolina. Washington, on his side, was eager for an attack on Boston, but was overruled by a council of his officers ; and it was agreed to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Accordingly, on the 4th of March 1776, the Americans took possession of the heights ; and this was followed by the evacuation of Boston by the British on the 17th. On this occasion the thanks of congress were conveyed to Washington in a letter signed by the president, and a gold medal was struck in his honour. After leaving Boston, General Howe and his army hovered about the coast in their fleet, meditating, as it appeared, an attack on New York. When they did land at Sandy Hook, on the 28th of June, such was the state of Washington's army, that he was unprepared to offer any effective resistance ; and accordingly, after the British had got possession of Long Island, he was obliged to evacuate New York, and fall back behind the Delaware. The defeat at Long Island made Washington more anxious than ever for a complete reorganisation of his army. 'I am fully confirmed,' he wrote to the president of congress, 'in the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army ; I mean one to exist during the war.' In consequence of these representations, congress turned its attention earnestly to the state of the army : most of Washington's recommendations were adopted ; and in the month of December he was invested with powers which made him, in fact, a military dictator.

Meanwhile, the famous declaration of independence had been passed, by which the name of *colonies* was abolished for ever, and the thirteen provinces constituted into the United States of America. This act was entirely in accordance with the wishes of General Washington, who, with all the leading men in the colonies, had long foreseen the impossibility of any reconciliation with the mother-country. A short time after the declaration of independence was

passed, Lord Howe, the brother of the British general, arrived from Great Britain as a commissioner from the king, bearing certain terms from the British government. The terms were such as might have had some effect if they had been offered sooner ; but now they came too late.

Lord Howe's mission having proved fruitless, the war was continued. The campaign of the year 1777 did not open till the month of June. During the winter, Washington had been employed in making those preparations which his increased authority now enabled him to effect. The months of June and July were spent in insignificant skirmishing between the two armies. The month of July, however, was signalised by an event of some importance—namely, the arrival from France of the Marquis de Lafayette, with the chivalrous design of fighting on the side of the Americans.

In the end of 1777, the American army was twice defeated—at the Brandywine on the 11th of September, and at Germantown, in Pennsylvania, on the 4th of October. The British entered Philadelphia, and Washington retired into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. The winter was one of severe trial to the patience and patriotism of Washington. A volume of spurious letters, said to be his, had been published in London ; and now they were reprinted at New York by some of his enemies, and widely circulated. But a more serious trial, and one more likely to produce fatal results, was a cabal against him formed by several of his own officers, assisted by a small party in congress. The leaders in this cabal were General Conway, General Gates, and General Mifflin, and the object they seemed to have in view was the removal of Washington from the supreme command. At first they did succeed in making some impression upon the public mind unfavourable to Washington, but at length the good sense of the majority of congress prevailed, and the cabal was crushed.

After a trying winter, during which all Washington's promptitude and skill were required to prevent his troops from breaking out into mutiny, owing to the want of supplies, the war was resumed in the spring of 1778. Upon the whole, the issue of this campaign was favourable to the Americans. The British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, and retreat towards the coast ; and although the battle of Monmouth was a drawn one, its results to the Americans were nearly as good as a victory. But the event of the year 1778, which caused the most universal joy in America, was the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France, by which the French king recognised the independence of the states. This treaty was concluded in May ; and in July following, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships-of-the-line and four frigates, arrived on the American coast, to assist the States against the British. The rest of the year was spent rather in mutual menaces than in actual

warfare, and in December the army went into winter-quarters on the west of the Hudson. During the winter, a scheme was projected in congress for invading Canada; but in consequence of Washington's representations and remonstrances, it was thrown aside.

The year 1779 was marked by few events of consequence, although the general tenor of the war was in favour of the Americans. The only two circumstances which need be noticed are the expedition against certain Indian tribes which had gone over to the side of the British, and the storming of Stony Point on the 15th of July. In both these enterprises the Americans were successful. In the want of more interesting particulars connected with this period of Washington's life, we shall imitate his biographer's example, and introduce the following letter which he wrote to his friend Dr Cochrane, inviting him to dinner. It will give an idea of Washington's mode of life in the camp, and of his manner when he meant to be playful. The date is 16th August 1779.

'DEAR DOCTOR—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and Mrs Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

'Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak-pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours.'

In April 1780, Lafayette returned from a visit to France, bringing intelligence that the French government had fitted out an armament, both of sea and land forces, to assist the Americans, and that its arrival might shortly be expected. Accordingly, on the 10th of July, the French fleet arrived at Rhode Island. It consisted of eight ships-of-the-line and two frigates, commanded by the Chevalier de

Fernay, and having on board five thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau. A conference was immediately held between Washington and Rochambeau, and a plan of co-operation agreed upon. Nothing of consequence, however, was done during the remainder of the year—the only incident of note being the capture and execution of the unfortunate Major André. It may be proper, for the sake of most of our readers, to give a brief account of this melancholy transaction. One of the commanders of the American army under Washington was General Arnold, who had distinguished himself greatly by his courage and his military talents during the war, and who was at this time invested with the command of West Point and other forts in the highlands. A vain and extravagant man, he had contracted debts far beyond his means of payment; and to extricate himself from these embarrassments, he had fallen upon the desperate resource of treachery. Eighteen months before the period we are now arrived at, he had commenced a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, communicating intelligence respecting the plans and movements of the American army. The correspondence was at first anonymous; but at length Arnold threw off his disguise, and Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the advantage to be derived from the treason, employed Major André, a young, brave, and accomplished British officer, to carry on the communication with Arnold. For some time letters passed between Arnold and André, under the assumed names of *Gustavus* and *John Anderson*, and written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any party not in the secret. When, however, Arnold was invested with the command of West Point, he made proposals for delivering the fort up to the enemy, and it became necessary that André should have a personal interview with him, to make the final arrangements. An interview was accordingly arranged. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson to within a few miles of King's Ferry: André went on shore in the night-time, and met Arnold, who had come thither on purpose. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold persuaded André, contrary to his intention, to go within the American lines, and lie concealed during the day at the house of a person of the name of Smith. Leaving him here, Arnold returned in the morning to West Point. In the evening, André having exchanged his regimentals for an ordinary dress, and been provided with a written pass from Arnold, left Smith's house, crossed the river, and took the direction of New York, not being able, as he wished, to return to the *Vulture*. Next day he was stopped on the road by three militiamen, who searched him, and found papers concealed in his boots. They immediately conveyed him to the nearest American post, the commander of which, on examining the papers found on André's person, perceived them to be in Arnold's handwriting. Stupidly enough, he wrote to Arnold, telling him of the

capture of a person calling himself John Anderson, and carrying very strange papers ; and the consequence was, that Arnold had time to escape to the British camp. Meanwhile, intelligence of the affair had been conveyed to Washington. The unfortunate André himself wrote to Washington, telling his real name and rank, and explaining the manner in which he had been brought within the American lines. 'Against my stipulation,' he says, 'my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by the refusal to reconduct me back next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.'

André having been conveyed to the head-quarters of the army at Tappan, a board of officers was summoned by Washington to consider his case. The conclusion they came to was, that André ought to be regarded as a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Washington approved of this decision. Great exertions were made by General Clinton, and by many others, to procure a remission of the sentence in a case so peculiar ; but all considerations of private or personal feeling were overcome by the sense of public duty ; and harsh as the death of Major André might appear, Washington felt himself bound not to interfere. The only possible way in which André could have been saved, was one which General Clinton could not, consistently with the honour of his country, adopt—namely, the surrender of the traitor Arnold. Meanwhile, the young and unfortunate officer met his fate nobly. On the 1st of October, the day before his death, he wrote as follows to Washington :

'SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.'

Even this request could not be complied with, and next day Major André was hanged as a spy. André was a young man of amiable manners and disposition, and his fate was universally lamented both in America and England; and in reading the history of his ignominious death, one is inclined to feel that his life might, with no stretch of humanity or justice, have been spared. It seems at least clear that André was seduced into the position of a spy, and was animated by no dishonourable intention. At the time of his melancholy death, his mother and three sisters were alive in England. Provision was very properly made for them, in testimony of public sympathy with them, and public admiration for the brave and manly conduct of their lost relative; and after the conclusion of the war, Major André's ashes were disinterred, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The years 1781 and 1782 passed away like those which preceded them, no decisive battles being fought or great victories obtained on either side, but the general tenor of events, both in America and Europe, being favourable to the cause of American independence. The latter year, however, was marked by a very singular incident in the life of Washington. During the whole war, the sluggishness and timidity of congress, and its dilatory method of passing measures the most essential to the public good, had been the subject of great complaint in the army, and at length the feeling of discontent gave rise to sentiments of an anti-republican nature. Judging from the specimen of republican government which they had in the proceedings of congress, the soldiers and officers began to think that affairs would never be well managed, until some one man of ability were placed at the head of the government, if not with the title of king, at least with some other corresponding title. So strong had this conviction become in the army, that at length a number of the officers met, and deputed a veteran colonel to express their sentiments to Washington himself. A long and skilfully written letter was prepared, in which, after describing the wretched condition of the country, and especially of the army, the writer adds this important paragraph: 'This must have shewn to all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being placed under a proper head. Therefore, I have little doubt that when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so confounded the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a

constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate ; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages.'

This was an important moment in the history of the United States. It has been remarked, that there are two classes of persons who play an important part in revolutions—lawyers and military men. The lawyers usually make themselves conspicuous *during* the revolution ; but the military men at last obtain the ascendancy, and restore society to order. It was by the power of the army that Cromwell and Napoleon were placed in the supreme civil command, and, in the present case, it was from the army that the proposal originated to make Washington king. Washington, however, declined the proposal, not, probably, from any mere scruple about injuring his fair name with posterity by appearing ambitious, but simply because, in the circumstances of the United States at that time, he may have seen that his accepting the offer would be attended not by good, but by ruinous consequences. The following is the answer which he returned to the letter containing the proposal :

‘NEWBURG, 22d May 1782.

‘SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

‘I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, to do justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do ; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, sir, &c. GEORGE WASHINGTON.’

In May 1782, Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York, having been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the

British army. It was apparent, from the tone of his first letters to Washington, that the British government was inclined to make concessions ; and in August he gave formal notice that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, and 'that the independence of the United States would be conceded as a preliminary step.' By Washington's advice, however, the army was kept entire until the spring of 1783, when the news arrived that the treaty recognising the independence of the states had been actually signed. Nor was this a task of small difficulty ; for so large were the arrears of pay due to the officers and men, that it required all the prudence and authority of Washington to prevent the troops from rising in rebellion against the congress which had employed them.

The proclamation of the final cessation of hostilities was made to the American army on the 19th of April 1783, 'exactly eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in this memorable contest at Lexington.' Eight years' war had converted what had been a few flourishing colonies of Great Britain into a new and independent state, likely to become ere long one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth. The war had not been one of daring achievements and brilliant exploits. If viewed in this light, the war of American independence would seem but paltry and insignificant compared with other struggles recorded in history. We do not see in it any of those glorious victories of hundreds over thousands, those flashing acts of individual heroism, or those daring stratagems of military genius, which characterise other wars of similar importance. It was a cool, cautious, defensive war, in which patience and perseverance were the qualities most essential. Nor was Washington a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It would be absurd to name him as a military genius along with these two. But he was gifted with those great moral qualities which the circumstances of the American people required ; and if he gained no victories of the first class, and astonished the world by no feats of warlike skill, it is still not the less true, that if the British colonies had not possessed such a man, they would in all probability have failed in the struggle, and remained British colonies still. Let the truth, indeed, be spoken. It was not the bulk of the American people, as represented in congress, who achieved the independence of their country. That congress, by its perverse wrangling and incapability ; that people, by their slowness in furnishing supplies, would have ruined all, but for the intrepidity, the patience, and the powers of management of George Washington. Although not what might be called an amiable man, or a man of refined sentiment, few have ever appeared of so well balanced a character, and uniting the same power of command over men's minds with the same self-denial and want of personal ambition ; and probably none but a man of his rigid methodical habits would have been able to preserve order in the American army. Some of Washington's orderly-books during the period of his

holding command, contain striking proofs of his strictness as a disciplinarian, and of his watchfulness of everything going on among the troops likely to injure the cause for which they were contending. To complete our idea of Washington as commander-in-chief, we shall select one or two of these entries in the orderly-book.

'November 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.'

'August 3, 1776.—That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavour to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.'

'September 20.—Any soldier or officer who, upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to turn his back and flee, shall be instantly shot down; and all good officers are hereby authorised and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat.'

'November 22, 1777.—The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays and assign the reward to the best artist.'

What were Washington's thoughts and feelings at the restoration of peace, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter

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which he wrote to Lafayette in April 1783: 'We are now an independent people, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability is (at least I fear it), that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art.'

Part of the summer of 1783 was spent by Washington in a tour through the northern states; and it was during this tour that he struck out a plan of great importance, which has since been carried into effect—a water-communication between the Hudson and the great lakes. Returning from this tour he attended the congress then sitting at Princetown, where he was received with the highest honours. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by congress; on the 2d of November Washington issued his farewell address to it; on the 4th of December he dined with his officers at New York, now evacuated by the British troops; and on the 23d of the same month he resigned his commission into the hands of congress. 'Having now,' he said in the conclusion of his address, 'finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.' Next day he left Annapolis, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited twice during more than eight years.

RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

Washington was now once more a private citizen, devoting himself to those agricultural pursuits in which he took so much delight. Arrived at the age of fifty-two, he again 'trod the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction.' 'Envious of none,' he wrote to a friend, 'I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I shall move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.'

For three years Washington pursued this equable course of life, finding his delight in farming, planting, and gardening. Mount Vernon had been celebrated for its hospitality even before Washington had risen to the high station which he had recently occupied; and now, when visitors were constantly pouring in upon him, Europeans and Americans, noblemen and commoners, old friends and new acquaintances, authors and ordinary men, authoresses and ordinary women, the hospitality had to be resumed on a more extensive scale, and Mrs Washington's powers of household arrangement were

sufficiently tested. During these three years of private life, Mr Sparks informs us, Washington's 'habits were uniform, and nearly the same as they had been previous to the war. He rose before the sun, and employed himself in his study, writing letters or reading till the hour of breakfast; when breakfast was over, his horse was ready at the door, and he rode to his farms, and gave directions for the day to the managers and labourers. Horses were likewise prepared for his guests whenever they chose to accompany him, or to amuse themselves by excursions into the country. Returning from his fields, and despatching such business as happened to be on hand, he went again to his study, and continued there till three o'clock, when he was summoned to dinner. The remainder of the day and the evening were devoted to company, or to recreation in the family circle. At ten he retired to rest. From these habits he seldom deviated, unless compelled to do so by particular circumstances.'

The even tenor of Washington's life was soon to be interrupted. The war was now over, but much remained to be done. The great difficulty was, to devise a federal form of government, one which would give the states the strength of a united nation, without trenching on the privileges and interests of each particular state. The general feeling was against investing congress with much controlling authority. Washington saw the evil of this; and, in his letters to his friends, he spoke strongly on the necessity of a central and supreme government.

At length, after considerable prevarication and delay, a convention of deputies from all the states was agreed upon, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Washington was unanimously elected one of the deputies to this convention from the state of Virginia; and although somewhat reluctant, he consented to attend. Immediately on his appointment, he set about preparing himself diligently, by the study of history, for the important duties which, as a member of the convention, he would be called upon to perform. He examined carefully, we are told, all those confederacies of the ancient and modern world which appeared most to resemble that which he was about to assist in erecting. He also read and abridged several standard works on political science, to store his mind with those general ideas for which he supposed he would have occasion in the convention. Thus prepared, he set out for Philadelphia, where the convention met on the 14th of May 1787, consisting of deputies from all the states except Rhode Island. Washington was unanimously called to the chair. After sitting five or six hours daily for nearly four months, the convention announced the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution for the United States of America. This constitution was accepted with remarkable unanimity all over the states. Benjamin Franklin, one of the members of the convention, thus expressed his opinion of it: 'I consent to

this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good.' And Washington's opinion was exactly the same. 'In the aggregate,' he said, 'it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch.'

After all the states had signified their acceptance of the constitution, congress passed an act, appointing the first Wednesday of February 1789 as the day on which the people were to choose the electors of the president, according to the provision made in the constitution, and the first Wednesday of March as the day on which these electors were to meet and choose the president. When the day of election came, the electors did their duty, by unanimously declaring George Washington the first president of the United States. Leaving Mount Vernon on the 16th of April 1789, he set out for New York. The journey was a triumphal procession; people gathered all along the road; and his entry into every town was celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons. He made his public entry into New York on the 23d of April; and on the 30th, he was solemnly inaugurated, and took the oaths of office. He was now fifty-seven years of age.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As soon as Washington had assumed the presidency, he requested the heads of the various departments of the government, as it was then carried on—the secretary of state, the secretary of war, the secretary of foreign affairs, and the secretaries of the treasury—to draw up an elaborate report, each of the affairs of his own department. These reports Washington read and condensed with his own hand; and at the same time he perused with care the whole of the official records from the treaty of peace down to his own election to the presidency, making an abridgment of them for his own use. Thus he acquired a thorough understanding of the condition of the nation over which he presided.

We have seen that, while commander-in-chief of the armies, Washington exercised a vigilant superintendence over his private affairs, and this superintendence he continued to exercise while burdened with the cares of civil government. Every week he received accurate reports from the manager he had left in charge of Mount Vernon, these reports being drawn up according to a form which he had himself prepared. In this way he perceived what was going on at Mount Vernon almost as distinctly as if he had been on the spot; and once a week at least he wrote a letter of directions to his bailiff, in reply to the reports sent. So laboriously accurate was he, that this letter of directions was usually copied from a rough draft. It is another proof of the extreme interest which Washington took in agricultural pursuits, that, during his presidency, he kept up a

correspondence with the most skilful agriculturists both in Europe and America, exchanging his ideas on the subject with them.

At first there was no established etiquette at Washington's court as to the times when he should receive visitors ; and the consequence was, that he had to receive them at all times, from morning till night, just as they pleased to come. To put a stop to this torrent of people, it was arranged that Washington should receive ordinary visitors on Tuesdays only, from three to four o'clock ; while Mrs Washington in like manner received visitors on Fridays, from three to five o'clock, the president being always present at her levees. He never accepted any invitations to dinner ; but every day, except Sunday, he invited to his own table a number of guests, official persons, private friends, or foreigners who were introduced to him. On Sundays he received no company : in the mornings he regularly attended church ; and the evenings he spent in the society of his own family, and such intimate friends as were privileged to drop in. During the first year of Washington's presidency his mother died at the age of eighty-two.

The first session of congress under his presidency was spent in organising the several departments of the executive. Washington, as president, nominated the heads of these departments. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson he appointed secretary of state ; Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions were considerably less democratic than Jefferson's, was named secretary of the treasury ; Henry Knox was continued in the office of secretary of war ; Edmund Randolph was made attorney-general ; and John Jay chief-justice. These appointments reflected great credit on Washington's sagacity and impartiality.

It is impossible, in such a paper as the present, to sketch the history of Washington's presidency ; suffice it to say, that the same talents and probity which had characterised him hitherto, appeared conspicuously in the discharge of the new duties which now fell to his lot. In nothing was his ability more manifest than in the manner in which he maintained the balance between the two political parties into which his own cabinet and the nation generally split—the federal party, whose aim was to strengthen the central authority, and the democratic party, whose aim was to increase the power of the citizens in their local courts, and in the separate state legislatures. The head of the former party was Henderson ; the head of the latter was Jefferson. Washington personally inclined to the former ; but, as president, he made it his object to make the different elements work as harmoniously as possible. It was impossible, however, to prevent the parties from diverging more and more ; and as Washington's term of presidency was drawing to a close, fears began to be entertained of the consequences which might result from such a division of opinion. The nation had not yet been consolidated, and a struggle between the federal and the democratic party might produce the most disastrous effects. The only means of preventing such a

calamity was the re-election of Washington for another term of four years. Accordingly, all his friends and the members of his cabinet earnestly solicited him to allow himself to be re-elected. With considerable reluctance Washington yielded to these solicitations, and suffered himself to be re-elected. The time of his re-election was just that at which the French Revolution was at its height ; and it required all Washington's skill and strength of purpose to prevent the United States from being drawn into the vortex of a European war. But although he succeeded in preserving the neutrality of the states, there were many citizens who sympathised with the French revolutionists, and the democratic party, with Jefferson at its head, was gaining ground. So vehement did the struggle between the two parties become towards the end of Washington's second presidency, that even he did not escape the attacks of calumny, and the accusations of an excited public.

So disturbed was the state of political opinion in the union, that many were anxious that Washington should, for a third time, accept the office of president ; but against this proposal he was resolute. Accordingly, in 1797, the election of a new president took place. John Adams, of the federalist party, having the largest number of votes, was declared president ; Thomas Jefferson, of the democratic party, having the next largest number, was appointed vice-president. Adams was inaugurated on the 4th of March ; and immediately after the ceremony Washington retired to Mount Vernon, where he resided for two years and a half, finding a recreation in his old age in those quiet agricultural pursuits which had always been his delight. On the rumour of the probability of a war with France, he was, indeed, appointed commander-in-chief ; but he had no occasion to take the field. His health continued to be remarkably good ; and, to all appearance, the day of his death was yet distant. But on the 12th of December 1799, having gone out as usual to give directions to his labourers, he was overtaken, when riding home, by a storm of sleet and rain. When he came in, his neck was wet, and the snow had lodged itself in the locks of his hair. Next day he felt that he had taken a cold, but anticipated no danger. He read the newspapers as usual, seemed very cheerful, and when asked to take something for his cold, said : ' No ; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came.' Before morning he was much worse ; he breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely speak. He had himself bled by one of his overseers, and his friend Dr Craik was sent for. The remedies tried produced no effect. A little after four, he desired Mrs Washington to bring two wills which she would find in his desk. After looking at them, he gave her one, which he said was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it ; which she did. Shortly after, he said to Mr Tobias Lear, who lived with him in the capacity of secretary and superintendent of his affairs : ' I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed

from the first that the disorder would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' To Dr Craik he said : ' Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.' For some hours he was uneasy and restless, often asking what o'clock it was. About ten, he said with some difficulty to Mr Lear : ' I am just going. Have me decently buried ; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' Towards eleven o'clock, he died without a struggle or sigh. Mrs Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked : ' Is he gone?' ' It is well,' she said, when told that he was ; ' all is now over ; I shall soon follow him ; I have no more trials to pass through.'

Washington died on the 14th of December 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe ; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honour to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself ; the rest were the property of Mrs Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time ; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation, during that period, ' though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties,' on account of their intermarriage with Mrs Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs Washington's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, ' religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay.' Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be ' bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years ;' and negro children thus bound were to ' be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children.' In the meantime, until the emancipation

should take place, he expressly forbade 'the sale or transportation out of the commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever.' To one of his slaves, a mulatto man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and in many respects his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. 'Although, in the circle of his friends,' says Jefferson, 'where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.'





See p. 22.

HINDUISM.

HINDUISM, the general name for the prevailing religion of India, embraces a variety of creeds, differing from one another even more than the different forms of Christianity do. The several Hindu sects have each its own special directory of faith and worship; but there is a book, or rather a set of books, called the Vedas, venerated by all alike; and although the simple faith and worship there described have hardly a feature in common with modern Hinduism, yet all the sectarian books profess to be founded on the Vedas, and the worshippers believe that they have the sacred authority of those books for all their practices. It is the group of creeds, then, that are ostensibly based on the Vedas that forms the subject of the present paper; and we purpose to sketch the system in the successive phases through which it has passed, from the simple worship of the elements of nature, in which shape we first know it, down to the impure and debasing ritual of the Tantras. But before speaking of the religion itself, it is necessary to say something of the people who profess it.

The population of Hindustan is a mixture of numerous races, the relations of which to one another have as yet been very imperfectly made out. Within the historic period there have been several irruptions of Tartar and Mongol races, Mohammedans, who,

entering from the north-west, spread themselves over the peninsula as conquerors, and added a still distinguishable element to the population. But a multitude of facts point to the conclusion that, in times before the dawn of history, there must have been a succession of such irruptions from the same quarter, each superposing a fresh stratum on the original tribes, whoever they may have been. One of those streams of immigration has left more marked and indelible traces than any of the others, and may be said to have moulded the whole subsequent history of India; that, namely, of the race in whose language the Vedas are written. This language, called Sanscrit, has been shewn to be nearly akin not only to the ancient language of Persia, but to the principal languages of Europe—to Greek and Latin, and therefore to their modern descendants; to the Celtic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic tongues. In fact, the recent science of language has put it beyond all reasonable doubt that these languages, now seemingly so diverse, and spoken in regions so wide apart, were in their origin only dialects of one and the same tongue. To account for this fact regarding the languages, ethnologists have formed a theory as to the origin of the nations speaking them. They suppose that, in remote ages, a region of Central Asia, somewhere perhaps to the north of the Hindu Kush, and east from the Sea of Aral, was occupied by a nation or group of tribes all speaking substantially the same language. While yet living together in their native seats, those tribes must have attained a high degree of civilisation, for a number of terms denoting arts and relations of civilised life are found to be common to all the nations descended from them. After a time, this hive of the highest and most improvable type of the human race began to throw off successive swarms towards the west. The first swarm formed the Celts, who were the first of this high race to enter Europe, and who seem at one time to have occupied the greater part of it. At a considerably later epoch than the Celts, came the ancestors of the Italians, the Greeks, and the Teutonic peoples. All these would seem to have made their way to their new settlements through Persia and Asia Minor, crossing into Europe by the Hellespont, and partly, perhaps, between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The stream that formed the Slavonic nations—that is, the Russians, Poles, Servians, &c.—is thought to have taken the route by the north of the Caspian. At a period subsequent to the last north-western migration, the remnant of the primitive stock would seem to have broken up; part poured southwards through the passes of the Himalaya and Hindu Kush into the Punjab, and became the dominant race in the valley of the Ganges; while the rest settled in Persia, and became the Medes and Persians of history.

It is from these eastern members that the whole family takes its name. In the most ancient Sanscrit writings (the Veda), the Hindus

style themselves Aryas; and the name is preserved in the classic Aarii, a tribe of ancient Persia, Aria, the modern Herat, and Ariana, the name of a district comprehending the greater part of ancient Persia, and extended by some so as to embrace Bactriana. Ariana, or Airyana, is evidently an old Persian word, preserved in the modern native name of Persia, Airan or Iran. *Arya*, in Sanscrit, signifies 'excellent,' 'honourable,' being allied probably to the Greek *ari*(stos), the best. Others connect it with the root *ar* (Lat. *arare*, to plough), as if to distinguish a people who were tillers (*earers*) of the earth from the purely pastoral Turanians or Turks.

The mother nation dwelling in the basin of the Caspian is, of course, hypothetical, as are the order and routes of the north-western migrations. Less uncertainty rests on the relation between the ancient Persians and the Aryas who migrated to Hindustan. The Zendavesta, which is to the ancient religion of Persia what the Vedas are to primitive Hinduism, contains distinct allusions to a schism between the two branches of the stock while they yet lived together. The estrangement seems to have arisen from a variety of causes, social as well as religious. The Iranians, as we may call the branch that settled in Persia, began to refine and spiritualise the primitive religious notions common to both parties; antipathy and religious hate were the natural result, and led to still greater divergence, until the advanced party came to denounce the old gods as devils, and the whole system as the source of all evil. It was probably the strife and warfare consequent on this state of feeling that drove the conservative Aryas across the Indus, carrying with them that primitive faith which we have learned to know in the Vedas, and which their descendants afterwards developed into the vast system of Brahmanism. Among the Iranians, the religious development continued in its original direction, until, in the hands of the great religious reformer Zoroaster (properly Zarathustra), it became almost a monotheism, which soon degenerated, however, into dualism. In this shape it continued to be the religion of Persia until overwhelmed by Mohammedanism in the middle of the seventh century A.D. It is represented in modern times by the Parsees, the descendants of those Persians who, escaping from the oppression of the crescent, settled along the western coast of India.

When we first get a glimpse of the Aryas in India, they are settled in the Punjab; from which they seem to have gradually extended their settlements first along the valley of the Ganges, and over Central India as far as the Vindhya Mountains. The immigration probably came in successive swarms, at considerable intervals of time. They established themselves everywhere as a conquering race; their superior energy, both of body and mind, enabling them to hold the native population in subjection, and gradually to impose upon them their religious institutions and their language. The chief modern dialects of Northern India are

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undoubted descendants of the ancient Sanscrit ; and the institution of caste, to be afterwards spoken of, probably originated at the time when the mass of the population, now represented by the *Sudras*, were little better than serfs under a dominant class, whose superiority and privileges were made permanent by being put under the sanction of religion. The extension of the Aryas into the south of India, or the Deccan, seems to have been later ; and there, although they imbued the people with their religion, their language made little impression. In the course of generations, the enervating climate of India and intermixture with the original inhabitants could not fail to tell on the conquerors ; their blood became impure, and they degenerated physically and mentally. And as with their blood, so it fared with their religion. When a debased people adopt the religion of a higher race, it is only their old superstitions put in a new framework and slightly varnished over ; hence the wide departure of the Brahmanic system from the primitive Aryan faith.

The development of Hinduism was greatly affected, no doubt, by its long conflict with Buddhism, a rival faith which sprang up in the sixth century before Christ, and by appealing chiefly to the non-Aryan races, spread widely over India and the adjacent countries. In the early centuries of the Christian era, it threatened to supplant Brahmanism in India ; but, from causes not well known, the latter again acquired the ascendancy, Buddhism rapidly declined, and about the eleventh century A.D. had almost disappeared from the peninsula. It still prevails in Ceylon, the Eastern Peninsula, China, Tibet, and other regions of Upper Asia, and its adherents are estimated at 400 millions, or about a third of the human race ; but except among the Nepaulese in the extreme north, it has no longer any nominal adherents in the country of its birth. The Jains, or Jainas, however, who are found chiefly in Guzerat and other provinces of the west, and, from their wealth and influence, form an important section of the population, profess a faith which seems to be a kind of corrupt Buddhism mixed up with Hinduism ; and Hinduism itself, as believed and practised by the largest and most popular sect, the Vaishnavas or worshippers of Vishnu, is believed to bear traces of Buddhism, as if it had resulted from a compromise with that faith.

Amid all these successive tides of conquest, civilisation, and conversion, numerous outstanding groups of the aboriginal inhabitants, chiefly hill tribes, have remained inaccessible to change, retaining their original languages and dark superstitions. There is also everywhere a floating degraded mass, without the pale of any of the recognised religious communities. Of the 200 millions, which is assumed to be the population of Hindustan, Mr Montgomery Martin estimates this heathen element, as we may call it, at 28 millions ; the Mohammedans at 12 or 15 millions ; the Sikhs at 2 millions ;

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the Jains at 5 millions ; thus leaving 150 millions as Hindus of the Brahmanical creed.

Having thus indicated the external history and position of Hinduism, we proceed to give a sketch of its internal nature and course of development. Hinduism may be divided into three great periods, which, for brevity's sake, we will call the Vedic, Epic, and Puranic periods, as our knowledge of the first is derived from the sacred books called the *Veda*; of the second from the epic poem called the *Rama'yana*, and more especially from the great epos, the *Mahabha'rata*; while the chief source of our information relative to the last period is that class of mythological works known under the name of *Pura'nas* and *Tantras*. We purpose first to sketch the general character of the religion under these three successive phases, prefacing each sketch by some account of its special literature ; and then to give such details of the system as seem most characteristic and instructive.

It may be well, however, at the outset, to guard the reader against attempting to connect dates with the earlier of the periods above named. It has not been uncommon for writers on this subject to assign thousands of years before the Christian era as the starting-points of various phases of Hindu antiquity ; others, more cautious, have marked the beginnings of certain divisions of Vedic works with 1200, 1000, 800, and 600 years B.C. The truth is, that while Hindu literature itself is almost without known dates, owing either to the peculiar organisation of the Hindu mind, or to the convulsions of Indian history, the present condition of our knowledge of it does not afford the means of speculating with safety on its chronology. The more cautious Sanscrit scholars, in the actual state of their science, content themselves with assuming that the latest writings of the Vedic class are not more recent than the second century before Christ. They fix a lower limit, and leave the determination of the upper limit to future research. A like uncertainty hangs over the period at which the two great epic poems of India were composed, although there is reason to surmise that the lower limits of that period did not reach beyond the beginning of the Christian era. The Puranic period, on the other hand, all scholars are agreed to regard as corresponding with part of our medieval history.

THE VEDIC PERIOD.

The Vedas.—Veda (from the Sanscrit *vid*, know ; kindred with the Latin *vid*-, Greek *id*-, Gothic *vait*-, English *wit*, hence, literally, knowledge) is the name of those ancient Sanscrit works on which the first period of the religious belief of the Hindus is based. The oldest of these works—and in all probability the oldest literary document still existing—is the *Rigveda* ; next to it stand the

Yajurveda and *Sāmaveda*; and the latest is the *Atharvaveda*. All four are considered to be of divinely inspired origin. Each of these Vedas consists of two distinct divisions—a *Sa'nhita*, or collection of *mantras*, or hymns; and a portion called *Bra'hmana*.

A *mantra* (from *man*, think; hence, literally, the means by which thinking or meditation is effected) is a prayer, or else a thanksgiving addressed to a deity. If such a mantra is metrical, and intended for loud recitation, it is called *Rich* (from *rich*, praise)—whence the name *Rigveda*, that is, the Veda containing such praises—if it is in prose, and then it must be muttered inaudibly, it is called *Yajus* (from *yaj*, sacrifice; hence, literally, the means by which sacrificing is effected); therefore, *Yajurveda* signifies the Veda containing such *yajus*. And if it is metrical, and intended for chanting, it is termed *Sāman*; whence *Sāmaveda* means the Veda containing such *sāmans*. The author of the mantra, or, as the Hindus would say, the inspired 'seer,' who received it from the deity, is termed its *Rishi* (from the obsolete Sanscrit *rish*, to see).

Bra'hmana.—*Bra'hmana*—derived from *brahman*, neuter, probably in the sense of prayer or hymn—designates that portion in prose of the Vedas which contains either commandments or explanations; or, in other words, which gives injunctions for the performance of sacrificial acts, explains their origin, and the occasions on which the mantras had to be used, by adding sometimes illustrations and legends, and sometimes also mystical and philosophical speculations. The *Bra'hmana* portion of the Vedas is therefore the basis on which the Vedic ritual rests, and whence the *Upd'nishads* (to be afterwards spoken of) and the philosophical doctrines took their development.

Though mantras and *Bra'hmanas* were held at a later period of Hinduism to have existed simultaneously, that is, from eternity, it is certain that the *Bra'hmana* portion of each Veda is posterior to at least some part of its *Sa'nhita*, for it refers to it; and it scarcely requires a remark that so great a bulk of works as that represented by both portions must have been the gradual result of a considerable period of time. There is, indeed, sufficient evidence to prove that various conditions of society, various phases of religious belief, and even different periods of language, are reflected by them.

It is common to speak of Vedas in the plural; but, strictly speaking, there is only one original Veda, namely, the *Rig-veda*, and the others are manufactured out of it. A collection of songs like that of the *Rigveda*, the product of a time when the forms of worship were excessively simple, became inadequate for a regular liturgy of a highly developed and artificial ritual. Out of this necessity there arose the *Sāma*- and the *Yajur-veda*. The former was entirely made up of extracts from the *Rigveda*, put together so as to suit the ritual of the so-called Soma sacrifices. The origin of the *Yajurveda* is similar to that of the *Sāmaveda*; it, too, is chiefly composed of verses taken from the *Rigveda*;

but as the sphere of the ritual for which the compilation of this Veda became necessary is wider than that of the Sâmvêda, and as the poetry of the Rigveda no longer sufficed for certain sacrifices with which this ritual had been enlarged, new mantras were added to it—the so-called Yajus, in prose, which thus became a distinctive feature of this Veda ; and it is on the Yajurveda, therefore, that the orthodox Hindu looked with especial predilection, for it could better satisfy his sacrificial wants than the Sâma-, and still more, of course, than the Rigveda.

The Atharvaveda, too, is made up in a manner similar to the Yajurveda, with this difference only, that the additions in it to the garbled extracts from the Rigveda are more considerable than those in the Yajurveda. It is avowedly the latest Veda. The Atharvaveda was not used 'for the sacrifice, but merely for appeasing evil influences, for insuring the success of sacrificial acts, for incantations, &c. ;' but on this very ground, and perhaps on account of the mysteriousness which pervades its songs, it obtained, amongst certain schools, a degree of sanctity which even surpassed that of the older Vedas.

The Sa'nkhita of the Rigveda consists of 1028 *sûktas*, or hymns, containing 10,417 verses ; and the number of words is stated to be 153,826. As for the authorship of the hymns, they are attributed to certain rishis and families of rishis. On this subject, Dr J. Muir (*Original Sanscrit Texts*, Part ii. p. 206) remarks : 'For many ages the successive generations of these ancient rishis continued to make new contributions to the stock of hymns, while they carefully preserved those which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. The fact of this successive composition of the hymns is evident from the ancient index to the Rigveda, which shews that these compositions are ascribed to different generations of the same families, as their "seers."' The final collection of the hymns into one body, Dr Muir conceives to have happened thus : 'The descendants of the most celebrated rishis would, no doubt, form complete collections of the hymns which had been composed by their respective ancestors. After being thus handed down, with little alteration, in the families of the original authors for several centuries, during which many of them were continually applied to the purposes of religious worship, these hymns, which had been gathering an accumulated sanctity throughout all this period, were at length collected in one great body of sacred literature, styled the *Sa'nkhita* of the Rigveda—a work which in the Pura'nas is assigned to Veda-vyâsa and one of his pupils.' A complete translation of the Rigveda into English was left in manuscript by the late Professor H. H. Wilson, of which four volumes have already appeared in print. A translation of the hymns to the Maruts, or storms, has recently been published by Max Müller, who promises a translation of the whole Rigveda.

Religious Ideas of the Vedic Period.—If the Rigveda coincided with the beginning of Hindu civilisation, the popular creed of the Hindus, as depicted in some of its hymns, would reveal not only the original creed of this nation, but throw a strong light on the original creed of humanity itself. But the Hindus, as depicted in these hymns, are far removed from the starting-point of human society. Their social condition is not that of a pastoral or nomadic people, as is sometimes supposed, but, on the contrary, betrays an advanced stage of civilisation. Frequent allusion is made in them to towns and cities, to mighty kings, and their prodigious wealth. Besides agriculture, they mention various useful arts which were practised by the people, as the art of weaving, of melting precious metals, of fabricating cars, golden and iron mail, and golden ornaments. The employment of the needle and the use of musical instruments are known to them. They also prove that the Hindus of that period were not only familiar with the ocean, but sometimes must have engaged in naval expeditions. They had some knowledge of medicine, and must have made some advance in astronomical computation, as mention is made of the adoption of an intercalary month, for the purpose of adjusting the solar and lunar years. Nor were they unacquainted with the vices of civilisation, for we read in these hymns of common women, of secret births, of gamblers and thieves. There is also a curious hymn, from which it would follow that even the complicated law of inheritance, which is one of the peculiarities of the existing Hindu law, was to some extent already in use at one of the periods of the Rigveda hymns.

Yet, in examining the ideas expressed in the greatest number of the Rigveda hymns, it cannot be denied that they are simple enough and altogether *naïve*. The Hindu of these hymns is essentially engrossed by the might of the elements. The powers which turn his awe into pious subjection and veneration are—*Agni*, the fire of the sun and lightning; *Indra*, the bright, cloudless firmament; the *Maruts*, or winds; *Surya*, the sun; *Ushas*, the dawn; and various kindred manifestations of the luminous bodies, and of nature in general. He invokes them, not as representatives of a superior being, before whom the human soul professes its humility; not as superior beings themselves, who may reveal to his searching mind the mysteries of creation or eternity, but because he wants their assistance against enemies—because he wishes to obtain from them rain, food, cattle, health, and other worldly goods. He complains to them of his troubles, and reminds them of the wonderful deeds they performed of yore, to coax them, as it were, into acquiescence and friendly help. ‘We proclaim eagerly, *Maruts*, your ancient greatness, for the sake of inducing your prompt appearance, as the indication of (the approach of) the showerer of benefits;’ or: ‘Offer your nutritious viands to the great hero (*Indra*), who is pleased by praise, and to *Vishnu* (one of the forms of the sun), the

two invincible deities who ride upon the radiant summit of the clouds as upon a well-trained steed. *Indra* and *Vishnu*, the devout worshipper glorifies the radiant approach of you two who are the granters of desires, and who bestow upon the mortal who worships you an immediately receivable (reward), through the distribution of that fire which is the scatterer (of desired blessings).'

Such is the strain in which the Hindu of that period addresses his gods. He seeks them, not for his spiritual, but for his material welfare. Ethical considerations are therefore foreign to these instinctive outbursts of the pious mind. Sin and evil, indeed, are often adverted to, and the gods are praised because they destroy sinners and evil-doers; but one would err in associating with these words our notions of sin or wrong. A sinner, in these hymns, is a man who does not address praises to those elementary deities, or who does not gratify them with the oblations they receive at the hands of the believer. He is the foe, the robber, the demon—in short, the borderer infesting the territory of the 'pious' man, who, in his turn, injures and kills, but, in adoring Agni, Indra, and their kin, is satisfied that he can commit no evil act.

As may be imagined, the worship of elementary beings like those we have mentioned was originally a simple and harmless one. By far the greatest number of the Rigveda hymns know of but one sort of offering made to these gods; it consists of the juice of the Soma or moon-plant, which, expressed and fermented, was an exhilarating and inebriating beverage, and for this reason, probably, was deemed to invigorate the gods, and to increase their beneficial potency. It was presented to them in ladles, or sprinkled on the sacred Kusa grass. Clarified butter, too, poured on fire, is mentioned in several hymns as an oblation agreeable to the gods; and it may have belonged to this, as it would seem, primitive stage of the Vedic worship.

There is a class of hymns, however, to be found in the Rigveda which depart already materially from the simplicity of the conceptions we are referring to. In these, which are conceived to be of another order, and to belong to a more advanced stage of development, this instinctive utterance of feeling makes room for the language of speculation; the allegories of poetry yield to the mysticism of the reflecting mind; and, the mysteries of nature becoming more keenly felt, the circle of beings which overawe the popular mind becomes enlarged. Thus, the objects by which Indra, Agni, and the other deities are propitiated, become gods themselves; Soma, especially, the moon-plant and its juice, is invoked as the bestower of all worldly boons. The animal sacrifice—the properties of which seem to be more mysterious than the offerings of Soma, or of clarified butter—is added to the original rites.

The growing dissatisfaction of the Hindu mind with the adoration of mere elemental powers, and the longing to penetrate the mysteries

of creation, become still more manifest in a third class of hymns, which mark the beginning of the philosophical creed of the Vedic period. The following is a specimen of those utterances: 'Who knows exactly, and who shall in this world declare, whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world, then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it uphold itself or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, does indeed know; but not another one can possess this knowledge.'

As soon as the problem implied by passages like these was raised in the minds of the Hindus, Hinduism must have ceased to be the pure worship of the elementary powers. The answer to the question, 'whence this varied world arose,' is attempted in the writings known under the name of *Upa'nishads*, the date of which is uncertain. It must suffice here to state that the object of these important works is to explain, not only the process of creation, but the nature of a Supreme Spirit (*Brahman*, as a neuter word, and therefore different from the same word as the first god of the Hindu trinity), and its relation to the human soul. In the *Upa'nishads*, Agni, Indra, Vâyu, and the other deities of the Vedic hymns, become symbols to assist the mind in its attempt to understand the true nature of one absolute being, and the manner in which it manifests itself in its worldly form. The human soul itself is of the same nature as this supreme or great soul: its ultimate destination is that of becoming re-united with the supreme soul, and the means of attaining that end is not the performance of sacrificial rites, but the comprehension of its own self and of the great soul. The doctrine which at a later period became the foundation of the creed of the educated—the doctrine that the supreme soul, or *Brahman*, is the only reality, and that the world has a claim to notice only in so far as it emanated from this being, is already clearly laid down in these *Upa'nishads*, though the language in which it is expressed still adapts itself to the legendary and allegorical style which characterises the *Brahmana* portion of the Vedas. The *Upa'nishads* became thus the basis of the enlightened faith of India.

THE EPIC PERIOD.

This period is so called because we derive our knowledge of it chiefly from the two great epic poems of ancient India—the *Ramâ-yana* and *Mahabha'rata*.

The Ramâ-yana.—The subject-matter of this work is the history of Râma, one of the incarnations of Vishnu (see page 21), and its reputed author is *Valmiki*. Be this as it may, it seems certain that the *Ramâ-yana* was the work of one single poet—not like the *Mahabha'rata*, the creation of various epochs and different minds. As a poetical composition, the *Ramâ-yana* is therefore far superior to

the *Mahabha'rata*; and it may be called the best great poem of ancient India, fairly claiming a rank in the literature of the world equal to that of the epic poetry of Homer. The poem contains 24,000 verses; only a small part of it has ever been translated into English.

The Mahabha'rata.—The main story of this huge composition relates to the contest between two rival families, both descendants of a king Bharata, and the name probably implies 'the great history of the descendants of Bharata.' Of the one hundred thousand verses of which it consists, barely a fourth part is taken up by this narrative; all the rest is episodical. By means of this episodical matter, which at various periods, and often without regard to consistency, was superadded to the original structure of the work, the *Mahabha'rata* gradually became a collection of all that was needed to be known by an educated Hindu; in fact, it became the encyclopædia of India. A kind of analysis of the leading story of the *Mahabha'rata* has lately been given by Professor Monier Williams (*Indian Epic Poetry*; London, 1863).

Religious Ideas of the Period.—The Epic period of Hinduism is marked by a similar development of the same two creeds, the general features of which we have traced in the Vedic writings. The popular creed strives to find a centre round which to group its imaginary gods, whereas the philosophical creed finds its expression in the groundworks of the *Sa'ṅkhya*, *Nya'ya*, and *Veda'nta* systems of philosophy. In the former, we find two gods in particular who are rising to the highest rank, Vishnu and Siva; for as to Brahmâ (the masculine form of Brahman), though he was looked upon, now and then, as superior to both, he gradually disappears, and becomes merged into the philosophical Brahma, which is a further evolution of the Great Soul of the *Upa'nishads*. In the *Rama'yana*, the superiority of Vishnu is admitted without dispute; in the *Mahabha'rata*, however, there is an apparent rivalry between the claims of Vishnu and Siva to occupy the highest rank in the pantheon. The character of these gods, and the relation in which the conception of these beings stands to that of the Vedic time, are noticed further on. We will point, however, to one remarkable myth, as it will illustrate the altered position of the gods during the Epic period. In the Vedic hymns, the immortality of the gods is never matter of doubt; most of the elementary beings are invoked and described as everlasting, as liable neither to decay nor death. The offerings they receive may add to their comfort and strength; they may invigorate them, but it is nowhere stated that they are indispensable for their existence. It is, on the contrary, the pious sacrificer himself who, through his offerings, secures to himself long life, and, as it is sometimes hyperbolically called, immortality. And the same notion prevails throughout the oldest *Brahmanas*. It is only in the latest work of this class, and more

especially in the Epic poems, that we find the inferior gods as mortal in the beginning, and as becoming immortal through exterior agency. In the *Satapatha-Brahmana*, the juice of the Soma plant, offered by the worshipper, or at another time clarified butter, or even animal sacrifices, impart to them this immortality. At the Epic period, Vishnu teaches them how to obtain the *Amrita*, or beverage of immortality, without which they would go to destruction. It is obvious, therefore, that gods like these could not strike root in the religious mind of the nation. We must look upon them more as the gods of poetry than of real life; nor do we find that they enjoyed any of the worship which was allotted to the two principal gods, Vishnu and Siva.

The philosophical creed of this period adds little to the fundamental notions contained in the *Upa'nishads*; but it frees itself from the legendary dross which still imparts to those works a deep tinge of mysticism. On the other hand, it conceives and develops the notion, that the union of the individual soul with the Supreme Spirit may be aided by penances, such as peculiar modes of breathing, particular postures, protracted fasting, and the like; in short, by those practices which are systematised by the Yoga doctrine (see page 26). The doctrine of the reunion of the individual soul with the supreme soul, was necessarily founded on the assumption, that the former must have become free from all guilt affecting its purity before it can be re-merged into the source whence it proceeded; and since one human life is apparently too short for enabling the soul to attain its accomplishment, the Hindu mind concluded that the soul, after the death of its temporary owner, had to be born again, in order to complete the work it had left undone in its previous existence, and that it must submit to the same fate until its task is fulfilled. This is the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or Transmigration, which, in the absence of a belief in grace, is a logical consequence of a system which holds the human soul to be of the same nature as that of an absolute God. The beginning of this doctrine may be discovered in some of the oldest *Upa'nishads*, but its fantastical development belongs to the Epic time, where it pervades the legends, and affects the social life of the nation. (See page 18.)

THE PURANIC PERIOD.

The popular Hindu creed of the present is mainly founded on the two classes of works called the *Pura'nas* and the *Tantras*.

The Pura'nas.—According to the popular belief, these works (the name of which means 'old') were compiled by Vyâsa, the supposed arranger of the Vedas and author of the *Mahabha'rata*, and possess an antiquity beyond historical computation. But a critical examination leaves little doubt that, in their present form, they can barely claim an antiquity of a thousand years. Even a superficial comparison

of the contents of the Pura'nas with the ancient standards of the Hindu religion, shews that the picture of religion and life presented in them is a caricature of that afforded by the Vedic works, and that it was drawn by priestcraft, interested in submitting to its sway the popular mind, and unscrupulous in the use of the means which had to serve its ends. So great and multifarious is the variety of their contents, that they became, as it seems, the source of all popular knowledge; a substitute to the masses of the nation, not only for the theological literature, but for scientific works, the study of which was gradually restricted to the leisure of the learned few. One purpose, however, seems paramount, the purpose, namely, of establishing a sectarian creed. At the third phase of the Hindu religion, two gods of the Hindu pantheon especially engrossed the religious faith of the masses—Vishnu and Siva. Now, a principal object, and probably *the* principal one of the Pura'nas, was to establish, as the case might be, the supremacy of Vishnu or Siva. There are, accordingly, Vaishnava-Pura'nas, or those composed for the glory of Vishnu, Saiva-Pura'nas, or those which extol the worship of Siva. The number of Pura'nas is stated to be eighteen. A short description of each Pura'na has been given by the late Professor H. H. Wilson in the preface to his translation of the *Vishnu-Pura'na*, to which the reader who wishes fuller insight into modern Hinduism is referred.

The Tantras.—Tantra (from the Sanscrit *tan*, to believe, to have faith in; hence, literally, an instrument or means of faith) is a name of the sacred works of the worshippers of the female energy of the god Siva. (See page 22.) A Tantra always assumes the form of a dialogue between Siva and his wife, in one of her many forms, but mostly as *Uma*, or *Parvati*, in which the goddess questions the god as to the mode of performing various ceremonies, and the mantras, or prayers and incantations to be used in them. The efficacy of these mantras is deemed to be all-powerful, and according to some Tantras, the efficacy of faith in these revelations of Siva so great, as to free a believer from the consequences of even the most atrocious sins. The followers of the Tantras profess to consider them as a fifth Veda, and attribute to them equal antiquity and superior authority. Though such an antiquity, or even one approaching the age of the four Vedas, is entirely imaginary, the question of their date is nevertheless involved in obscurity. They must, it would seem, at all events, be later than the first centuries of the Christian era. The works of this class are very numerous.

General Character of the Period.—The Puranic period of Hinduism is the period of its decline, so far as the popular creed is concerned. Its pantheon is nominally the same as that of the Epic period. Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Siva remain still at the head of its imaginary gods; but whereas the Epic time is generally characterised by a friendly harmony between the higher occupants of the divine spheres, the Puranic period shews discord and

destruction of the original ideas whence the Epic gods arose. Brahmâ withdraws, in general, from the popular adoration, and leaves Vishnu and Siva to fight their battles in the minds of their worshippers for the highest rank. The elementary principle which originally inhered in these deities is thus completely lost sight of by the followers of the Pura'nas. The legends of the Epic poems relating to these gods become amplified and distorted, according to the sectarian tendencies of the masses; and the divine element which still distinguishes these gods in the *Rama'yana* and *Mahabha'rata*, is now more and more mixed up with worldly concerns, and intersected with historical events, disfigured in their turn to suit individual interests. Of the ideas implied by the Vedic rites, scarcely a trace is visible in the Pura'nas and Tantras, which are the text-books of this creed. In short, the unbridled imagination which pervades these works is neither pleasing from a poetical, nor elevating from a philosophical point of view. It is this creed which, with further deteriorations caused by the lapse of centuries, is still the main religion of the masses in India. The opinion these entertain, that it is countenanced by the ritual, as well as by the theological portion of the Vedas, is the redeeming feature of their belief; for, as nothing is easier than to disabuse their mind on this score, by reviving the study of their ancient and sacred language, and by enabling them to read again their oldest and most sacred books, it may be hoped that a proper education of the people in this respect, by learned and enlightened natives, will remove many of the existing errors, which, if they continued, must inevitably lead to a further and, ultimately, total degeneration of the Hindu race.

The philosophical creed of this period, and the creed which is still preserved by the educated classes, is that derived from the tenets of the Veda'nta philosophy. It is based on the belief of one supreme being, which imagination and speculation endeavour to invest with all the perfections conceivable by the human mind, but the true nature of which is nevertheless declared to be beyond the reach of thought, and which, on this ground, is defined as not possessing any of the qualities by which the human mind is able to comprehend intellectual or material entity.

To this brief description of the general character of the system we will now subjoin a few of the most significant details.

COSMOGONY.

In Indian cosmogony, and in pagan cosmogonies in general, the idea of creation out of nothing is unknown. The existence of an eternal crude matter (*prākṛiti*) is assumed, which, however, is devoid of all those properties by which bodies manifest themselves to sentient beings. Creation, then, consists in making the visible world out of this crude matter, and is of two kinds—primary and

secondary. In primary creation, Brahmâ first evolves the elementary substances; and then, in secondary creation, he develops the forms of things out of those elements. A succession of creations take place periodically, each, of course, preceded by a dissolution. The length and order of the periods is laid down in a complex system of chronology, which is thus stated in Professor Wilson's translation of the *Vishnu-Purâna*: 1 year of mortals = 1 day of the gods; 12,000 years of the gods = a period of 4 *Yugas*. These *Yugas* are not equal; the last, which is called the *Kaliyuga*, and in which we are now living, consists of 1200 divine years; and the others, in ascending progression, are respectively twice, thrice, and four times as long. As a day of the gods makes a year of mortals, this period of 12,000 divine years = $12,000 \times 360$ (the assumed number of days in the year), or 4,320,000 years of mortals; 1000 of these periods of 4 *Yugas* make a day of Brahma, called a *Kalpa*, which is thus equal to 4,320,000,000 human years. At the end of this day of Brahma, a dissolution (not a total one) of the universe takes place, which lasts through a night of Brahma, equal in duration to his day. At the end of this night he awakes, and creates anew. A year of Brahma is composed of the proper number of such days and nights; and 100 such years constitute his whole life. One half of Brahma's existence has now expired. The dissolution which occurs at the end of each *Kalpa* or day of Brahma is called incidental or intermediate; 'it affects only the forms of inferior creatures, and lower worlds, leaving the substance of the universe entire, and sages and gods unharmed.' That which takes place at the close of Brahma's life is called elemental, 'when not only all the gods and all other forms are destroyed, but the elements are again merged into primary substance, besides which only one spiritual being exists.'

The creation of the human race was not directly effected by Brahma, but by the interposition of a succession of mythical, semi-divine personages. First, Brahma, dividing himself into two parts, male and female, produces Viraj, who creates Manu, who creates ten Maharshis or Praja'patis, who create the different orders of beings, and among them men. Manu figures largely in Hindu mythology. One of the most famous law-books of the ancient Hindus, a work containing not only laws in the European sense, but also a system of cosmogony and metaphysics, is ascribed to him, in order to enhance its sanctity and authority. In this work he declares himself to have created all this universe; other works speak of him as the progenitor of the human race, and connect with him the traditions of a deluge. In accounting for the institution of castes, a quite different account is given of the creation of the human race; and, indeed, the legends generally regarding cosmogony are full of conflicting statements, shewing them to be founded on a variety of different traditions. The native writers have an easy way

of accounting for such discrepancies in their sacred books by saying that the author is here speaking of a different Kalpa.

The Yuga periods above mentioned are depicted in much the same way as are the gold, silver, and iron ages of classic antiquity. There is a gradual deterioration, physical and moral, corresponding to the decrease in length of duration. In the first Yuga, says Manu, 'men are free from disease, attain all the objects of their desires, and live 400 years; but in the succeeding Yugas their life is lessened gradually by one quarter.' The Kaliyuga—the present or iron age—is thus described in one of the Puraṇas—quite in the style of our own admirers of 'the good old time:': 'In the Kaliyuga, (the genius of) Right will have but one foot; every one will delight in evil. The four castes will be devoted to wickedness, and deprived of the nourishment which is fit for them. The Brahmans will neglect the Vedas, hanker after presents, be lustful and cruel. They will despise the scriptures, gamble, steal, and desire intercourse with widows. . . . The twice-born (that is, the first three castes) will live upon debts, sell the produce of cows, and even their daughters. In this Yuga, men will be under the sway of women, and women will be excessively fickle. . . . In the Kaliyuga, the earth will bear but little corn; the clouds will shed but little rain, and that, too, out of season. The cows will feed on ordure, and give little milk, and the milk will yield no butter; there is no doubt of that. . . . Trees, even, will wither in twelve years, and the age of mankind will not exceed sixteen years; people, moreover, will become gray-haired in their youth; women will bear children in their fifth or sixth year, and men will become troubled with a great number of children. . . . In the first twilight of the Kaliyuga, people will disregard Vishnu; and in the middle of it, no one will even mention his name.'

CASTE.

The division of society into hereditary classes, so that the privileges and employment of the father descend to the son, prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, who, according to Herodotus, were divided into priests, warriors, herdsmen, swineherds, tradesmen, interpreters, and pilots. According to the theory of Hindu caste, as laid down by Manu, there are four primary classes, which were distinct at their very creation. Regardless of what is said of the creation of the human race in general in the same work, the writer makes Brahmā create the four classes directly by causing them to proceed from different parts of his body—the *Brahmans* from his mouth, the *Kṣhātriyas* from his arm, the *Vaiśyas* from his thigh, and the *Sudras* from his foot. 1. The office of the Brahmans, or priestly class, is to read and study the Veda or sacred books, to conduct sacrifice, to teach, to act as lawyers and state-councillors. If poor, they are to be supported by the gifts of others; and only when subsistence

is impossible by other means, are they to descend to military duties, or engage in certain kinds of traffic. They are invested with extraordinary sanctity, and even a species of divinity is claimed for them. 2. The Ksha'triyas, or soldier class, comprise kings and nobles. Their office is to defend the people. 3. The Vai'syas are to engage in agriculture, in tending cattle, and in trade. All these are considered privileged classes, and distinguished by a broad line from—4. The Sudras, who are enjoined to serve the other classes. This simply means that, originally at least, they were slaves. Any injury done to one of them is considered a venial offence. They are debarred from the higher rites and rewards of religion ; it is a crime even to read the Veda to a Sudra. Besides the four pure castes, there are a great many mixed castes, arising from the intermarriage of the pure castes, to which, in certain cases, a kind of sanction is given, out of motives of necessity and policy, no doubt. To each of these, certain employments and handicrafts are assigned, making altogether a highly complex and artificial social system.

The classification of modern Hindu society is very different from this original theory. With the exception of the Brahmans, the pure castes have disappeared, and out of the intermixture of the others have sprung innumerable classes, many of them unauthorised except by the people themselves. The restriction of employments, with some exceptions in the case of some of the holy functions of the Brahmans, cannot be said to exist. Brahmans serve as soldiers, and even as cooks. Most of the princes of India are of low caste or base-born ; while there is no ordinary employment that is not open to all classes alike. The institution of caste, as now in force, acts chiefly in restricting people from associating together in such acts as eating and drinking. The loss of caste is the penalty, not of moral offences, but of some kind of ceremonial impurity, the chief sources of contamination being the associating with improper persons, or the eating of improper food. Those excommunicated in this way are called Pariahs ; but so inveterate is this custom of class distinctions, that the very outcasts are said to institute castes among themselves. Several religious sects have sprung up in Hindustan that altogether or in part disregard the trammels of caste. This is a distinguishing feature in the Buddhist and Sikh sects.

The institution of caste is unknown to the Vedas. So long as the intruders lived in isolated settlements by themselves, there were but two classes, the Aryas and the hostile aborigines—the Dasyus. It seems to have been as the Aryas gradually brought the natives into subjection that the caste system became developed ; just as feudalism sprang out of the irruption of the German warrior-tribes into the provinces of the Roman world. In Sanscrit the castes are called *varnas*, or 'colours ;' and the Sudras are spoken of as black, while the other castes are comparatively light. This no doubt points

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to a historical fact, namely, that the Aryas, coming from northern countries, were fair, and the aborigines dark. The three privileged castes were composed of the dominant race, the Sudras were the subject natives. How the gradation of dignity among the privileged classes established itself, is not so clear. In the legends there is abundance of evidence that the Brahmans and Ksha'triyas were originally of one race, and that it was only after a long struggle that their respective prerogatives became defined and acknowledged.

TRANSMIGRATION.

The notion that the soul after death passes into another substance or body, has been common to the most uncivilised and the most civilised nations of the earth ; it has been the object of fantastical superstition, as well as philosophical speculation ; and it belongs both to ancient and modern times. A belief of this nature was entertained by the ancient Mexicans, and probably also by the Druids. It is met with in a more developed form among the ancient Egyptians ; but its real importance it obtained as a tenet of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmanical Hindus and the Buddhists, whence it passed into the doctrine of several philosophers of ancient Greece, and into that of some Jewish and Christian sects.

At the time when the dogma of transmigration became an integral part of the Brahmanic religion (in the Vedic period it seems to have been unknown), the Hindus believed that human souls emanated from a supreme being, which, as it were, in a state of bewilderment or forgetfulness, allowed them to become separate existences and to be born on earth. The soul, thus severed from the real source of its life, is bound to return to it, or to become merged again into that divine substance with which it was originally one ; but as its nature becomes contaminated with sin through its earthly career, it must, so long as it remains in this world, endeavour to free itself from all guilt, and thus become fit for its ultimate destiny. Religion teaches that this is done by the observance of religious rites, and a life in conformity with the precepts of the sacred books ; philosophy, that the soul will be re-united with Brahman, if it *understands* the true nature of the divine essence whence it comes. So long, therefore, as the soul has not attained this condition of purity, it must be born again, after the dissolution of the body to which it was allied ; and the degree of its impurity at one of these various deaths, determines the existence which it will assume in a subsequent life.

Since there can be no proof of the soul's migrations, the detail in which these are described in the religious works of the Hindus, is merely fantastical, and interesting only so far as it affords a kind of standard by which, at various epochs, and by different writers, the moral merit or demerit of human actions was measured in India.

Thus, Manu (in the twelfth book of his Code of Laws) teaches : 'The slayer of a Brahman—according to the degree of his guilt—is reborn as a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird, a Chândâla, or a Pukkasa. A Brahman who drinks spirituous liquor, will migrate into the body of a worm, an insect, a grasshopper, a fly feeding on ordure, or some mischievous animal. A twice-born who steals (the gold of a Brahman), will pass a thousand times into the bodies of spiders, snakes, and chameleons, of aquatic monsters, or of murderous blood-thirsty demons. Those who inflict injury (on sentient beings), become flesh-eaters ; and those who eat forbidden things, worms. Thieves become devourers of each other ; and those who embrace women of the lowest castes, become ghosts. . . . If a man has stolen grain, he becomes a rat ; if honey, a gadfly ;' &c.

The doctrine of Transmigration enters into the system of Buddhism as well as that of Hinduism.

THE HINDU GODS.

The Trimu'rti.—Trimu'rti (from the Sanscrit *tri*, three, and *mûrti*, form) is the name of the Hindu triad, or the gods *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*, when thought of as an inseparable unity, though three in form. The *Padma-Purâna*, which, being a Pura'na of the Vaishnava sect, assigns to Vishnu the highest rank in the Trimu'rti, defines its character in the following manner : 'In the beginning of creation, the great Vishnu, desirous of creating the whole world, became threefold : creator, preserver, and destroyer. In order to create this world, the supreme spirit produced from the right side of his body himself as Brahmâ ; then, in order to preserve the world, he produced from the left side of his body Vishnu ; and in order to destroy the world, he produced from the middle of his body the eternal Siva. Some worship Brahma, others Vishnu, others Siva ; but Vishnu, one, yet threefold, creates, preserves, and destroys ; therefore, let the pious make no difference between the three.' Apart, therefore, from sectarian belief, which makes its own god the highest, and gives him the attributes also of the other gods, Trimu'rti implies the unity of the three principles of creation, preservation, and destruction, and as such belongs more to the philosophical than to the popular belief. When represented, the Trimu'rti is one body with three heads : in the middle, that of Brahmâ ; at its right, that of Vishnu ; and at its left, that of Siva. The symbol of the Trimu'rti is the mystical syllable *om*, where (*o* being equivalent to *a+u*) *a* means Brahman ; *u*, Vishnu ; and *m*, Siva.

Brahmâ.—This deity, as already remarked, although theoretically the first and greatest of the Hindu trinity, has gradually become merged in the universal soul Brahma (the neuter form of the same

word). He takes little or no part in the regency of the world; and, like great men out of place and power, has no adherents.

Vishnu is the second god of the trinity, but is considered by his worshippers to be the supreme deity. The name occurs in the *Rigveda*, but *Vishnu* is there a representation of the sun. Although highly extolled, he is described as having derived his power from *Indra*. It was during the Epic and Puranic periods that *Vishnu* became the great power he now is.

Avata'rs.—The large circle of myths relating to *Vishnu*, in the epic poems and *Pura'nas*, is distinguished by a feature which, though not quite absent from the mythological history of *Siva*, especially characterises that of *Vishnu*. It arose from the idea, that whenever a great disorder, physical or moral, disturbed the world, *Vishnu* descended 'in a small portion of his essence' to set it right, to restore the law, and thus to preserve creation. Such descents of the god are called his *Avata'ras* (from *ava* and *trî*, descend); and they consist in *Vishnu*'s being supposed to have either assumed the form of some wonderful animal or superhuman being, or to have been born of human parents, in a human form, always, of course, possessed of miraculous properties. Some of these *Avata'ras* are of an entirely cosmical character; others, however, are probably based on historical events, the leading personage of which was gradually endowed with divine attributes, until he was regarded as the incarnation of the deity itself. With the exception of the last, all these *Avata'ras* belong to the past; the last, however, is yet to come. Their number is generally given as ten, and their names in order are—1. The fish-; 2. The tortoise-; 3. The boar-; 4. The man-lion-; 5. The dwarf-; 6. The *Parasu-Râma*-; 7. The *Râmachandra*-, or, briefly, *Râma*-; 8. The *Krishna* and *Balarâma*-; 9. The *Buddha*-; and 10. The *Kalki* or *Kalkin-Avata'ra*. We can only afford to notice the most characteristic and important.

The occasion of the *Dwarf-Avata'r* was as follows: A powerful monarch named *Bali* had, by the practice of austerities and costly ceremonies, raised himself to the rank of *Indra*, usurped the dominion of the three worlds (the sky, the earth, and *patala*, or the under world), and filled the gods with dismay. For such rites, especially the 'hundred horse-sacrifices,' are believed to have an inherent power which even *Brahma* cannot resist. After enduring this for a time, a deputation of gods usually proceeds to the heaven of *Vishnu*, and entreats his interference. In the present case, *Vishnu* consents, and descends to earth to reduce *Maha Bali* to order. A promise or gift of the gods, in whatever way it may have been obtained, and whatever consequences it may involve—even the overthrow of the gods themselves—is always considered irrevocable without the consent of the person who has obtained it. But there is nothing, it appears, unworthy of a god in filching that consent by a trick. Accordingly, *Vishnu* assumes the form of a

poor Brahman dwarf, who begs of the monarch a piece of ground not larger than he could measure with three steps, on which to build a hut for himself. No sooner is the request granted, with the usual solemnities, than the form of the dwarf expands to the height of the skies; with three strides he compasses the three regions of the universe, and the power of Maha Bali is at an end.

The next three forms under which Vishnu figures would seem to have been originally historical personages—heroes in that series of wars by which the Aryan race established their sway over the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. In the first of these three, reckoned the sixth Avata'r, we have a hero of the name of Parasu Rama, who subdues the tyrannic Ksha'triyas or soldier race, and gives their lands to the Brahmins. But the most famous of all is the seventh Avata'r, that of Rama Chandra, the hero of the *Rama'yana*. The outline of the action is this : Rama, the son of the monarch of Oude, a hero of great promise, is banished, by a court intrigue, to wander with his beautiful wife, Sita, in the savage country of the Deccan, which was under the dominion of demons—that is, of princes hostile to the Hindu or Aryan race. Rama made himself hateful to the prince of the demons, Ra'vana, who, out of revenge, carried off Sita to his residence in Lanka (Ceylon). But Rama, in confederacy with the monkey-hero, Hanuman, and a whole army of apes, pursues, and making a bridge across the strait to Ceylon, by throwing in mountains, overcomes the demons, and recovers Sita. Under this guise we have probably the historical fact of the extension of the Brahman dominion and religion into Southern Hindustan. The exploits of the leader Rama, under whom this was effected, would first be preserved in metrical legends, and afterwards made to swell the glories of Vishnu, by representing Rama as an incarnation of that god. Rama has numerous temples, and with him and his wife Sita is associated the heroic monkey, Hanuman.

But the form under which Vishnu is most popular in modern times is that of *Krishna*, which is the eighth Avata'r. It being necessary to deliver the earth from a mighty demon, Kansa—a prince, most likely, of infidel or anti-Brahmanic tendencies—a portion of Vishnu descends into the womb of Devaki, the wife of Vasudeva. Kansa being informed that a child was to be born that would overthrow his power, and failing to catch the right one, Herod-like, orders a general massacre of young boys; but Krishna, the young god, had been sent away from Mathura, the capital of Kansa, to be educated in a pastoral district as the son of a cow-herd. The deity, yet in his cradle, performs feats of strength to which those of Hercules are nothing; and as a child, delights in playing tricks on his companions, and even on the god Indra. Grown up to be a youth, he captivates the hearts of all the *gopis*, or milkmaids, and in his sports and dances with them he divides himself, so that each one of the multitude believes herself to be the favoured partner of Krishna. Among

his martial deeds was the destruction of the demon Kansa, and others, which had been the original end of the Avata'r. Seven principal wives are assigned to Krishna, besides a trifle of 16,000 others of less note, by whom he had 180,000 sons. At last, Krishna was killed by a hunter, and Vishnu 'united himself with his own unborn, inconceivable, and universal spirit.'

Vishnu is variously represented. In the figure on page 1, he appears as Rama, receiving the adoration of the royal monkey Hanuman; while Sita is seen undergoing the fire ordeal, to satisfy the world of her chaste escape from the power of Ra'vana, comforted by the presence of Agni, the god of fire.

Siva is the name of the third god of the Hindu triad, in which he represents the principle of destruction. The name *Siva*, as that of a deity, is unknown in the Vedic hymns. The worshippers of *Siva* assign to him the first place in the Trimu'rti; and to them he is not only the chief deity, but the deity which comprises in himself all other deities. Amongst the principal achievements of this god is his conflict with the god *Brahma*, who was originally possessed of five heads, but lost one through exciting the anger of *Siva*; for the fifth head of *Brahma* once disrespectfully addressing *Siva*, and even challenging his power, *Siva* immediately cut off the offending member with the nail of his left thumb. *Siva* is especially worshipped under the symbol of the *Linga* (the male principle in generation), emblematic of creation, which follows destruction. *Siva*, like *Vishnu*, has a thousand names by which he is addressed; the principal are *Isa* or *Iswara* (lord); *Rudra* (the terrible), or *Maharudra* (the very terrible); and *Mahadeva* (the great god).

Saktis.—The Sanscrit *sakti* means 'power, energy;' but, in its special application, denotes the energy of the deity, and particularly that of the gods of the Hindu triad, *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*. This energy, originally spoken of as the wish or will of the Supreme Being to create the universe, and afterwards dilated upon in metaphorical and poetical speech, assumed at the Puranic period the form of a separate deity, thought of as the wife of the god to whom it belongs. Accordingly, *Saraswati* became the *Sakti* or wife of *Brahma*; *Lakshmi*, the *Sakti* or wife of *Vishnu*; and *Devi*, the *Sakti* or wife of *Siva*. Of these *Saktis* the only one that attracts special worship is the consort of *Siva*, who plays as prominent a part in later Hindu mythology as her husband. Her principal names are *Devi*, *Kali*, *Durga*, *Parvati*, *Uma*. As *Durga*, she is a kind of goddess of war; and her martial feats consisted in the destruction of a succession of demons who had conquered the gods and expelled them from heaven. In commemoration of her victory over one of these demons, a festival, called the *Durgapu'ja*, is annually celebrated in Bengal about the autumnal equinox. Three weeks after the *Durgapu'ja*, another festival in honour of this goddess,

called the *Kalipu'ja*, takes place, to commemorate her victory over the demons Chanda and Munda.

'The sable goddess,' Mr Banerjea says, 'is represented holding the severed head of Chanda in her hand, with the heads of his soldiers formed into a garland suspended from her neck, and their hands wreathed into a covering round her loins—the only covering she has in the image constructed for the *puja*. The worship of *Kali* (that is, the Black), to which the narrative (of her victory over Chanda and Munda) has given rise, is considered by the Hindus themselves as embodying the principle of *tamas*, or darkness. She is represented as delighting in the slaughter of her foes, though capable of kindlier feelings to her friends. She is, however, styled the Black Goddess of Terror, frequenting cemeteries, and presiding over terrible sprites, fond of bloody sacrifices; and her worship taking place in the darkest night of the month.' Kali has a splendid temple at Kalighat, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta (the city of Kali), where myriads of victims are offered up to her. From the Pura'na which forms the ritual of her worship, it is clear that human sacrifices at one time formed part of it; special directions are given how the victims are to be killed, and we learn that a sacrifice of three human beings will make her propitious for 100,000 years. It would seem as if in Lower Bengal and the adjoining district of Orissa a more than usual infusion of the dark superstitions of the aborigines had been introduced into Hinduism. In Orissa is the famous idol Jaggernaut, under the wheels of which thousands of Hindus annually were in the habit of sacrificing themselves in assurance of eternal bliss; and the hill tribes not yet Hinduised worship chiefly a female demon, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices of children. Under the influence of government, both practices have recently greatly abated. Jaggernaut (properly Jagannatha—*i. e.*, lord of the world) is understood to represent Vishnu, as the dead Krishna; but the spirit of the worship ill accords with the mild character of that god.

Indra and the other inferior gods.—We have seen that the elemental gods of the Veda were afterwards superseded by higher conceptions. A number of them, however, were retained as an inferior order, styled 'guardians of the world,' and over these Indra was installed supreme lord. The eight guardians are: Indra, the god of the firmament; Agni, of fire; Yama, of the infernal regions; Surya, of the sun; Varuna, of water; Pavana, of wind; Kuvera, of wealth; Soma or Chandra, of the moon. Indra is still the god that sends rain, and wields the thunderbolt; but poetry is more engrossed by the beauty of his paradise, *Swarga*, the happy abode of the inferior gods, and of those pious men who attain it after death in consequence of having, during life, properly discharged their religious duties; by the charms of his heavenly nymphs, the *Apsarasas*, who now and then descend to earth, to disturb the equanimity of austere

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penitents ; by the musical performances of his choristers, the *Gandharvas* ; by the splendour of his capital, *Amaravati* ; by the fabulous beauty of his garden, *Nandana*, &c. The beings of yet inferior rank that have been conceived as objects of worship in Hindustan are innumerable. The Hindus themselves are said to enumerate 330 millions. But to count Hindu deities is like trying to count the objects in a kaleidoscope ; for the same deity is known and worshipped under hundreds of names.

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Of the sects which arose in the third period of Hinduism, there are three chief divisions—the adorers of Vishnu, of Siva, and of the wives or female energies of these gods ; called respectively Vaishnavas, Saivas, and Saktas.

The Vaishnavas.—The numerous sects that go by this common designation are held together by the common link of their belief in the supremacy of Vishnu over the other gods of the Trimúrti ; their differences consist in the character which they assign to the god, in the religious and other practices founded on the nature of their belief, and in their sectarian marks. Six principal Vaishnava sects are enumerated, called by the names of their founders, who appeared in the character of religious reformers at various times between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. We can only notice a few characteristic features of one or two of them, which will give a general notion of the character of the whole.—The most striking peculiarity of the *Ramanujas* is the preparation and the scrupulous privacy of their meals ; for should the meal during its preparation, or while they are eating, attract even the looks of a stranger, the operation is instantly stopped, and the viands buried in the ground. The marks by which they distinguish themselves from other sects are two perpendicular white lines, drawn with a white earth from the root of the hair to the commencement of each eyebrow, and a transverse streak connecting them across the root of the nose ; in the centre is a perpendicular streak of red, made with red sanders, or a preparation of turmeric and lime ; other marks representing several of the attributes of Vishnu, they have either painted or impressed on the breast and each upper arm ; and, besides, they wear a necklace of the wood of the Tulasi (holy basil), and carry a rosary of the seeds of the same plant, or of the lotus. Such, with variations in disposition and colour, are sectarian marks in general. The sacred formula with which a member of this sect is initiated into it consists merely of the words *Om râmâya namah*, ‘Om, salutation to Rama.’ Their principal religious tenet is the belief that Vishnu is the cause and creator of all worlds ; that he and the universe are one, though he is of a twofold form : the supreme spirit or cause, and the gross one, the effect or matter.—Nearly allied to the Ramanujas are the *Ramanandas*, by far the most

numerous class of sectaries in Gangetic India. Their practices are less precise than those of the Ramanujas; but the most important difference between them consists in the fact, that Ramananda abolished the distinction of caste amongst the religious orders, and taught that a *Vairagin*, or one who quitted the ties of nature and society, shook off at the same time all personal distinction. The initiatory formula of a Ramananda is *Sri Rama*, or 'blessed Rama.'—The *Kabir Panthis* are a kind of rationalists; they hold that there is but one God, the creator of the world; he is of ineffable purity and irresistible power, eternal, and free from the defects of human nature, but in other respects does not differ from man. The pure man is his living resemblance; and after death, becomes his equal and associate. God and man are therefore not only the same, but both are in the same manner everything that exists. The triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are the offspring of God by Maya (illusion), and by their immediate agency the universe was formed. But although the Kabir Panthis have a peculiar respect for Vishnu, and therefore are reckoned Vaishnavas, it is no part of their faith to worship any deity, or to observe any ceremonies and rites of the Hindus. They are recommended, however, outwardly to conform to all the usages of tribe and caste, and some even pretend to worship the usual divinities, though this is not considered justifiable. The moral code of the Kabir Panthis is, in many respects, creditable to them. Life, they teach, being the gift of God, must not be violated by his creatures. Humanity and truth are two of their cardinal virtues; retirement from the world is deemed desirable.—One of the most remarkable sects is that of the *Vallabhacharyas*, who are widely diffused throughout Western India. A leading principle with all sects is reverence for, and implicit submission to, the spiritual teacher; but among the *Vallabhacharyas* this is carried to extravagance. The spiritual chiefs, the direct descendants of the founder, bear the proud title of *Maharaj*, or great king; and although they are nearly all grossly ignorant, and often highly disreputable, yet, solely on account of their descent, they enjoy the unlimited homage of their followers. The object of their adoration is Vishnu in his incarnation as Krishna; and the main purport of their precepts is to inculcate absolute submission to the spiritual teacher. Hence has grown up the doctrine, that the Guru or Maharaj is the impersonation of Krishna himself, that God and the Guru are necessarily to be worshipped, and that the sectary is bound to bestow on him 'his body, organs of sense, life, heart, and other faculties, and wife, house, family, property, with his own self.' The gross abuse which was made of this tenet became apparent in a very remarkable trial, the so-called Maharaj Libel Case, which took place in 1861 in the Supreme Court of Bombay, and revealed the licentiousness of one of the then Maharajas of the sect at Bombay. The defendant sued for libel by this Maharaj was a highly respected and distinguished member of the sect, Mr Karsandās

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Mulji, who had had the courage of calling, in a native newspaper, on the Maharajas to reform, and to return to the ancient Hindu faith, and whose public conduct on that occasion elicited the highest praise of the court. For a fuller account of this sect, see the interesting *History of the Sect of Maharajas or Vallabhacharyas in Western India* (by Karsandâs Mulji ; London, 1865), which also contains the history of the 'Maharaj Libel Case' above referred to.

Saivas.—A noticeable sect among the Saivas are the *Yogins*, who practise the most difficult austerities, in order to become absorbed into the universal spirit, and thus liberated from repeated births. The votaries of Siva, so called, hold that, by dint of these practices—such as continued suppressions of respiration, sitting in eighty-four different attitudes, fixing the eyes on the tip of the nose—they will be finally united with Siva, whom they consider as the source and essence of all creation. The *Yoga* doctrine from which the sect get their name, is not confined to them ; it is a general system of philosophical speculation, conjoined with corresponding practices, which has always exercised great power over the Hindu mind, from its countenancing the favourite tendency to the performance of austerities. The word means 'concentration, abstract contemplation ;' and the fundamental idea is, that in order to escape the necessity of successive births, and to become reunited with the Supreme Spirit, the soul must become disentangled from all objects, or completely indifferent. The means of attaining this state are the practice of certain moral duties and religious observances, profound meditation, and the performance of a variety of austerities consisting chiefly in painful postures, suspending the breath, and the like. These practices are supposed to produce the most wonderful effects ; and there are multitudes of professional Yogins, often nothing but lazy mendicants and jugglers, who contrive to impress the vulgar with a belief in their supernatural powers, and pretend to foretell future events and cure diseases. There are instances where, for a consideration, they allow themselves to be buried for a certain time ; and it would really appear that a human being, after having undergone certain preparations such as the *Yoga* prescribes, may be shut up in a box without either food or drink for the space of a month, or even more, and yet remain alive.—See *A Treatise on the Yoga Philosophy*, by N. C. Paul (a native Hindu) ; Benares, 1851.

Saktas.—Sakta, properly speaking, means a worshipper of any of the female representations of the divine power ; but, in its special and usual sense, it is applied to the worshipper of the female energy or wife of Siva alone ; and the Saktas, properly so called, are therefore the votaries of Durga, Devi, or Kali. Since Siva is the type of destruction, his energy or wife becomes still more so the type of all that is terrific ; and, in consequence, her worship is based on the assumption that she can be propitiated only by practices which involve the destruction of life, and in which she herself delights.

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That such a worship must lead to the brutalisation of those addicted to it, and degenerate into the grossest licentiousness, is but natural; and it will easily be understood that the Sakta religion has become the worst of all the forms which the various aberrations of the Hindu mind have assumed. Appealing to the superstitions of the vulgar mind, it has its professors, chiefly amongst the lowest classes; and, amongst these, again, it prevails especially in Bengal, where it is cultivated with practices even scarcely known in most other provinces. The works from which the tenets and rites of this religion are derived are the *Tantras*; but as in some of these works the ritual enjoined does not comprehend all the impure practices which are recommended in others, the sect became divided into two leading branches, the Dakshinacharins and Vamacharins, or the followers of the right-hand and left-hand ritual.

The Dakshinacharins are the more respectable of the two. They profess, indeed, to possess a ritual as pure as that of the Vedas. Nevertheless, they annually decapitate a number of helpless animals, especially kids, and in some cases pommel the animal to death with their fists, or offer blood without destroying life—practices contrary to the Vedic ritual. The Vamacharins, on the other hand—the type of the Saktas—and amongst these especially that branch called Kaula or Kulina, adopt a ritual of the grossest impurities. ‘The principal ceremonies,’ says Professor Wilson, ‘comprehend the worship of Sakti, and require for that purpose the presence of a female as the living representative and type of the goddess. This worship is mostly celebrated in a mixed society, the men of which represent Bhairava (or Siva as the Terrific), and the women, Bhairavi (Sakti or Devi as the Terrific). The Sakti is personated by a naked female, to whom meat and wine are offered, and then distributed amongst the assistants; the recitation of various mantras and texts, and the performance of the Mudra, or gesticulations with the fingers, accompanying the different stages of the ceremony; and it is terminated with the most scandalous orgies amongst the votaries. The members of this sect are very numerous, especially amongst the Brahmanical caste; all classes are, however, admissible, and equal at the ceremonies of the sect.’

The primitive Aryas reared no temples to their gods, and formed no images or symbols of them. Yet modern Hinduism is pre-eminently the religion of temples and of idols. While the temples are grand and elegant, the idols are mostly rude, grotesque, and hideous. This arises, partly at least, from their excessively symbolical character. Four or more arms mark the power of the chief gods; several heads, superior wisdom; Kali’s necklace of skulls, and mouth smeared with gore, her destructive prowess. Most of the idols carried in procession are made for the occasion, and are thrown away when the ceremony is over. A common practice is for individuals to squeeze a lump of mud from the Ganges into the

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shape of an image, or of a lingam, bow reverently to it, offer rice, fruit, or flowers, present invocations and supplications, and then throw it away.

Hindu worshippers are divisible, as among us, into lay and clerical ; the latter consisting of regular priests, and of monks or devotees to a religious life, whose lives are one endless round of ceremonies. The daily devotions of the lay Hindu vary with his social position and greater or less zeal. The favourite places for performing them are the ghats or flights of steps with which the margins of rivers and of tanks are lined. There they perform their ablutions, offer water to ancestors, and invoke their favourite god. Many content themselves with merely making the marks of their sect on their bodies, and invoking, with uplifted hands, Vishnu, or Siva.

We cannot afford space to enter into the endless ceremonial *impurities* in which the Hindus believe. Among no other people, perhaps, has this pestilent superstition assumed such extravagant proportions. So numerous are the apprehensions of defilement, that the Hindu lives in constant fear ; all freedom of action is stifled, and one of the most ingenious races of mankind rendered the most helpless. As an example of the ceremonial which trammels the simplest action of private life, we quote the following from Colebrooke's essay *On the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus* :

' Here, too, as in every other matter relating to private morals, the Hindu legislators and the authors of the *Purāṇas* have heaped together a multitude of precepts, mostly trivial, and not unfrequently absurd. Some of them relate to diet ; they prohibit many sorts of food altogether, and forbid the constant use of others : some regard the acceptance of food, which must on no account be received if it be given with one hand, nor without a leaf or dish ; some again prescribe the hour at which the two daily meals which are allowed should be eaten (namely, in the forenoon and in the evening) ; others enumerate the places (a boat, for example) where a Hindu must not eat, and specify the persons (his sons and the inmates of his house) with whom he should eat, and those (his wife, for instance) with whom he should not. The lawgivers have been no less particular in directing the posture in which the Hindu must sit ; the quarter towards which he ought to look, and the precautions he should take to insulate himself, as it were, during his meal, lest he be contaminated by the touch of some undetected sinner, who may be present. To explain even in a cursory manner the objects of all these, would be tedious ; but the mode in which a Hindu takes his repast, conformably with such injunctions as are most cogent, may be briefly stated, and with this I shall close the present essay.

' After washing his hands and feet, and sipping water without swallowing it, he sits down on a stool or cushion (but not on a couch nor on a bed) before his plate, which must be placed on a clean spot of ground that has been wiped and smoothed in a quadrangular form,

if he be a *Bra'hmana*; a triangular one, if he be a *Ksha'triya*; circular, if he be a *Vai'sya*; and in the shape of a crescent, if he belong to the fourth tribe. When the food is first brought in, he is required to bow to it, raising both hands in the form of humble salutation to his forehead; and he should add: "May this be always ours;" that is, may food never be deficient. When he has sitten down, he should lift the plate with his left hand and bless the food, saying: "Thou art invigorating." He sets it down, naming the three worlds. Or if the food be handed to him, he says: "May heaven give thee," and then accepts it with these words: "The earth accepts thee." Before he begins eating, he must move his hand round the plate, to insulate it, or his own person rather, from the rest of the company. He next offers five lumps of food to Yama by five different titles; he sips and swallows water; he makes five oblations to breath by five distinct names—*Prana*, *Vyana*, *Apāna*, *Samana*, and *Udana*; and lastly, he wets both eyes. He then eats his repast in silence, lifting the food with all the fingers of his right hand, and afterwards again sips water, saying: "Ambrosial fluid! thou art the couch of Vishnu and of food."

The extravagances to which the Yoga doctrine leads, have been thus described: 'Some [of those fanatical yogins or yogis] tear themselves with whips, or repose on beds of spikes, or chain themselves for life to the foot of a tree. Others keep their hands closed till they are pierced through by the growth of the nails. Others make vows to remain standing in a certain position for years, with their hands held up above their heads, until the arms wither away from inaction, and become fixed and powerless. Others, again, undertake to carry a cumbrous load, or drag after them a heavy chain. Some crawl like reptiles upon the earth for whole years, or until they have thus made the circuit of a vast empire. Others measure with their bodies the road to Jaggernaut, or, assuming as nearly as possible the form of a ball, or a hedgehog ensconced in his prickly coat, roll along from the banks of the Indus to those of the Ganges, collecting, as they move in this attitude, money to build a temple, or dig a well, or to atone for some secret crime. Some swing before a slow fire in that horrid clime; or hang for a certain time suspended with their heads downwards over the fiercest flames. Others, turning their heads over their shoulders to gaze at the heavens, remain in that posture until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while, from the twist of the neck, nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach. The grand act of penitence of sitting exposed to five fires, as commanded by Menu, was witnessed by the traveller Fryer nearly two hundred years ago. A yogi exhibited this example of self-torture, the most tremendous perhaps that can be conceived, in the sight of a vast multitude at a public festival, during forty days. Early in the morning, after having seated himself on a quadrangular stage, he fell prostrate, and

continued fervent in his devotions till the sun began to have considerable power. He then rose, and stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the sun, while fires, each large enough, says the traveller, to roast an ox, were kindled at the four corners of the stage, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally with his pot of incense throwing combustible materials into the fire to increase the flames. He next bowed himself down in the centre of the four fires, keeping his eyes still fixed on the sun. Afterwards placing himself upright on his head, with his feet elevated in the air, he stood for the extraordinary space of three hours in that inverted position; he then seated himself with his legs across, and thus remained, sustaining the raging heat of the sun and the fires till the end of the day.*

Prominent features of Hinduism are pilgrimages to sacred places (fountains, rivers, cities), and religious festivals. A visit to Benares, especially, is considered to secure eternal happiness. Benares, situated in the interior of Hindustan, on the northern bank of the Ganges, is emphatically the holy city of India. It forms, the Hindu legends say, no part of the terrestrial globe, but rests on a foundation of its own, one of the prongs of Siva's trident—in consequence of which earthquakes are unknown at Benares. The shortest residence in this blessed spot secures the happy resident, even though he be an Englishman, an immediate absorption into Brahma; and one instance is actually recorded of a benighted Englishman availing himself of the privilege, and bequeathing a sum of money to the Brahmans for the erection of a temple after his death. Ward, who relates the story, adds: 'I suppress the name of my countryman from a sense of shame.'

There is another name even more familiar than that of Benares to those who have heard anything of the Hindus and their religion—that of Jaggernaut. The town of Jaggernaut, or Puri, stands on the dry sandy coast of Orissa; and the huge black temple of the idol is visible far and wide to the passengers of ships sailing in the Bay of Bengal. It is a vast obelisk or grotesque-shaped pyramid, constructed of enormous blocks of granite brought down from the neighbouring mountains, and rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. The temple is surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a spacious area, and round the interior of the wall runs a gallery, supported by two rows of pillars. The faces of the temple are covered over with sculptures, and the top of it is crowned with copper balls and ornaments, which flash and glitter in the sun. The temple and its precincts are inhabited by priests, and by numbers of dancing-girls; and the worship of the god is mixed up with, or rather consists of, all that is vicious and licentious. The great annual pilgrimage to Jaggernaut, to attend the festival which takes place in June, is, all things considered, the most striking exhibition

* *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*—'Hindoos.'

of the fanaticism of the Hindus. Dr Claudius Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, gives a description of the festival, at which he was present. 'We know that we are approaching Jaggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it), by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them with whom I have conversed say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Jaggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. . . . I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Jaggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit, to please the god.'

The 18th of June was the great day of the festival. 'At twelve o'clock this day the Moloch of Hindustan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. . . . The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six ropes, of the size and shape of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each rope, crowding so closely, that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office; for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about a hundred and twenty persons on the car altogether. The chief idol (which is supposed to represent the dead Krishna) is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols (representing Siva and Subhadra) are of a white and yellow colour.' After the procession had proceeded a little way it stopped, 'and now the worship of the god began. A high-priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. "These songs," said he, "are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song." Other disgusting ceremonies then followed, and, adds Dr Buchanan: 'I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing them. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood; and now comes the blood.

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After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains.'

When the British took possession of the place in 1803, they continued the tax that the Mahrattas had formerly levied upon the pilgrims, and out of it paid a sum to the priests for the maintenance of the establishment; but for some years past the management of the matter has been given up into the hands of the native authorities. The attendance at the Jaggernaut festival is represented as sensibly falling off in recent years; and the latest accounts speak of the car of the god as having been left sticking in the road through lack of enthusiasm in the multitude to drag it.



Vishnu, with Lakshmi, reposing on Shesha the Serpent, contemplating the Creation, with Brahma springing from a lotos to perform it.



INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

AMONG the large body of negroes held in a state of bondage, or otherwise living in a condition unfavourable to mental development, there have at various times occurred instances of intelligence far beyond what could have been expected in this unhappy and abused, or at least neglected race. In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing a remarkable skill in mathematical science. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact, as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent persons; and an almanac which he composed was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom. Elsewhere, we have presented the history of the gallant and unfortunate Toussaint l'Ouverture, a negro of St Domingo, whose name will ever be cherished by the friends of suffering humanity; and we now lay before our readers a few sketches of the lives of coloured individuals, who, though less celebrated than Toussaint, are equally worthy of remembrance, and of being placed along with Richard Banneker. We begin with a notice of

INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

THOMAS JENKINS.

THOMAS JENKINS was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including Little Cape Mount, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilisation and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold-dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.

Swanstone brought his protégé to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of everything that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and accordingly he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of

English ; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cow-herd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. 'Black Tom,' as he was called, became at Falnash a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cow-herd at one time, and stable-boy at another : in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servants to give him what knowledge they could.

In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange liking for candle-ends. Not one about the farmhouse could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den ; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country, for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar.

By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek*. A boy-friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies ; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treat-

ment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the *lexicon* as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number 'XCVI.' still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. 'What, what do you mean?' said the poor negro in great agitation; 'you know we cannot pay both that and the duty.' His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular

attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat, with the staring 'XCVI.' upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this, his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection, that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and born pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* (blacksmith's shop) was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed, as a matter of course, that the other school was completely deserted; and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants.

To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his

pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles distant), in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there ; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It further shews his untiring zeal for religious instruction, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter ; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend, Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was nevertheless truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do : the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this ; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands an order upon a merchant in Edinburgh for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity (Latin) for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order ; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Mr Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilising and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about thirty years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions,

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recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves ; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There he attained great eminence as a teacher.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

In the year 1761, Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl, whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a strip of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands the young African had been thrown, and in a short time, the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read ; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother-country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring-classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa

could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morning, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at, or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour—a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the *Iliad*. It is not of course surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

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A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little piece is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise :

'Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each principedom, throne, and power is o'er;
The scene is ended, to return no more.
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold!
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathising verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious Spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour:
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.'

The following passage on sleep, from a poem of some length, *On the Providence of God*, shews a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression :

'As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So may we trace Him in the night's repose.
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, O man! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
What secret hand returns* the mental train,
And gives improved thine active powers again?
From thee, O man! what gratitude should rise!

* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for *restores*.

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And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot !

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' Phillis Wheatley's lines are, if anything, superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

'Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved;
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?'

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of

her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

'Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour;
Not unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief oppress,
But let no sighs, no groans for me
Steal from her pensive breast.

* * *

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,
Complacent and serene,
With Hebé's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.'

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society; and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. From this likeness, the countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming: 'See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?' But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land

of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she discharged the melancholy duty of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection of an honourable kind; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of shewing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity.

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LOTT CARY.

This self-taught African genius was born a slave in Charles City county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind ; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having somehow procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon, and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write ; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco ; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children left him on the death of his first wife. 'Of the real value of his services while in this employment,' says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted, 'it has been remarked that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for ; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work he was highly esteemed, and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five-dollar bank-note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that, while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book

which he had left for a few moments, found it to be Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.'

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at daybreak. Several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon them every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that 'there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again.'

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were for a long time rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilisation and Christianity among the natives.

In 1806 Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he

discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828 in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which ignited some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days. Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilisation on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results which dignify human nature.

PAUL CUFFEE.

From the foregoing instances of intelligent negroes, we now turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life; but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he

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made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a 'common man at the mast.' His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition were perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed at different periods by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme: an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul; but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours, only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas,

poor Paul ! he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate ; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him : he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons burden, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport River, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance. Having felt in his own person the want

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of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time, Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up; but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The *Ranger* was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons burden. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the *Ranger*; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give some idea of the low estimation in which the African race was held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nanticoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook

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of his good-fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig likewise of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the meantime fitted himself also with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship *Alpha*, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig *Traveller*, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a license, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article: 'A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet, under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may

be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends.'

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

The case of the 'Amistad Captives,' as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing was known respecting them in England at the time we write, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer *Fulton* and several revenue-cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various seaports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Jose Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be

* The exact number is not clearly stated by Mr Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five: as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa?

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all the friends of the blacks in America, and every proper means was adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the president, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and were fully entitled to their liberty. They were accordingly set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the States; and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences which came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, 'three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related in 'Merica language' their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havana, the transactions on board the *Amistad*, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn in a

Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English ; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

‘The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follow : These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other ; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle-markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

‘The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup

of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c. upon the wound, so that they "could know him for their slave." The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by "talking with his fingers"—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a council as to what was best to be done. "We feel bad," said Kinna, "and we ask Cinque what we had best do. Cinque say: 'Me think, and by and by I tell you.' He then said: 'If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten.'" Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

'It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he shewed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of *Othello*, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say: "They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea;" but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied: "You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel." The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said: "You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do

for you too." Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal ; he felt very sorry ; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards ! In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said : " Very well ;" but afterwards told his brethren : " We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea."

'At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton tablecloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making with their fingers net fringes, in imitation, they say, of ' Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to shew how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

'These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively ; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said "it would be good for us in our own country." Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c. which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake ; such sentences as, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting.'

Mr Tappan concludes as follows : 'On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington ; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred

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and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotalers. At a tavern where we stopped, Banna took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said: "This bad house—bar house—no good." But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, are about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers.'

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the barque *Gentleman*, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

When the subject of slavery was much agitated towards the end of the last century, one of the most effective advocates for its abolition was a free black living in London in the capacity of valet or butler to a family of distinction. This individual had been born in a slave vessel bound for Carthagena, in South America, his father and mother being destined for the slave-market there. Shortly after their arrival his mother died, and his father committed suicide in despair. The little slave child was carried to England by his master, and made a present of to a family of three maiden sisters residing at Greenwich. Being of a droll and humorous disposition, he earned for himself the nickname of Sancho, after Don Quixote's squire; and ever afterwards he called himself Ignatius Sancho. The Duke of Montague, who was a frequent visitor at the house of Sancho's mistresses, took an interest in him, lent him books, and advised his mistresses to have him educated. At length, on their death, he entered the service of the Duchess of Montague in the capacity of butler; and on the death of the duchess, he was left an annuity of thirty pounds. This, added to seventy pounds which he had saved during the period of his service, might have enabled him to establish himself respectably in life; but for a while Sancho preferred the dissipated life of a wit about town, indulging in pleasures.

beyond his means, and hanging on about the green-rooms of theatres. On one occasion he spent his last shilling at Drury Lane to see Garrick act; and it is said that Garrick was very fond of his negro admirer. Such was Sancho's theatrical enthusiasm, that he proposed at one time to act negro parts on the stage; but as his articulation was imperfect, this scheme had to be given up. After an interval of idleness and dissipation, Sancho's habits became more regular, and he married an interesting West India girl, by whom he had a large family. At this period of his life Sancho devoted himself earnestly to the cause of negro freedom. His reputation as a wit and humorist still continued; and his acquaintances were of no mean sort. After his death, two volumes of his letters were published, with a fine portrait of the author; and in these letters his style is said to resemble that of Sterne. As a specimen, we subjoin a letter of his to Sterne, with Sterne's reply.

'REVEREND SIR—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom; my chief pleasure has been books: philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage. "Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery, what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many millions are made to drink of it." Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren excepting yourself and the humane author of *Sir George Ellison*. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke perhaps of many; but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically

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observe, is eloquent : figure to yourself their attitudes ; hear their supplicating addresses ! Alas ! you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply ; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, &c.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.'

STERNE'S REPLY.

' COXWOULD, *July 27, 1767.*

' There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world ; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine ? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease ? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them ? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least), but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter ; for in serious truth it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery ; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

' And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu ! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours,

L. STERNE.'

ZHINGA—A NEGRO QUEEN.

The history of Zhingá, the famous negro queen of Angola, on the western coast of Africa, exhibits the power of negro character, even when untutored and left half savage. She was born in 1582, a time when the Portuguese were planting trading settlements on the African coast, and making encroachments on the possessions of the native

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princes. When Zhingá was forty years of age, and while her brother reigned over Angola, she was sent as ambassadress to Loanda, to treat of peace with the Portuguese viceroy at that place. 'A palace was prepared for her reception, and she was received with the honours due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was prepared for the Portuguese viceroy, while in front of it a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhingá gravely seated herself on the woman's back, and awaited the entrance of the viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly refused it ; but finally concluded a treaty on the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the attendant on whose back she had been seated still remained in the same posture. Zhingá replied : "It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no farther use for the woman !" '*

During her stay at Loanda she embraced Christianity, or pretended to embrace it ; was baptised, and in other respects conformed to European customs. Shortly after her return to Angola, her brother died, and she ascended the throne, making sure of it by strangling her nephew. On her accession to the throne, she was involved in a war with the Portuguese ; and, assisted by the Dutch, and by some native chiefs, she carried on the contest with great vigour. At length, however, the Portuguese were completely victorious, and as she refused the offer which they made of re-establishing her on the throne, on condition that she should pay an annual tribute, another sovereign was appointed, and Zhingá was obliged to flee. Exasperated at this treatment, she renounced Christianity, as being the religion of the Portuguese ; and, placing herself at the head of a faithful band of negroes, she harassed the Portuguese for eighteen years, demanding the restoration of her kingdom, and listening to no other terms. At length, softened by the influence of advancing age, and by the death of a sister to whom she was much attached, she began to be haunted with feelings of remorse on account of her apostasy from the Christian faith. The captive Portuguese priests, whom she now treated with kindness and respect, prevailed on her to declare herself again a convert. She was then reinstated in her dominions, and distinguished herself by her zeal in propagating her new religion among her pagan subjects, not a few of whom were martyred for their obstinacy by her orders.

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Among other laws, she passed one prohibiting polygamy, till then common in her kingdom ; and as this gave great offence, she set an example to her subjects by marrying one of her courtiers, although she was then in her seventy-sixth year. She also abolished the custom of human sacrifices. She strictly observed her treaties with the Portuguese ; and in 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the terms of peace, she marched against him, and having defeated him, cut off his head, and sent it to the Portuguese viceroy. Nothing, however, not even the influence of the priests, could prevail on her to become a vassal of the Portuguese king. One of her last acts was to send an embassy to the pope, 'requesting more missionaries among her people. The pontiff's answer was publicly read in church, where Zhingá appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honour of this occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle in the dress and armour of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done at twenty-five. She died in 1663, aged eighty-two. Arrayed in royal robes, ornamented with precious stones, with a bow and arrow in her hand, the body was shewn to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary.'

PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havana, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as 'the celebrated poet Placido ;' and says, 'this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana, who united to purchase his release from slavery.' The *Poems by a Cuban Slave*, edited by Dr Madden some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro. Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race ; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy

failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution in a letter from Havana, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper: 'What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the "chapel" for the condemned. On the appointed day a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the "chapel" means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone. The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he arose, and said: "Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego!" ("Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire!"). Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. "Will no one have pity on me?" he said. "Here," pointing to his heart—"fire here." At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt.'

The following is a translation, by Maria Weston Chapman, of the beautiful lines composed by Placido, as above narrated. 'They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered a few moments before he

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expired.' The original is in Spanish ; but the following appears to be a pleasing version.

' Being of infinite goodness ! God Almighty !
I hasten in mine agony to Thee !
Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity ;
Efface this ignominy from my brow,
Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

O King of kings ! Thou God of my forefathers !
My God ! Thou only my defence shalt be,
Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea ;
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers—
Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,
Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
Without Thee all is naught, and at thy choice,
In fathomless eternity must perish.
Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God ! I can deceive Thee never ;
Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
Through every earthly lineament for ever.
Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
And men shall trample over my cold dust—
The corse outraging with malignant pleasure—
Speak, and recall my being at thy nod !
Accomplish in me all thy will, my God !'

CONCLUSION.

While these notices may be of use in aiding the cause of the much oppressed negro, they are in no respect designed to establish the fact, that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances effect all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful

proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained—that is, that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point ; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments : these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild-apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more illustrative of this hypothesis than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white.



A VISIT TO SHETLAND.



EVER since reading that most delightful of Scott's romances, *The Pirate*, I entertained a strong desire to visit Shetland, which, however, I had little expectation of being permitted to see. By a fortunate circumstance I made the acquaintanceship of a young gentleman from that interesting country, during a winter which he spent in Edinburgh, and was kindly invited to accompany him home on the ensuing summer. Agreeing to his earnest entreaties to visit his native place, we set out on our expedition in the month of June 1844, taking a portion of the North Highlands in our route. The ordinary mode of visiting Shetland is by a steam-vessel from Leith, which touches at the principal ports in its voyage along the east coast of Scotland. The last of its halting-places is Wick, in Caithness, whence it crosses the Pentland Firth to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and there shoots off in a north-easterly direction for Shetland. It is only, however, during the summer months that a steamer plies to this distant land, which at other seasons can be reached only by sailing-vessels. Having calculated our time pretty accurately, my friend and I arrived in Wick a few hours before the appearance of the steamer, and had scarcely time to look about us ere it was necessary to go on board.

It was a charming morning towards the end of June, when our

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vessel left the port and stood out to sea, bound for what was to me an unknown land. The sea was beautifully green, the air mild, and scarcely a breath of wind agitated the face of the deep. The coast of Caithness on our left was bare and uninviting, and mostly level, with high pastoral hills rising in the distance. In from two to three hours after leaving Wick, our vessel was off John o' Groats, the north-eastern extremity of Great Britain, and about to cross the Pentland Firth. This is the strait or arm of the sea betwixt the mainland of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, extending about twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. It is the most dangerous of the Scottish seas, yet is the route necessary to be taken by all vessels of a large size passing to and from the east coast of Scotland in communication with the Atlantic—the Caledonian Canal now allowing the passage of vessels of moderate burden. The dangers of this dreaded gulf arise from the conflict of the tides of the Atlantic and German Oceans, and the impetuosity of various currents agitated by the winds. It also is beset by whirlpools, one of which, near the island of Stroma, is exceedingly dangerous. On the present occasion, the sea was so tranquil that the smallest boat might have sailed along the firth without any risk of injury; and as we steamed across, we perceived a number of small fishing-craft busily plying their labours. The Orkney Isles lay straight before us, like so many rugged masses crested on the horizon: bending a little to seaward, we soon had them on our left, and passed at a respectful distance several bold headlands and islands. That which lay nearest our course was Copinsha, a small island, consisting of a huge pile of rocks, on which sat such vast numbers of sea-birds, that the whole rocky surface seemed to be covered with a living mass. The captain of our vessel, to amuse his passengers, requested the mate to fire a musket, and the noise produced the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever beheld. Alarmed for their safety, the poor animals set up a universal scream, which was prolonged for some minutes, almost like the roar of thunder, while the whole atmosphere became filled with birds darting in different directions, upwards and downwards, and careering away in great clouds towards the northern boundary of the horizon.

Our steamer now made a curvature to the west, and in an hour or thereabouts entered Kirkwall Bay, and came to a pause in front of the town. The time allowed for the vessel to remain was only an hour and a half; yet in this brief period I was able to pick up a tolerable idea of the capital of the Orkneys. Kirkwall is a curious old-fashioned-looking town, reminding me of the ancient and picturesque towns of the Netherlands. It consists of little else than a single narrow and irregular thoroughfare, with the gables of the houses turned generally towards the street. Many of these houses bear strong marks of old age, as the doors and windows are very

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small, and the walls uncommonly thick. The apartments within must accordingly be anything but light or cheerful. The town takes its name from the great kirk or cathedral of St Magnus, a structure of great antiquity, and remarkable as the only building of the kind in Scotland, besides that of Glasgow, which survived the outbreak at the Reformation. We went to see this celebrated edifice, which, with the exception of the spire, partly destroyed, is in good condition, and contains a number of interesting old monuments. Near the cathedral stood the castle of Kirkwall, now a complete ruin, but a place of great strength in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was in the possession of the infamous Patrick Stewart, known in these parts as 'Earl Pate.' This man deserves a passing notice, if only for the purpose of shewing the state of affairs in Scotland two hundred years ago. He was the son of Robert Stewart, natural son of James V., who in 1581 was raised to be Earl of Orkney. Patrick, who succeeded his father as earl, was a man of a haughty turn of mind; and being of a cruel disposition, he committed not only many acts of rebellion, but of local oppression. Assuming the airs of a petty king in his earldom, he kept a retinue of desperadoes to do his bidding, and became the terror of the surrounding islands and seas. Unable any longer to endure the insolence of Earl Pate, James VI. despatched a strong force to dislodge and capture him; and after a desperate encounter, he was taken, brought to Edinburgh, tried, condemned, and executed, vastly to the relief of the long-abused Orcadians.

There are some other antiquities worth seeing in Kirkwall; but our allowance of time was elapsed, and we were compelled to hurry on board without paying them a visit. I was glad to observe that even this remote town has been latterly improved by the erection of new houses, and that it is an industrious and thriving little port. Its principal communication is with Leith and Edinburgh, from which it is distant 352 miles.*

* Stromness, the only other town and port of any consequence in Orkney, is situated on the west side of the mainland, and from it is supplied a considerable number of the sailors engaged in whaling expeditions. The English and Scotch whalers arrive about March at Stromness. Their tonnage amounts to from three to four hundred tons; and their complement of men is usually about fifty, of whom about twenty are regular sailors. The Orkneyemen, who acquire from childhood great skill and intrepidity in the management of boats on their stormy and dangerous seas, are usually employed almost exclusively in the boat-service. But it is remarked of them, that, being habituated to the constant vicinity of coasts and harbours, they are apt to fail both in perseverance and courage when exposed to the perils of distant cruises in open boats; so seldom is the human mind prepared for circumstances to which it is unaccustomed, exhibiting either the rashness of inexperience, or the confusion of ungrounded apprehension. The Orkneyemen being unpractised in the management of vessels, are very unskilful in that branch of nautical duty. The number of natives who went from Stromness on this service in the present year was seven hundred, a number far inferior to that formerly employed, amounting sometimes to one thousand. The English are said to have offered themselves lately more readily, and to have proportionally displaced the natives of the northern isles. The vessels return from the fisheries about harvest-time. They are now daily expected, and their arrival is dreaded at Stromness, the inhabitants being prevented walking in the streets by day, as well as by night, by the tumultuous revels in which the Orkneyemen indulge for some time after their return. Their

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Our steamer, again on its way, soon cleared the islands in the Orkney group, and began to cross the sound which separates them from Shetland. This sound is fifty miles broad, and is clear of any islands except Foula and Fair Isle, which lie half-way between Orkney and Shetland.* In an hour after passing Fair Isle, the bold promontory of the mainland of Shetland came into view. The extreme point of this elevated peninsula is one of the most terrific things in marine scenery. On the east is the precipitous front called Sumburgh Head, and on the west is the lofty crag named the Fitful Head, against which the rolling waves of the Atlantic, aggravated by the contrary pressure from the German Ocean, are continually lashing and raging in unmitigable fury. As we approached the beetling cliff of Sumburgh, which rises four hundred feet above the boiling ocean beneath, our view became unfortunately intercepted by the mists of evening, which crept over the scene, shrouding everything in their bosom. This was doubly unfortunate, for it caused our captain to slacken his speed, and detained us at sea till early next morning. We had, however, some agreeable companions on board; and as the accommodations were good, we passed the night without feeling that we had much to lament in our detention. Being now in the 60th degree of north latitude, daylight could scarcely be said to have left us during the night; and at two o'clock in the morning, albeit the mist still hung about us, we could see as clearly as we can do in London at about any hour in a November day. At six, the fog, to our delight, broke up, drawing itself away to seaward; and as it rose like a curtain from the land, we had before us, at the distance of two or three miles, the inlet called Bressay Sound, at the head of which was Lerwick, the place of our destination. In half an hour we were landed at a little quay in this the most remote town in the British Islands, and in a few minutes more lodged under the hospitable roof of Mr —,

conduct has, however, improved in all respects of late years, especially in their attendance at church, which was formerly entirely neglected by those people. The young minister of Stromness assured me that he had lately seen as many as a hundred of them present at divine service; and he confidently attributed the change to the practice, now observed at the Straits, of hoisting a flag on board some of the vessels on Sunday, for the purpose of assembling the crews for prayer, and the consequent influence of the uninterrupted attention to religious observances. The men gain usually from £20 to £40 on the voyage. If they do not return in time for the harvest, it is gathered in by their wives and sisters. Orkney does not furnish a single vessel for this trade.'—*Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland, by Lord Teignmouth.*

* It was on the shores of Fair Isle that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was driven during his flight northwards, by the tempest which so nearly completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in the memorable year 1588. In this small island the great Spanish noble (his huge unwieldy ship having gone to pieces), with two hundred men, was nearly starved for want of provisions. He afterwards made his way to the house of Malcolm Sinclair in Quendale Bay, in the mainland of Shetland, and eventually landed in safety at Dunkirk. One of the most curious results connected with the temporary residence in Fair Isle of the foreign sailors, is, that the natives acquired, and their descendants have ever since preserved, a knowledge of the peculiar patterns of gloves and caps worn by the Spaniards, and to this day work them in various-coloured worsteds exactly resembling the corresponding articles produced at Cadiz.—*Wilson's Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland.*

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a relation of my fellow-traveller. Before saying a word about this strange-looking town, let me glance at the

HISTORY OF SHETLAND.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands appear to have been visited by the Romans, by whom they were considered the *Ultima Thule*; in an after-period they were conquered and taken possession of by the Northmen or Norwegians—their numerous bays or *voes* affording the best refuge for their vessels. Indeed, from the latter circumstance, these Danish rovers acquired the name of *Vikingr*; that is, Voe or Bay Kings. From the voes of Shetland, as well as from Orkney and the north and north-west of Scotland, these northern pirates made descents on the rich coasts of Europe, and devastated them with fire and sword. By these rovers, Shetland is said to have been first named Hialtland or Hetland, either word signifying the high or lofty land; and from this term the modern name Shetland or Zetland is derived. The vikingr, after a pretty long possession of Shetland, and fortifying themselves in burghs or towers on the headlands, were at length, in the tenth century, subdued by Harold of Denmark, and the islands added to his continental dominions. Both from the vikingr and the more regular governors who succeeded them, the inhabitants of Shetland acquired the Norwegian character, laws, language, and manners. If the earliest inhabitants were of a Celtic race, like their neighbours on the mainland of Scotland, they lost every trace of this origin, and in the course of ages became in every respect a different people from the inhabitants of either the Highlands or the Lowlands.

Under the kings of Norway the Shetlanders enjoyed liberal treatment and government. The principal inhabitants were called *Udallers*, from the conditions on which they held their lands; the word *udal* being compounded from *æde* and *dale*, signifying a waste or uninhabited dale. A *udaller* was at first nothing more than the proprietor of land previously accounted waste, which he had enclosed for his own use. But as land became more valuable, the expression gradually lost its primary signification, and was applied to the holders of large tracts of land which were enclosed, and free from *scat* or taxation. Latterly, it came to signify any wealthy proprietor.

Shetland being separated from Orkney by a wide and stormy channel, had a distinct prefect or governor appointed over it, who acquired the name of *Foude*, an office which likewise included in it the guardianship of the revenues of the country. The country at the same time acquired the name and character of a *Foudrie*. The relics of antiquity connected with the Norwegian government of Shetland are various. Courts of judicature, or *tings*, were held in the open air, the erection being for the most part constructed of loose stones piled together in a circular form. Of these tings,

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the sites of many of which are still visible, there were three kinds. The lowest was a herad, or parish ting, over which the foude of the parish presided—an officer who, in the Scottish period of the history of these islands, afterwards assumed the name of bailiff. The foude was assisted in his magistracy by a law-right man, whose particular duty it was to regulate the weights and measures, and by a number of men named rancelmen. The ting, to which these men gave their service, could only doom or give judgment in small matters, namely, in those which related to the preservation of good neighbourhood, as in questions of minor trespasses on land, &c. A higher court was a circuit ting, over which the Earl of Orkney presided, or, in his absence, the *great* foude, so named in contradistinction to the subordinate or parish foudes. In his judicial capacity, the great foude was the lawman of Shetland, and gave doom according to the Norwegian Book of the Law. The lawman made his circuit round the whole of the more comprehensive juridical districts of the country—*ting sokens*—each ting soken including several minor districts, which were severally under the subordinate jurisdiction of parish foudes. He here heard appeals against the decrees of parish tings, and tried weightier offences, such as were visited with heavy fines, or confiscations, or capital punishments. A third ting was named the *lawting*, because it was a legislative assembly. This was held once a year, and here also the lawman presided. All the udallers owed to it suit and service. The lawting was held within a small holm or islet, situated in a freshwater lake, the communication with the shore being by stepping-stones. The valley in which the lawting was situated bore the name of Thingvöllr, now corrupted into Tingwall. Here the udallers exercised the power of reversing the decrees of inferior courts, of trying important causes, and of legislating or making by-laws for the good of the whole community. The highest appeal was to the king at Bergen, in Norway.

Excepting for such appeals, and the imposition of a tax, Orkney and Shetland had little actual dependence on the crown of Norway. They were very much under the immediate sway of the Earls of Orkney, a Scandinavian race, who continued in power from 922 to 1325, when the direct line failed, and the earldom passed to a collateral branch in Malis, Earl of Stratherne, and afterwards into the family of St Clair about 1379. The renewal of the title in the Stewarts, at a considerably later period, has already been noticed.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands belonged to Norway till 1468, when they were impleged to James III. of Scotland, as a portion of the dowry given with his queen. The sum for which Orkney was pledged was 60,000 florins. The money not being forthcoming, the islands were declared to be forfeited, and, with all their inhabitants, were formally annexed to the crown of Scotland. On being finally emancipated from the earls and other court favourites, to whom the

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Scottish kings had inconsiderately assigned them, they fell under the ordinary rule of sheriffs and other magistrates; the old udal holdings were abolished; and the laws of Scotland were extended over them. The two groups of islands now form one county, with a representative in parliament.*

It is much easier to alter laws and other civil institutions than to change the language and social habits of a people. This has required four centuries; and even yet, in the greatly modernised state of things in Shetland, there are many interesting traces of Scandinavian manners.

Accustomed to associate Orkney and Shetland as one remote chain of islands, it is somewhat difficult to comprehend that they have very little intercourse or connection with each other. The people of Orkney contemplate their remote neighbours, the Shetlanders, with nearly the same feeling of strangeness which we ourselves entertain. Though having a common origin, from the greater intercourse with the continent of Britain, the people of Orkney have less peculiarity of manners than those in Shetland. In both groups of islands the Scandinavian language has vanished, and been superseded by English, purer than the ordinary Lowland Scotch; but everywhere Norwegian terms are common, along with some peculiarities in the mode of utterance. For the universal spread of the English tongue, the islands are indebted to the introduction of schools and parochial ministrations; also the residence of the higher and mercantile classes, who are connected with the best society in Scotland.

EXCURSIONS AMONG THE ISLANDS.

It was not without a feeling of interest and curiosity that I found myself settled in a town nine hundred miles north from London, and in the midst of a comparatively foreign, though British people. Every such feeling was soon enhanced by the hospitality of our reception, and the expectation of making several excursions to different parts of this insular country. There was little to detain us in Lerwick. Situated on a piece of irregular ground, it stretches

*The Orkneys consist of sixty-seven islands, thirty-eight of which are uninhabited, the whole scattered over a space of forty-five miles in length by twenty-five in breadth. The largest, forming the mainland, is called Pomona, and on this Kirkwall is situated. The islands are generally bare and pastoral, but there have been considerable advances in agriculture of late years. The Shetland Islands lie at the distance of about fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkneys, and forty-four leagues west of Bergen, in Norway, which is the nearest point of continental Europe. With the exception of two, the Shetland Islands are contiguous to each other, and lie between $59^{\circ} 48' 30''$ and $60^{\circ} 52'$ north latitude. There are three principal islands in the group—Mainland; next, on the north, Yell; and still farther north-east, Unst. On the east of Yell lies Fetlar, which is the largest of the inferior islands. The next in point of size is Bressay, which lies opposite Lerwick. The smaller islands are Whalsay, Out Skerries, Samphray, Big Island, Mukle Roe, Papa-Stour, House, Baray, Trondray, besides a great number of islets, holms, and skerries or mere rocks. The population of the Shetland Islands is 32,000.

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in the form of a crescent upon the margin of the spacious harbour of Bressay Sound, and consists but of a single street, with a variety of buildings jutting out into the sea, and some creeping up an adjoining height on the west. At the north end of the town, on a small rocky edifice, stands Fort Charlotte, which commands the harbour, and could effectually protect it from any external attack. At present, it is used chiefly as a prison and court-house, and its guns are, I suppose, seldom fired, the whole garrison consisting of a single functionary. The houses, like those of Kirkwall, are generally built without order or regularity, and many of them have their ends to the street, if I may be allowed to apply that term to the leading thoroughfare in this curiously-constructed town. A lane, winding and zigzagging, would be the more appropriate phrase. This chief thoroughfare, however, and its tributary alleys, are pretty well paved with flag-stones, and not inconvenient to foot-passengers. No vehicle of any kind is to be seen, or indeed could proceed over the ups and downs, and through the intricacies of the Lerwegian streets. As at Venice, all traffic is carried on by sea, the boats and larger vessels bringing or taking away goods being able to sail in close to the warehouses on the margin of the harbour. I observed a number of shops or stores for the sale of miscellaneous articles, and I was shewn a small inn, which has recently been opened for the accommodation of travellers. The population had generally a seafaring look, and there were on all sides signs of industry and comfort. I was particularly struck with the busy movements of a number of the females. Almost every woman of humble rank whom I met, even while carrying a loaded basket on her back, was busily engaged in knitting wool into stockings, or some other article of attire.

The country around Lerwick possesses nothing to attract. There is some cultivation, but the country generally is pastoral, swelling into hills, and bleak and bare from the absence of trees or shrubs. On the day after our arrival, we paid a visit to a gentleman in Scalloway, a small town at the head of a bay some miles to the west of Lerwick. Here, in a garden, I remarked for the first time some trees and fruit-bearing bushes; the latter, however, were under the wall, with a southern exposure. I am told that the absence of trees in Shetland does not altogether arise from the coldness of the climate, for trunks are found in the peat-mosses; and in one or two places some tall trees of the sycamore kind still flourish.* Whatever be the

* In one or two gardens, sycamores and other trees, planted probably a hundred years ago, have attained the height of forty or fifty feet, the girth within three feet of the ground being above six feet. That trees have formerly grown in abundance in Shetland, can hardly, I think, be doubted, from the absence of any appreciable peculiarity in climate or soil fatal to their growth, and from the general diffusion of their remains in the peat-moors. Some of those peat-trees were of no inconsiderable dimensions; but for the most part they are of small size. From this, however, it cannot be fairly inferred that, generally, the native trees were diminutive. Timber must always have been valuable in

reason for the decay of the original forest, the defect is likely to be soon in part supplied by planting. Various proprietors have begun to plant forest trees; and the more opulent among them have also now made laudable efforts to improve the poor horticulture of the islands. In the garden of a gentleman in the island of Bressay, a hothouse has been erected, and is said to yield a good crop of large grapes. At Scalloway, I visited the ruin of an old castle, which had been built by Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in 1600, doubtless for the purpose of aiding in his cruel oppression of the Shetlanders. In the scattered little town of Scalloway there are some good houses, the place having once been the capital of Shetland, and, until comparatively recent times, the residence of a number of opulent families.

In going and returning on this short excursion, we had occasion to pass one of those large peat-mosses, which I afterwards found were so common in these islands. Without native wood or coal, the common fuel of the Shetlanders is peat, dug from the black mosses interspersed over the country, and whose origin may perhaps be traced to the wreck of ancient forests, with the subsequent accumulation of vegetable matter. The peat is dug with a long-handled spade, the delver cutting out and laying aside a peat at every jerk with his instrument. After being dried, the peats are carried home, very commonly in baskets, on the backs of ponies.

My friend being anxious to reach his home in one of the northern isles, we agreed to quit Lerwick on the second day after our arrival, and bespoke a boat for the purpose. The Shetland boats are built on the model of the ancient Norwegian yawls, pointed fore and aft. They are exceedingly graceful in form, and are considered both swift and safe, though the single mast is usually too high, and the sail too large, so that at sea the boat looks like a butterfly—all wings. It was yet early when our handsome craft, manned by six good rowers, and propelled by a gentle wind, which bent the sail, sped swiftly out of Bressay Sound. The weather was clear and lovely, and nothing could be more exquisitely tranquil and joyous than our ten hours' voyage among the lonely isles which lay in our course. The glassy

this country, and the inhabitants would naturally consume all that was of any respectable size, especially as no spot of ground is six miles from the sea in every direction, and therefore the woods would be easy accessible. But it is the opinion of some, that trees in size and quantity cannot now be reared in Shetland. The experiment, however, has never been fairly made. Let an intelligent and experienced forester, residing long enough in these islands to modify his experience to suit their climate, superintend for a sufficiently long period, and on a scale of adequate magnitude, the culture of various kinds of hardy trees, and then, and not before, can the capabilities of Shetland, with regard to aboriculture, be ascertained. It is to be hoped that some spirited and far-sighted proprietor will ere long put the matter to the proof. On a question such as this, *à priori* opinions, thrown out at a venture, are entirely to be disregarded. It is a curious fact, for which there is high botanical authority, that cones of the silver fir (*Abies picea*) have been found in some moors in Orkney. This tree is not indigenous to Scotland, but is common in Norway. It may, however, have been planted, or its cones sown, by some of the energetic and sagacious Norwegian *Yarls* who so long ruled the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and who were as remarkable for their attention to husbandry and fishing as to politics and war.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxxiii.

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ocean reflected the rocky shores as we threaded our way among numerous green islets, peopled by the screaming sea-fowl, or glided close to the overhanging cliffs of the larger islands.

In this day's voyage we may be said to have skirted the whole eastern shores of the islands, passing Whalsay, the Out Skerries, and Yell, and finally arriving in Unst—the most northerly in the group; and not only so, but the most northern scrap of inhabited land in the United Kingdom. When we reached our destination, I soon became aware that the more completely I made myself at home, the more pleased our host and his family would be. The island, I found, was not without objects of interest, or space wherein to perambulate. In length it is twelve miles, by from three to four in breadth, with a generally level and fertile surface, diversified by several ridges of hills, some of considerable height. The shores are remarkably indented with small bays or voes, offering boundless scope for fishing; and the hills possess some mineralogical curiosities. In the evening of our arrival, we took a walk to see a neighbouring quarry of chromate of iron, which was discovered in several parts of the island above forty years ago. The quarry is of great depth, the ore lying embedded, apparently in abundance, in veins through the rock of which the hill is composed. The working of this mine gives employment to upwards of fifty men and boys each summer, and many hundreds of tons of the metal are annually exported. It is used chiefly as a pigment, producing a fine bright yellow paint; and as none is elsewhere found in Britain, it is the source of considerable revenue to the proprietors.

In the evening, it was arranged that next morning, after an early breakfast, we should proceed on an expedition by sea round the northern coast of the island. The weather was fortunately propitious. The sun rose to our wish in unclouded splendour, though not with that overpowering heat of July in more southern latitudes. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and sails were accordingly useless. The boat in which we embarked was like that already described, but fitted up with much comfort as a pleasure-barge. Passing some rugged and precipitous cliffs, and one or two small bays, we reached the north-east point of the land, and here we met numerous boats returning from the deep-sea fishery. Nearly forty miles had these canoe-like skiffs been distant from the land, and two nights at sea; and we rejoiced to see them now filled with fine cargoes of ling and tusk—two kinds of white fish caught for the purpose of exporting in a dried and salted state. Passing this fleet of boats, manned by a hardy race of seamen, we at length reached the two precipitous headlands which form the northern point of British land. The western promontory consists of an uncultivated waste of coarse pasture; but near the sea the ground is thickly strewn with the nests of a variety of sea-fowl; and here is one of the rare breeding-places of the skua-gull. The other promontory is still

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higher ; and between the two is a narrow firth, which penetrates a certain distance into the island. We had determined to proceed as far westward as we could, before stopping at any point, keeping, however, close to the rocks, and exploring various caves and indentations—the latter called *gios*—in hopes of finding some of the seal-tribe. Once, by the aid of a pocket-glass, we saw several of these creatures reposing on the rocks, and apparently unaware of our approach. We immediately took measures to approach them stealthily ; but a few herring-gulls being on the outlook, dashed down among the seals, even to touching them, and roused them with a peculiar cry, so that, alarmed for their safety, they plunged into the sea and disappeared. This curious method of giving the alarm to slumbering seals is invariably practised by the herring-gull, which seems to constitute himself the sentinel to watch over this persecuted tribe of amphibii.

Crossing the mouth of the voe, we were rowed among some striking scenery—precipitous cliffs indented by narrow ravines, down which tumbled the mountain rill like a thread of silver ; detached rocks scattered along the shore ; and, most striking of all, the wide ocean stretching westward and northward, sublime in its extent, desolation, and repose. From a contemplation of inanimate nature, we were recalled by the screaming of the multitudes of birds which rose in clouds from the rocky cliffs. At this season the animals were tending their young, and more than usually alive to the presence of strangers. Each species of birds, I was informed, has its own domain on the rocks. Some of the cliffs were appropriated entirely to the kittiwake (*Larus rissa*), the smallest of the gull species ; and it is these gentle and beautiful creatures that the fowlers most unsparingly plunder of their eggs and young. A few of the proprietors of the ground are very anxious to prevent depredations among these and other feathered denizens of the shores ; for, besides the dangerous nature of fowling, it leads to idle desultory habits. Notwithstanding the general prohibition, we saw several persons on these dizzy heights, hanging by a slender hold on the face of the precipice. They seldom use ropes here, as at Faröe and St Kilda, but clamber, fearlessly and alone, down and up the craggy steeps, where one false movement would consign them to destruction ; yet are they enthusiastically fond of these feats of daring, and rarely any accidents occur.

Proceeding on our excursion, we now took a sweep farther from the land, to the Utsta, or Outstack, an insulated rock, of a form not unlike a lion rampant. We approached it cautiously from the lee-side, as here we hoped to find one or two seals. Landing in silence, we scrambled up the side, and one of the party best acquainted with this kind of sport peeped over the top ; and there, to be sure, was a pair of seals lying close to the water's edge, unconscious of approaching danger. Creeping round the edge of the rock, to gain a better position, he fired, which was the signal for us to rush

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forward. The shot had been successful. A male seal, an enormous animal, lay dead in his resting-place ; and it was not without a pang that I learned that it was the mate of a female which, with a wailing cry, had plunged into the water. The female was not again seen ; but she wandered near the spot, and was shot a few days afterwards. The seal which had been killed was truly a noble specimen of its species. He was almost black in colour, with a beard on his muzzle (*Phoca barbata*), was twenty feet in length, and yielded twenty gallons of oil. After heaving him, with some difficulty, into our boat, we paused to consider our adventurous position. The rock on which we stood is, for the most part, submerged in the waves of the North Sea, and there are very few days in a season when a landing on it can be effected. Being thus continually washed by the salt spray, there is no vestige of vegetation on its surface, except a few tufts of scurvy-grass. Bare and slippery as it was, we found on it a level spot, where, exhilarated by our success, and appetised by the pure air of the sea, we sat down to a sumptuous fête-champêtre, if that name can be applied to a picnic feast on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In this hearty meal our boatmen performed an active part, quenching their thirst with a liquid called *bland*, which I had never before seen or tasted. It is the whey of churned milk, separated from the milk by heating ; and, being slightly acidulous, is grateful and refreshing, and will keep, if bottled, for a considerable time. I believe this method of using butter-milk is common only in Shetland, where the whole milk of the cow, not the cream alone, is regularly churned. The practice is economical ; for the curd forms a solid food, and the preserved whey a wholesome and inexpensive drink—the invariable beverage of the Shetland peasant at home, and of the fisherman when at sea.

Having finished our meal, and packed everything up, we bade adieu to the Utsta, and turned our course homewards, landing by the way on several skerries or small islets, which afford pasture for two or three sheep during the summer months. In winter, they are shrouded for the most part in tempestuous spray. We took occasion to stop also at the foot of the tallest precipice on the mainland of Unst, in order to view a rocky arch by which it is perforated. The opening on the sea is fifty feet across, and a hundred feet high ; and when fired into by a gun, the echoes reverberated like the rattling peal of thunder. After passing through this magnificent archway, in length 300 feet, we proceeded with our boat to explore the interior of several other caverns. In these the boat was pushed forwards by the hands on the sides of the rock, and the swell of the sea caused it to rise and fall with a somewhat unpleasant motion. At the farther end, in solemn darkness, on a low pebbly beach, the great seals bring forth and nurse their young ; but the season was yet too early to find them there. These caves are called *hellyers* ; and in September, the seals are often captured by spreading a net across

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the mouth, and then alarming the inhabitants within, who, rushing out to escape, fall into the snare, get entangled in the net, and are either shot or drowned; for a seal will be drowned as effectually as a man, only it takes longer time to accomplish. They must respire atmospheric air every fifteen, or at most twenty minutes, or else their blood becomes black or venoid, causing apoplexy and death.

Still one novelty awaited us: by the kind attention of our host, a fishing-line had been set at the mouth of the firth, and it having remained the proper time, we had the pleasure of seeing it hauled by our boatmen. It was the same kind, though not so large, as that used at the deep-sea or haff fishing. A rope of about 400 fathoms long, with buoys and corks to float it, is stretched in a tide-way, if near shore, or on the well-known bank, when far at sea; to this is attached at regular distances short lines, with lead for sinking, and one or two powerful hooks baited with the young of the coal-fish. Beginning at one end, the lines are drawn in. We were extremely successful; almost every hook held a fish: small tusk, large beautiful cod, like that for which a Londoner would give half a guinea a piece; skate, conger-eels, saithe or full-grown coal-fish, but, above all, halibut of various sizes, some of them gigantic, above six feet long. When these large fish, or a powerful cod or skate, appeared on the surface approaching the boat, the poor animal's struggles became frantic; and a skilful hand, armed with a short staff, with a large and very strong hook attached, strikes his weapon into the gills, and thus assists in dragging it into the boat. Our excitement at this novel spectacle was quite intoxicating, and frequently we received showers of brine, which the floundering of the fish and the yielding of the boat washed in upon us. What signified that? We got a noble haul, and in the highest good-humour proceeded home, which we did not reach till nearly midnight, by the soft twilight and lovely moon, the most exquisitely beautiful of all hours in this latitude. Need it be said we slept soundly after the many hours' exposure to the pure and healthful sea-air, and the pleasurable excitement we had undergone?

It was now the 5th of July, and the weather still continuing favourable for boating, we went to a neighbouring island to see one of the principal stations where the boats rendezvous during the three summer months for the prosecution of the ling-fishery. Most of the men are several miles distant from their families, whom they only visit on the Saturday evenings till Monday morning; consequently, they erect slight lodges at these temporary stations, in which they cook and shelter when on shore. We landed on a beach of large rough stones, of some extent, partly natural, and partly set for the purpose; this was spread with ling, tusk, and cod, in the course of being dried, a score of boys being in constant attendance to turn them, and, in case of showers, gather them in heaps. The boats were just about putting off to sea as we arrived a little after mid-day.

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Each boat is manned by six men, or more usually five men and a boy, the latter being a kind of apprentice the first year, and receiving only a small share of the earnings. The dress of the men going to sea consists of a loose covering of barked sheep-skin, the form of an English labourer's smock, over trousers of oiled cotton or linen, and high boots of barked horse-hides, with generally a knitted woollen cap of divers colours. A small jar of bland, with a thick cake of oatmeal, is all the refreshment they carry with them on these excursions. When they have reached their fishing-ground, which from this point may be about twenty-five miles off the land, they set their lines towards evening, and some of the men may have a short nap by turns. Having hauled before midnight, if the weather be favourable, they bait and set again, and return in the morning. Should the weather look unsettled, they return without the second haul. Sometimes they remain out two nights, and fill their boats. When they have taken much fish, every interval is busily employed in gutting them; all the entrails being thrown overboard. The heads and livers are alone preserved, and are the perquisites of the men. The livers are cooked fresh, with oatmeal in bread, or a sort of fish haggis; and what is not so used, is allowed to become rancid, and boiled for oil. Skate and halibut, when caught, are also reserved by the men for the use of their families. All Shetlanders, both high and low, prefer fish for eating, of whatever sort (except herring and halibut), in a half-putrid state. It is simply washed in sea-water, and hung up in the air for ten days or a fortnight; or the ling and cod heads, and the small sillacks, are laid in heaps in a dark place, for four or five days, till they have acquired the favourite flavour.

When the fresh fish are landed, they are weighed and delivered to the curer, who keeps an account of the quantity brought by each boat. Ling and tusk are allowed the highest price per hundred-weight. The cod-fishing was hardly thought of in Shetland till a very few years ago, but now it is extensively carried on; and the cod in the cured state, which formerly fetched not above two-thirds, now brings as much as the others; which appears to me singular, as I should think there could be no comparison in the delicacy of the food they form. But the cod, I believe, are chiefly sent abroad, the Catholic countries of the continent taking many cargoes both from Shetland and Norway. I had often heard that the stock-fish of Norway were preferred to those of Shetland; and it became a great object to obtain for the latter a higher character, and constant good market.

We now witnessed a numerous fleet of boats put to sea, not, it will be believed, without breathing heartfelt wishes for their safety and success, as we reflected how many a stay of helpless families these little skiffs bore to a scene of peril. Afterwards, we turned to look into the fishermen's temporary dwellings, or lodges as they are called. The walls are so low that one can hardly stand upright

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within, and are built of loose stones and turf; about fifteen feet long, and half that width. At one end is a broad *dais* of turf, on which straw and blankets are spread: this is all the sleeping-place. A hole in the roof at the other end shews that beneath is the hearth for the peat-fire, with a raised seat of turf around it. Here each boat's crew sleep and eat when on shore, both operations being as uncertain as the wind and weather—snatches of repose, and hasty meals of porridge, or fish and potatoes, being all that these hardy men can command; yet do they never enjoy such excellent health as at these seasons. I find that the herring-fishery is not likely ever to compensate its prosecution in Shetland, though it has been attempted with very unequal success for more than forty years. The season for the herring does not commence here till after the summer ling-fishery is over—that is, the end of August—and then the weather becomes squally, and the men's attention is occupied with reaping the little harvest of their fields; for, be it always remembered, a Shetland peasant is not merely a fisherman. In his variable climate, he could not make a subsistence by fishing alone; he must have his little farm to help to furnish food for his household. And though the females do a great part of the farm-work, yet still, in many instances, especially when the families are young, the father's assistance on land in spring and autumn is absolutely necessary. Before leaving the interesting and busy scene we had been contemplating, we partook with the superintendent of delicious fresh tusk and potatoes, both boiled in sea-water, which is, I do not know why, a great improvement in their preparation.

Returning from this visit, we landed at the nearest point of Unst, and sent the boat round, intending to walk home across the island. In the course of our ramble, we visited a gentleman's house, when, after being kindly entertained with tea, we went to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, in which the inhabitants were keeping an annual festival, in honour of having finished their peat-harvest. Peats, as I formerly mentioned, are the only native fuel in Shetland, and are dug in May. At the middle or end of June, according as the weather has been favourable, they are ready for being brought home, sometimes a distance of several miles; and this is done on the backs of ponies, in open straw baskets hung on wooden pack-saddles.

The different gangs of ponies are driven by boys. A young female of the family remains for the purpose of lading and taking care of the ponies, till all the peats are carried away, which may occupy from one to four weeks. Though the labour is heavy and incessant, the young women rather enjoy it as a relaxation than endure it as a task, and always lay in a stock of robust health with their embrowned complexions. In each hill or peat-moor, therefore, is formed quite a village of lodges, like those of the fishermen, but much smaller, and built wholly of turf, the roof being removed each

season when it ceases to be wanted. As we approached one of these groups of singular and most primitive habitations, we found bonfires blazing in different places in honour of the festival, round which the boys were congregated, supplying fuel, and amusing themselves, as other boys do around a bonfire. In the green huts, on a sofa of turf, round a table of the same, were gathered the girls and their guests, among whom were hardly any of the other sex; and here, even amidst smoke and darkness, we might distinguish fair faces and modest looks, which might have graced more polished scenes—and, moreover, it is always refreshing to see young countenances beaming with mirth and happiness. The feast, which is the main thing, consisted of tea, smoked mutton, and pork; eggs and oatmeal cake, or ship-biscuit, and, in some instances, pancakes or buttered cake of flour or barley-meal. Each maiden was dressed in a neat cotton gown, and ribbons in her cap. By and by were heard the sounds of a violin, though by no very practised hand, and the young people danced on the turf around their bonfire. The Shetlanders appear to be excessively fond of music, and its natural accompaniment, dancing; and, as may be supposed, seize all proper opportunities for indulging in them.

July 17.—Yesterday we enjoyed the sport of a whale-hunt. Early in the morning, a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying round the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales, of the smaller species, were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time, many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as of slaughter. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to, all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord: all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, which were seen

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floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling caldron. The whales were thus, slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first-lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean.

Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the day drew to its close; the evening twilight came; but, though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon: the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey through the short night: so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and, after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense, the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly

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followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters of course rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, which were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight, the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

This morning there were important doings. The laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases, the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral, as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On this occasion, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. Amused and excited with all I had seen, I mentioned that I should like to taste the flesh of a young whale, which is considered a great dainty, as I was told, in the Farøe Islands. At dinner, my desire was gratified. A young whale was selected, and from it were cut some very nice-looking steaks, which were broiled over a glowing fire. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than the delicate Shetland beef indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox-flesh, or to betray its origin. It is something for me to say that I have made my dinner off a whale!

Notwithstanding the nutritious and palatable qualities of whale-flesh, the Shetlanders have a great prejudice against it, which is unfortunate. Could the repugnance be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea; while the natives of Farøe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or

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fisherman will ever taste ; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

July 23.—To-day we visited the ruined castle of Muness, which occupies a commanding situation among some cottages, at the distance of a mile from the sea-shore. It is a large massive structure, of the date 1598, and appears, from a tablet on the wall, to have been built by Lawrence Bruce, a gentleman of Perthshire, who had fled to these distant islands in consequence of having slain a neighbour in an affray. The building is tolerably entire, but has been long dismantled and deserted.

July 24.—Weather rainy and misty, and the day has been spent reading, and otherwise amusing ourselves within doors. An old woman, full of old stories and legends of Hialtland, sung us some curious ballads, illustrative of the ancient state of society in the islands. In listening to them, I almost fancied that I was transported back to the rude times of the Vikingr and northern sagas.

July 26.—The weather is again clear and pleasant, and I begin to think of packing up and leaving my kind friends. To-day, intelligence has arrived of a revenue cutter being seen in the Sound of Yell ; and if she visit Unst, perhaps I may obtain a passage on board to Lerwick or Kirkwall.

Having some days ago asked my accomplished hostess to furnish me with a few notes of Shetland life and manners before my departure, she has obligingly handed me the following

TRAITS OF LIFE AND MANNERS IN SHETLAND.

The Shetlanders, high and low, are distinguished for the love of their native country. The gentry, unlike the same class of persons in the Highlands and in Ireland, have never been absentees. Sent to the metropolis or elsewhere for education, or travelling to see the world, they return to their island-homes with delight. Though their means might easily admit of their living in comfort in any more favoured latitude, they are nobly and wisely content to spend the long dull winter, as well as the short cold summer, among those whom Providence has appointed to be dependent on their indulgence and liberality for much of their comfort. Exclusiveness is no vice of Shetland society ; there prevails among the higher classes a genial sociality of manners, accompanied with a rare spirit of hospitality, which never abates the respect justly their due. In these families, well-conducted housekeeping in Shetland must be somewhat as in Norway—a complicated and arduous concern, requiring no small forethought and management in the direction. A farm, of course, is attached to the mansion-house, and several additional servants, male and female, are kept on that account, and to attend to the live stock. Seed-time, harvest, and peat-work are performed

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chiefly by day-labourers, mostly females, whose wages are about sixpence a day. There being no markets and no shops, of course each family must lay in a stock of every article requisite in clothing and foreign produce, and, besides, have duplicates of many of the most indispensable articles of furniture, since weeks may elapse before accidents can be repaired. For the daily table consumption, they have, in spring, the superfluous calves; in summer, lambs and sheep; in winter, fowls: these are all drawn from the farm stock, or purchased from neighbours who may have them to spare. At Martinmas comes the grand slaughtering of the summer-fatted beef, together with the attendant pickling, smoking, pudding and sausage making, for the winter; immediately following is the candle-making from the tallow of the animals that have been killed; then succeed the drying, grinding, and sifting of the oats and bere for meal. This is besides the constant dairy-work, and is all included in the cares of the Shetland lady and her assistants; and yet, on the often unexpected arrival of guests and strangers, they will find all things as much *comme il faut* as if shops and markets were at hand. There are indeed no morning visitors to receive, and few dinner-parties to prepare for; but, instead, when the Shetland gentry visit each other, it is for days together. Ponies are the only means of travelling, when the distance is in the same island; and these familiar animals, with an attendant, are therefore included in the requisite hospitality. They are, though the smallest variety of the horse kind, very strong and spirited. In some islands, where the ground is firm and stony, they run along with head drooping, picking their own way, and requiring very little of the bridle management; in others, where quagmires, peat-moss, and brooks abound, the sagacious animals go invariably at a canter; and the rider requires to be on his guard constantly, lest a flying leap over what his well-instructed steed knows to be unsound footing, should startle him into a somersault.

In the more remote islands, families of a humble rank are perhaps the best off for society; those of a higher grade are, in some situations, nearly deprived of any congenial acquaintanceship, and, to fill up the void, are accustomed to occupy their leisure with attention to the animal creation, in all the varieties within their reach. Ponies, dogs, cats, gulls, geese, seals, and sea-otters are among the ordinary domestic pets; and it is astonishing how friendly all live with each other; an otter and dog being perhaps seen gamboling together round the kitchen-fire, or nestling on the same couch. Seals are not easily tamed. We have frequently attempted to rear the cubs of two species common in these islands; but unsuccessfully, except in one instance. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but,

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on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and, strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a time, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or perhaps one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, which, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel-walks to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her: the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the

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weather; for next day our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed to, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed or sea eagle breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. Some years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it was to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which was familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest; but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. Again he visited the spot; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a place still more concealed and inaccessible. Not discouraged, the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and, after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles at their nest, but in a situation so lofty, and encompassed by so many difficulties, that it appeared altogether beyond his reach. The daring cragsman, however, resolved to make the attempt; and after many perils, and much fatigue in climbing, he reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, rendered wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length,

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one season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as, brooding on the nest, it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance, we have been often told, the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now ! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position : but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together ; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete ; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return ; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully ; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

Ponies, I have said, are the only means of travelling in this generally roadless country. What the camel is to the Arabian, the pony is to the Shetlander. Without boats for external, and ponies for internal communication, the islands would indeed be very unendurable. Ponies form a remarkable feature in all the larger rural establishments. Left very much to themselves, and growing up without the refinements of grooming, troops of these hardy animals may be seen browsing on the hills and heaths, and flocking on occasions to the shelter which the walls of the outhouses afford. In summer, these diminutive specimens of the pachydermata—diminutive, probably, from climate and slender fare—thrive on the wide wastes ; but in winter they are to be pitied for their privations.

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At this inclement season, when a storm is apprehended, the farmer and his family are careful in seeing that the flock of ponies comes home for food and protection. Arriving at a trot from the hills, all go out to welcome them. There they are, twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together. Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

These hardy little horses are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. It is observed amongst us that the horse is not nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity: he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady who is rather *petite* could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal

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she had with her was found, and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow I have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints; and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before. This was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work-ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known,

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and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Sheep are a leading source of revenue to the Shetland farmers and proprietors, the short scanty herbage being suitable for these animals. On every islet having food for no more than one or two sheep, there are they found, being taken and brought away in boats by the shepherds at the proper seasons. The mutton of the Shetland sheep is highly flavoured and dark coloured, like the Welsh; but the animal is as much prized for its wool as its flesh. The wool is exceedingly soft and fine, and this quality appears to arise from peculiarities in the climate and herbage; for when the animals are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures, their wool degenerates. Nature is always bountiful in providing a covering suitable to the necessities of animal existence. Less as an article of export than of home manufacture is the wool of Shetland prized by the natives. The manufacture is domestic, and affords universal employment. While the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and at least always provide their own clothing by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine that it may be spun into a thread as small as one of cambric, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact that one thousand yards are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most *recherché* articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight. These shawls and scarfs, generally pure white, or of a dark gray, are now largely exported to Edinburgh, where they are purchased by ladies as an elegant article of dress. Some have likewise found their way to London, where they are sold at an enormously high price, considering the original cost, and where also they are, like everything rare and valuable, the subject of commonplace imitation. Political economists may perhaps allege that, by employing machinery, the Shetlanders would make more of their wool; but this I take leave to doubt. The time occupied by the females in knitting costs nothing, and is generally worth nothing; while the employment is not only profitable, but amusing.

Unless when afflicted with the calamity of a bad harvest, or a

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failure of the white-fishing, the small farmer of Shetland enjoys a reasonable degree of comfort and satisfaction in his existence. Meal, potatoes, and milk his farm affords ; and fuel in abundance is included in his holding. Fish, and oil for the lamp, the bountiful ocean at his cottage-door supplies. On the common or hill, he has the right to keep as many ponies, sheep, and geese as he can attend to, without boundary or restriction, merely putting his own proper mark on them, to distinguish his property ; pigs and poultry, of course, also, he need never want. His cottage is, for the most part, about thirty feet long, and from ten to fifteen wide ; the walls low, and built of stone and clay, but sometimes with lime, and often plastered inside and outside with mortar ; the roof covered with turf, and then scantily thatched. It consists of two divisions : the larger and outer one is the common family apartment, with an earthen floor ; it has no chimney, but only a hole in the roof above a raised hearth at the one end ; the beds, enclosed like a cupboard, and one over the other as on shipboard, serve as a partition from the smaller or *ben end* ; this latter is wooden-roofed and floored, is the sleeping-place of the heads of the family, a parlour in which to receive guests, provided with a glazed window and a chimney, but no grate ; the peats, indeed, burn much better and more cheerily on the ample well-swept hearth. Sometimes the space above this latter room is boarded in, and forms a sleeping-place for the young men of the family. Very few households do not consist of double families ; a son or daughter, and often both, or two, when married, remain with the parents, share the labour and the rent-paying, and thus form quite a patriarchal household, with a community of comforts which separate establishments could not so easily afford. Sociality is greatly desired by the Shetlanders, and no pride in having a house of her own can compensate a youthful wife for the gossip of her sisters, or the indulgence of her parents' society.

There is one consequence of the association of these family groups which is sometimes lamentable. The father, sons, and sons-in-law frequently purchase a boat for themselves (it is, indeed, their grand object of ambition to do so), or they insist on being placed together for the fishing by their landlord. Should that boat be lost at sea, what desolation falls on one unfortunate family ! It has happened very lately that one female has in this way lost husband, sons, and brother at a stroke.

For such a cottage as I have described, with its appurtenances, and as much land fit for tillage as may measure six to eight acres, the rent is from £4 to £7. The tenants hold their farms from year to year, and they invariably prefer this to leases, though often the same family keeps the same farm from generation to generation. The mode of agriculture would be called slovenly elsewhere, but the soil being poor and shallow, it is perhaps best adapted to the circumstances. Ploughs are little used by the peasantry : the spade

alone is employed, and it is a primitive and unique implement. The blade is only $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and the same broad : the handle is 45 inches long. Three or four persons stand in a row together, press their spades into the ground with the right foot on the small cross-bar, and then simultaneously turn over the turf thus loosened, and step onwards to the right, till the breadth of the furrow is reached. Children, or the weakest hands, are placed in the middle positions, where the strength required is least ; and thus it is amazing how much ground will be turned over in a spring day. The very light harrow is more frequently drawn by a man or woman than by the ponies, which, after the hard winter, are in the labouring season so weak as to be unfit for work. No seed is ever sown in autumn ; but it is a pity that, during the winter, the peasant fisherman thinks too little of his *land* employ : he will hang on in desultory idleness, looking out for a favourable moment to go a-fishing, when he could turn his industry to far better account by keeping his turf fences in proper repair, and especially by collecting manure and making composts, the materials for which are in general suffered to go to entire loss. Sea-weed, for instance, so valuable for the ground, is often allowed to be swept away by the next tide, when, collected, it would fertilise many a field. Kelp is hardly ever made in Shetland now, but the sea-weed called *tangle* is eaten freely by ponies, cattle, and sheep during each ebb of the tide in winter.

Fish of course form at least two of the meals in a Shetland cottage daily. The young of the coal-fish (*Gadus carbonarius*) swarm in every bay and creek of these, in some respects, therefore favoured islands. In their first year's growth, they are about six inches long, and called *sillacks*. About the month of March ensuing, they have grown to the length of about fifteen inches, when they receive the name of *pillacks*. After this period they thrive very fast, attaining the ordinary size of the cod-fish, when they are called *saithes*. So abundant and constant is the supply of the young of this fish, that whenever weather will allow a small boat to swim, they are caught with a rod and shell-fish bait, or with an artificial fly, every evening, even in the winter months. Women and boys also fish them from the rocks in the same manner ; and they often set into the creeks in shoals, when a small net stretched on a hoop, being dipped into the sea, is lifted out full. Their livers yield a large supply of oil, and the fish are prepared for food in every variety of way ; but, as I mentioned before, are preferred when they have been hung up to *sour* for a few days. The liquor in which fish have been boiled is given to calves and pigs ; but very rarely is the fish given to animals, though it is done, I believe, in Norway, and on the coasts of the Red Sea.

On the whole, the mode of living of the Shetland peasantry gives one a favourable impression of their character and situation. They are far superior to the generality of Irish or Highland homes,

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and, besides, they are for the most part kept very orderly. The pigsty is always outside ; the little barn is constructed on one end, entering from the house, or occasionally it is placed across the entrance-door, and thus serves as a porch-shelter to the dwelling ; and the cow-house is beyond that again. Inside, with the family, a fostered lamb in winter, or a young calf, may be seen in a corner, sharing the children's meals, and thriving like them ; the fowls, too, are generally picking up the crumbs, so that from warmth and good feeding, they often lay eggs all winter. Occasionally the dwellings are smoky, and personally the people are not very cleanly in their habits ; but they have plenty of fresh air, and abundant springs of the purest water ; and swarms of healthy children, and many very aged persons, attest the favourable circumstances of their lot. Very few young children die : epidemics and convulsions are the rarest things possible. Rheumatism, from the moistness of the climate, is common among all classes ; and pulmonary diseases are also unfortunately too general.*

In Shetland the adult female population greatly preponderates. When the young men grow up, they go off as sailors, few of them ever to return ; and accidents at sea sweep off the prime of manhood : thus the population is in some measure checked, though it has, as elsewhere, greatly increased during the last seventy years. As to clothing, one sees nothing like the squalid rags common in many other parts. Coarse household-made woollens, and bare head and feet, are indeed the home costume of some of the old and of the very young ; but most of the females take pride in being neatly clad ; and this they are able to effect by the returns for their knitting. On Sunday at the churches, therefore, may be seen men and women most respectably, the young girls even tastefully dressed. As respects personal appearance, the stranger will not fail to notice the fair hair, blue eyes, and spare figure which betoken a Scandinavian ancestry.

As in Scotland, there are always schools in each parish—one supported by the heritors, and others by the General Assembly, or the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. These are so generally taken advantage of, even at great distances, that there are

* Superstitions of various kinds are still common among the less educated inhabitants of Shetland, and one in relation to the cure of scrofula is thus alluded to by the Rev. J. Robertson, in his description of Mid and South Yell, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* : ' For the cure of this fatal disorder, nothing, even at the present day, is deemed so effectual as the royal touch ! And as a substitute for the actual living finger of royalty, a few crowns and half-crowns of the coinage of the first Charles, carefully handed down from father to son, have been effectual, both here and in every other parish in Shetland, towards removing this disease, and that to an extent which may appear somewhat incredible to many whose minds, in reference to the healing virtue still inherent in royalty, may be in a more sophisticated state than those of her Majesty's subjects in this latitude. Be this as it may, there are few localities in Shetland in which a living evidence is not to be found of one said to have been "cured by the coin," and who would instantly be pointed at as a sufficient evidence to warrant confidence in its efficacy, should it happen that a doubt at any time rested thereon.'

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none of the present generation, it is believed, who cannot read well, and many can write. The Shetlanders are not, however, fond of reading and improving their minds like so many of the Scottish peasantry. Perhaps want of books may repress the development of any literary taste; and if so, it is to be regretted; for if they liked books more, and had the means, through popular libraries, of gratifying this inclination, they would undoubtedly be more intelligent and prosperous.

Besides retaining the old style in the computation of time, the Shetlanders retain another ancient usage, nowhere else, I suppose, to be found in Britain—namely, that of each generation adopting a new surname, drawn from the Christian name of the father. Thus, the son of James Robertson would not be called Robertson; he would receive the name of Jameson; and so on with all other names. This causes a great confusion of names to a stranger, besides being otherwise inconvenient, and the practice ought by all means to be abandoned. The women, after marriage, always retain their maiden names; but this is also a custom among the Lowland Scotch.

From these sketches it may be gathered that, inclement as is the situation and climate of Shetland, its people are far from being objects of commiseration; nor are they, in point of conduct and habits, to be classed with the unruly population of many lands more favoured by nature. Great crimes are rare amongst them, and nowhere is there any fear of petty depredations. The inhabitant of a great city, who at night bolts his doors and windows, to guard against the midnight thief, and is ever in dread of spoliation, might envy the freedom from care of the Shetland householder, who fears no thieves, and scarcely knows the use of chains or locks. Formerly, the meanest point in the character of the Shetlanders was their acquisitiveness in the case of wrecks on their coast; but this vice, through the rigours of recent acts of parliament, is greatly modified, if not extirpated. Although intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors could be cited as an unfortunate feature in some departments of the population, Shetland is still more remarkable for the ineconomic use of a beverage which is ordinarily considered the antagonist of intemperance—I allude to tea. No kind of beverage is so much relished by the female peasantry of Shetland as tea.* To get tea they will venture as great and as unprincipled lengths as any dram-drinker

*About £25,000 worth of bohea is annually entered at the custom-house in Lerwick, besides which, a great quantity is smuggled by Dutch fishing-boats. One poor man, in the parish of Bressay, who had the expensive infliction of a tea-drinking wife, was cheated by her secretly selling his goods to obtain tea. He was observed once to purchase the same peck of meal three times over in one week, being always assured that his children had eaten it. A Highland laird once remarked, that the Scotch peasantry were ruined by forsaking 'the good old porridge of their ancestors.'—*Shetland and the Shetlanders*, by Catherine Sinclair.

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will go for his favourite liquor. The wool that ought to clothe the family, the oil and butter that should pay the rent, nay, the meal and potatoes that, carefully husbanded, are to feed the children, are all unscrupulously sold or bartered for tea. The females are the chief tea-drinkers, and often without the knowledge of their husbands, whose humble means are pilfered in order to gratify this ruling propensity. Tea is a universal means of payment for any little services in Shetland. An errand will be run for a small quantity of tea; some spinning will be done for tea; and tea will form a most acceptable present on leaving a dwelling where you have received any attentions. The quantity of tobacco and spirits consumed is also considerable; and it is from an excessive indulgence in these foreign luxuries, that the Shetland peasant is kept lower in the scale of poverty than he has any just reason to be. Latterly, the introduction of a poor-law has led to dismal consequences. The pressure of the rates acts severely on property, and it would almost appear as if the abject poor were in a fair way of absorbing the rental of the islands.

With all the interesting associations of this group of islands, things are not what we could wish. Remote, and with a generally inclement climate, Shetland is unhappily situated. Great efforts have lately been made to introduce improvements of various kinds. The latest and not the least important measure of the kind has been the connecting Lerwick with Orkney and the mainland by a telegraphic wire, by which, in a way, the principal islands are brought within an intimate relationship with the great centres of intelligence. There is likewise a growing interest in the public mind regarding Shetland. Trips to it by steamer from Granton (a port in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh) are more common than formerly. The islands are also visited nearly every year by the *Pharos*, a large and commodious steamer belonging to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, for the purpose of inspecting the lighthouses on the coast; one of these being situated on a rocky islet at the extremity of Unst, the most northern habitable spot in the British Islands. By this vessel, the Commissioners, in 1867, visited the solitary island of Foula, which lies between Shetland and Orkney, and is out of the way of ordinary navigators. Here, the inhabitants live in so remarkably primitive and simple a manner, that crime and the more odious vices of civilised society are unknown. On the next page is subjoined a small wood-cut of Foula, which, at its western extremity, presents a lofty precipice of red sandstone to the everlasting buffetings of the Atlantic.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

For several days no cutter appeared, and I began to fancy that the rumour of her visit to the Sound of Yell must have been a

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mistake; at length she was seen entering Balta Sound, and in due time came to anchor not far from our residence. By the politeness of my Shetland friends, I was introduced to the commander, a gentleman well known on these shores, and was kindly offered by him a passage to Kirkwall; the offer was to me the more acceptable, for he proposed to sail down the western coast of the islands.

It was a sad parting with the good folks of Unst, who would not let me go till I had promised, if at all possible, once more to spend a month with them in some succeeding summer. A fine breeze having sprung up, the sails of the cutter were shaken out, and we soon sped rapidly on our course. In the evening, we were off the coast of Northmaven, a peninsula of the mainland of Shetland, which, as it died away on the horizon, reminded me of the carol of the poetic Claud Halcro:

‘Farewell to Northmaven;
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again.’

How, during a run of three days in one of the handsomest of her Majesty's cruisers, I was kindly entertained by my new naval friends in a way I can never forget—how I reached Kirkwall in Orkney, and bade them adieu, must all be left to the vivid imagination of the reader. Again catching the steamer, I was in due course borne, with twenty other passengers, to Wick, and thence to Aberdeen and Leith, without a single adventure to form the subject of an anecdote. And so ends my account of a month's visit to Shetland.





STORY OF LAVALETTE.

EARLY LIFE.



MARIE CHAMANS, COUNT DE LAVALETTE, was born at Paris in 1769, his father, it is said, having been an obscure but honest shopkeeper. Being seen to be of a quick apprehension, an effort was made to give him a good education, in order to fit him for one of the learned professions. The church appears to have been what his father ultimately destined him for, as he wore for some time the dress of an abbé ; but feeling a disinclination to the clerical profession, he afterwards studied the law, and was preparing to become a barrister, when an entire change was given to his feelings by the outburst of the Revolution. Ardent in the cause of social regeneration, he espoused the revolutionary doctrines, and became an officer in the National Guard ; but soon he was shocked at the sanguinary excesses which were committed in the sacred name of liberty, and shrunk from the cause. With a heroic disregard of his own safety, he now attached himself to the falling fortunes of Louis XVI., and narrowly escaped with his life when defending the royal family alongside the Swiss Guard, at the storming of the Tuileries, on the memorable 10th of August 1792.

The horrors to which this formed a prelude, drove the indignant young national guardsman to join, at the suggestion of his friend

and comrade Bertrand, a few young men in seeking service in the French armies abroad. What the party underwent and witnessed in traversing France, at the time in a state of wild commotion, made Lavalette doubly rejoice on joining his regiment; and though the change was at first very great from the ease and comfort of his father's house, to the hardships of a common soldier's life, yet his good-conduct and attention to his duties soon insured his promotion, while his superior education and love of reading led him to devote the scanty leisure of a camp, and all the energies of a strong mind, to acquiring a scientific knowledge of his future profession. While yet only a sergeant, his colonel discovered his merits, and gave him lessons in strategy and fortification, and the construction of military maps.

From the rank of sergeant, young Lavalette rose, by good-conduct and abilities, to that of lieutenant, in which with his brother-officers, all equally poor, he endured many privations when on active service. Of naturally good feelings, and repugnant to everything like the butchery of warfare, he was at first shocked with the horrors of an engagement, and quailed before the storm of bullets to which he was exposed. Viewing this as a weakness of character, he mentions in his memoirs that he resolved to conquer it, and achieve greater strength of mind. Speaking of the part he acted in the army of the Rhine, he observes: 'When I joined, I was full of enthusiasm and desire to do right, but I had only confused ideas of war, and was wholly without experience. I had never yet seen an enemy, and was much taken up as to how I should behave in my first action. It was my good-fortune to be attached to the division under General Dessaix, whose air of calm cheerfulness under the most murderous fire, first taught me that there is no true valour without those fundamental requisites. I took myself severely to task; I found I had not steadiness to keep my horse in the line of the bullets; nay, that I even sometimes caught myself taking a circuit when I might have pushed straightwards. I felt ashamed of such paltry manœuvres, and got the better of myself so completely, that at last even grape-shot ceased to give me any annoyance. This was by no means the work of a day. How often had I to turn back and take my place in the thick of the fire, and in the midst of the sharpshooters! But when I had stayed there a good while, I was pleased with myself, and that is so satisfactory! It was this moral courage perhaps which made me worthy of being aide-de-camp to the conqueror of Italy, and contributed to gain me his esteem. To it also I am indebted for having borne prosperity with moderation; and when evil days came, what did I not owe to its invaluable aid!'

At Milan, after the battle of Arcola, he was attached as an aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, who, more than any other man, had the talent of selecting able individuals to assist him in his enterprises. Chosen from among a host of eager competitors to execute some dashing

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manœuvres, Lavalette acquitted himself satisfactorily in them all. On one occasion, when wounded in a perilous expedition into the Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him, in presence of the army: 'Lavalette, you have behaved like a brave fellow; when I write the history of this campaign, you shall not be forgotten'—a promise he lived to fulfil.

But it was to other than military qualities that the young officer owed his general's special favour. It was his solid information, his acute spirit of observation, his marvellous sagacity, and, above all, the propriety of his manners, which Bonaparte (a great admirer of good-breeding) so highly appreciated; and at a subsequent period shewed that he did so, by employing him first in the most delicate and difficult political missions, and afterwards in an important post in the state.

Desirous at once of rewarding and attaching to himself his confidential agent with the Directory, at a time when he had as yet little in his power in the way of recompense, Napoleon sought to promote his protégé's interests by uniting him in marriage with the amiable heroine of our story, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais.

This lady was the daughter of François, Marquis de Beauharnais, the elder brother of Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband to Josephine, and father of Eugène: Emilie and Eugène thus were cousins. At the period to which we refer, Emilie was receiving her education in the well-known seminary of Madame Campan, where she had been placed with the concurrence of her aunt Josephine, now the wife of General Bonaparte. The manner in which Josephine, widowed by the execution of her husband, Viscount de Beauharnais, became known to Bonaparte is worth mentioning.

After putting down, by the most unscrupulous exercise of the military means in his power, the insurrections by which Paris was still harassed, Bonaparte issued peremptory orders for disarming the citizens, and weapons of every description were obliged to be given up. Among these, Madame Beauharnais was about to deliver up her late husband's sword, when her son Eugène, a boy of thirteen, threw himself on it, and declared that nothing in the world should induce him to part with it. The functionary employed refused to leave it without the express authority of General Bonaparte, but offered to take the boy to him. The beauty of the child, his deep emotion, the warmth and *naïveté* of his entreaties, and his father's well-known name and fame, all combined to touch the general. He gave him leave to retain his beloved sword, and begged to be introduced to his mother. She was young, amiable, and possessed a grace beyond beauty's self. The conqueror saw, loved, and married her; and their union, long even more happy than it was brilliant, owed its origin to a trait of filial piety to the memory of a beloved parent.

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Now united to Josephine, Bonaparte considered himself entitled to negotiate the marriage of Emilie, and in looking about for a match, none appeared to him so eligible as that of his favourite aide-de-camp, Lavalette. Sudden and energetic in all his movements, Bonaparte adopted the idea of the marriage when on the eve of his expedition to Egypt, in which, as a matter of course, his aide-de-camp was to accompany him. In vain did Lavalette remonstrate against so hasty and ill-timed a union, urging the probable disinclination of the young lady, and the chance of her being left a widow.

‘In that case, and supposing the worst,’ said her imperious uncle, ‘she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, and enjoy a pension and a place in society. As she is, the daughter of an emigré, no one will look at her, even under my wife’s wing; and ’tis a pity, for she is a nice, pretty, accomplished, well brought-up girl. Come! marry her you must, and within eight days. I’ll give you a fortnight’s leave afterwards.’

‘At first I only laughed,’ says Lavalette, ‘during this harangue; then I began to get serious, and said: “But the young lady!—I would not for the world force her inclination.”’

‘Oh, she is a child. She must by this time be dead tired of school, and never would be happy at her mother’s. While you are away, she can go and live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed, and in two years you will be back to her. Come! ’tis a settled thing. I’ll talk of it to my wife.’

On the evening of the day in which this proposal was broached, Lavalette visited Josephine, who expressed her satisfaction with the match, and promised to take him next day to St Germain, to introduce him to her niece.

‘Next morn, accordingly,’ says Lavalette, ‘we—that is, Bonaparte, Josephine, her son Eugène, and I—got into a carriage, and drove to Madame Campan’s. It was a great event; and as a holiday had been given, all the girls were either at the windows or in the drawing-room. We adjourned to the garden, and amid this flock of forty young ladies I looked out with no small anxiety for my intended. Her cousin Hortense soon brought her forward to salute her aunt and the general; and I was not sorry to recognise in her really the prettiest person present; a fine tall figure, full of grace and elegance, a beautiful complexion, heightened by natural confusion, but, withal, a timidity and embarrassment which set the emperor a-laughing. It was settled that we should breakfast in the garden on the grass. For my own part, I confess I was very thoughtful. Would this sweet creature be mine, or at least would she obey without reluctance? And if she did, this abrupt marriage and sudden departure were sufficiently annoying.’

‘When the party broke up, I requested Eugène to lead his cousin into a solitary walk, where I joined them, and he left us together. I then opened the conversation, and concealed from her neither my

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birth nor my lack of fortune. "I have only," said I, "my sword and the good-will of the general; and in a fortnight I must bid you adieu. Open your heart as freely as I do mine. I feel that I could love you with all my soul; but this on one side only will not suffice. If this union is not to your taste, confide in me frankly, and I engage to find a pretext for breaking it off without your secret transpiring, or your being tormented on the subject."

'Without raising her eyes, which had been bent on the ground during the whole of my address, she answered it by a timid smile, and by putting into my hand the bouquet which she carried in hers. I embraced her, and we returned slowly to the party. Eight days after, we were married, not only civilly at the municipality, but in the chapel of a convent by a little, nonjuring, concealed priest, a thing at that time all but absolutely prohibited, but on which Emilie insisted, for her piety was as sincere as it was fervent. When a very few days after, I quitted her for Toulon, it was without a formal farewell, which would have been too painful for both. Eighteen months later, I returned to falsify my own evil auguries. Of eight aides-de-camp, four had perished—Julien and Sulkowski murdered by the Arabs, Croisier killed at St Jean d'Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugène Beauharnais were severely wounded; Mulin and I alone escaped unscathed.'

We are left to gather from other sources what Lavalette's modesty forbade him to mention, that this impunity was the more wonderful, from his being foremost in all the most perilous encounters of the romantic Egyptian campaigns, during which he rarely left Bonaparte, at whose side he fought at the battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, as well as at the murderous siege of St Jean d'Acre. The prominent part borne in these conflicts by our gallant countrymen has made them matter of British history, and would render repetition of their details useless. A few anecdotes only of a more personal nature, from the graphic pages of Lavalette's memoirs, who to the close of life loved to dwell on scenes which his education and temperament rendered doubly interesting, may be preserved from oblivion.

On one occasion he was ordered on a mission of no small difficulty and danger to Ali Pasha, whose character of Djezzar, or 'the butcher,' and his notorious want of faith and humanity, rendered the fate of any envoy to his barbaric court extremely doubtful. Fortunately, the pasha was absent; but Lavalette, though much relieved, had only escaped one danger to encounter another. Being ordered to sea, for the purpose of bringing tidings of the French fleet expected on the coast, he was chased and nearly captured by an English frigate, ere he could get on board *L'Orient* to communicate with the commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueys. He was not even here in security, or in a creditable situation, and he was anxious to leave the vessel, which had already landed a large part of the forces it had brought from France. After a long conversation with

the admiral, 'I walked,' says he, 'alone during the night up and down this immense vessel of 130 guns, without meeting a single soul. I could have fancied myself in the cathedral of Notre Dame ; and what added to the singularity of this solitude was, that, before being reduced by the disembarkation, its complement, now reduced to 600 persons, had been 2145 ! The more I contemplated this vast half-manned citadel, the less desire I felt to take part in the conflict. In fact, not being a marine officer, my evident duty was to rejoin the general. In the event of a victory, there would be found plenty of willing messengers, while I was sure of much blame and little pity if, in case of disaster, I should be made prisoner or killed. I therefore went to the admiral and said : "Upon mature reflection, I have made up my mind to proceed and give an account of my mission, and of the position in which I have found you."'

Having no reason to oppose this resolution, the admiral gave him a skiff to take him to Rosetta ; but during the voyage, he had ample leisure to repent his decision. 'The swell,' he says, 'created by the strife of the sea and the Nile was tremendous,' and a violent storm came on to add to the danger. One vessel, laden with provisions, was lost before their eyes ; another, rather stouter built, still struggled on, and, by charitably casting them a tow-rope, saved their little craft from being swamped in the waves or hurled upon the breakers. 'Seventeen hours,' says Lavalette, 'were thus passed, when the sea having calmed a little, I insisted on pushing forward for the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were very unwilling ; but I was seconded by the officer commanding the boat, a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first wave that came after us covered and well-nigh sunk us. One pull more was necessary ; and though the men were as pale as death with fear, it was made, and we reached Rosetta.'

The good-fortune of our hero was not yet exhausted. While he achieved in safety the passage up the Nile, his less fortunate brother aide-de-camp, Julien, was massacred during the night by the Arabs, with all his escort. By the victory achieved by Nelson off Aboukir between the 1st and 3d of August 1798, the French fleet was annihilated, and the land forces of Bonaparte were necessarily deprived of any immediate succours from France. The manner in which the tidings of the defeat were received and communicated by Napoleon, is thus related by its eye-witness :

'It was in returning from beating the Mamelukes at Salahich that the commander-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news had been brought by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber's, whose horse being knocked up, he had written a few details in an open letter which I took from the hands of a peasant. I read it, and begged the general to come aside a little from the midst of his staff. I then gave him the note, and when he had read it: 'You know the contents,' said he ; 'of course you will

keep them secret.' We then returned to Balbeys, where breakfast was already on the table, and every one in the highest spirits, the troops having retaken from the Mamelukes the rich merchandise of which they had recently plundered the caravan. The soldiers would have sold them on the spot for half nothing, but Bonaparte strictly forbade any officer to become a purchaser, till there should be an opportunity of disposing of them for a fair price by the captors on their arrival at Cairo. In the middle of breakfast, the commander-in-chief said to his guests: 'Well, gentlemen, you say you like this country; it is very fortunate, as we have no longer any fleet to take us back to Europe!' The news was received with the same *sang-froid* with which it was told; every one's mind was made up, and there was no more about it.'

Of a piece with his former escapes was the charmed life which Lavalette seemed to bear in the midst of a six weeks' sojourn in Alexandria, when the plague raged with such virulence, that two days after an inspector-general and ten assistants had arrived there, one alone survived; and a secretary, who had merely, in signing some billets for the troops, come in contact for a moment with an infected paper, was a dead man in fifteen hours; while surgeons, physicians, and hospital attendants were successively swept away. The escape of one alone of these last, who habitually washed himself with oil, confirmed the well-known fact of the impunity enjoyed by the oil-porters of Constantinople.

A melancholy example of the summary punishments inflicted by oriental functionaries came under the notice of Lavalette, while deputed by his general, then absent, to accompany the aga of police in a tour of inspection through the streets of Cairo. The aga, a Greek, was as usual accompanied by the executioner and his myrmidons, the sight of whom sufficed to clear the streets of all their petty traffickers, and of all such persons as had any peccadilloes on their conscience. While stopping a moment in front of a café, a man was dragged violently to the feet of the *cadi's* horse, who, after a very brief interrogatory, replied to by the trembling criminal, gave a slight horizontal wave with his hand, on which the cavalcade moved on. 'Something in the *cadi's* gesture had struck me,' says Lavalette, 'and turning my head after we had got on a few paces, I saw a group assembled before the coffee-house, and galloped back to the spot. Imagine my horror when I saw a decapitated body, and the executioner very quietly putting the head into his bag! "What does this mean?" said I to the aga. "Oh," replied he coolly, "the fellow was a ringleader in the late revolt, and had hitherto contrived to escape me!" I made a point of his reporting the case to the general, and very likely the man was guilty; but I could not help suspecting that my presence, and the desire to give me a specimen of Ottoman inflexibility, cost the poor wretch his life. It must be confessed, however, that such examples are not

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unfrequent, and that the *cadi* never moves unaccompanied by the executioner.'

At the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, fresh instances were afforded of the good-fortune of Bonaparte and his companion Lavalette, in escaping dangers which carried off thousands around them. While one of the shells, thrown with unerring precision from the fortress, buried itself harmlessly in the earth at the very feet of Bonaparte, and in the midst of his staff, another exploded not far off, among eleven soldiers lying on the ground at their breakfast, not one of whom survived the explosion a single instant.

MIDDLE LIFE AND DANGERS.

After Bonaparte's return to Europe, he deputed Lavalette to act as plenipotentiary to Saxony. On this expedition he was accompanied by his young wife, Emilie, who, while in Germany, had the pleasing satisfaction of vindicating the ladies of France from the then too well-founded imputation of shamelessness in dress and behaviour, by the retiring delicacy of her manners and rigid propriety of her costume. Lavalette afterwards visited Berlin, where the queen and court loaded his wife with flattering distinctions. Returning to France, Emilie was appointed mistress of the robes to her aunt Josephine, and this office she held until the divorce of her respected relative. She now retired into private life. Lavalette, however, continued in the service and confidence of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed to the onerous office of director-general of the posts, to which were successively added the dignities of councillor of state, and grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and finally the title of count. Lavalette discharged the offices so imposed on him for a period of twelve years, and all parties agree in bearing testimony to the honourableness of his conduct in the trying situation in which he was placed. While at the head of the post-office, he abolished the base practice of opening letters for purposes of state or private curiosity, and for this reform he drew on himself the hatred of many in power, and especially the relentless and treacherous Fouché.

It had not been without misgivings and remonstrances that Count Lavalette beheld the latter steps of Napoleon's ambitious and ill-advised career; and however these might interrupt the cordiality of their intercourse, the emperor never failed in any emergency to resort for truth, or in any disaster for consolation, to his disinterested counsellor. The confidence reposed in his integrity by that undoubted judge of character, Bonaparte, may be gathered from his having insisted on depositing with Lavalette, on the eve of his departure on the unfortunate Russian expedition, bills on the treasury for a million and a half of francs, with directions to convert

them into gold, and keep them until further orders. At a loss, he says, how to secrete such a mass of bullion, Lavalette had made, through an artillery officer of his acquaintance, boxes exactly resembling gigantic volumes, and lettered *Ancient and Modern History*, each capable of containing 30,000 francs, and put them into his bookcase. When the emperor came back, he seemed to have forgotten all about this money, and returned to Germany without giving any precise orders as to its disposal, only saying, when pressed on the subject: 'We'll see when I come back.' 'At length,' says Lavalette, 'when, some months after, he was leaving Paris for his final campaign in France, I insisted on his ridding me of a deposit I could no longer be responsible for, amid the events with which Paris was threatened. "Well," said he to me, "can't you hide it in your house in the country?" It was in vain I represented to him that this château, situated on the high-road from Versailles, was liable to be pillaged and occupied by adverse parties, and that the slightest imprudence might betray the treasure. He would not listen to me, and there was nothing for it but to obey. I had a faithful steward, whom I employed for several nights in digging a hole under the flooring of a closet, which, after depositing beneath it the fifty-four volumes of a work, sure, if discovered, to be highly relished, we carefully replaced the floor. Shortly after, the chateau was occupied by 300 Prussians, fifteen of whom slept in the room, a plank of whose floor they had only to raise with their sabres to come upon these heaps of gold. My life during the two months they stayed was one perpetual agony, lest they should find out all, and I only breathed when they were gone.' What ultimately became of the money we have not heard.

Pressed upon on all sides, and with a tottering power, Napoleon found it advisable to abdicate the throne of France in April 1814, and to retire to the island of Elba, where it was arranged he should continue to enjoy the title of sovereign and an income of two millions of francs. On this dissolution of the imperial power, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., Lavalette, with the greater number of functionaries, civil and military, gave in their adhesion to the new dynasty; and to that dynasty they might have continued faithful, had it been faithful to itself, or cultivated the confidence and affections of the nation. The Bourbons, however, as was observed, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They were neither respected nor loved by the French people, while the discord of the European powers at the congress of Vienna disposed many to anticipate a new revolution in France. Taking advantage of the general dissensions, Napoleon once more appeared on the scene. Quitting his mock empire of Elba, he landed in France on the 1st of March 1815, and with what adherents could be collected, marched on to Paris, which he reached on the 13th; Louis XVIII. having previously fled—an event which, morally speaking, may be said to

have dissolved the allegiance of his servants, and left them free to follow a new master. Influenced by old attachment, gratitude for past favours, as well as admiration of his genius, many of Napoleon's former generals and ministers either flocked to him before he entered Paris, or afterwards took office under him. Among these were Labédoyère, Ney, and Lavalette. With respect to the latter, it appears that, no sooner had the royal family quitted Paris, or the approach of the emperor become matter of certainty, than, urged on by a professional impulse which it is difficult to reconcile with our previous knowledge of his calm and considerate character, Lavalette proceeded, as early as seven in the morning, to take possession of his former office, vacated in his favour by its timid elderly occupant, the Comte de Ferrand. Some difficulty made in furnishing to the latter the order for horses to expedite his leaving Paris, and the refusal to permit him to follow the royal family to Ghent, were circumstances afterwards brought up against Lavalette, who, however, always declared that the whole arose from a misunderstanding.

More serious imputations, however, were ere long incurred, by the new director taking upon him not only to suppress and keep back the mails which were to circulate in the departments the royal proclamation enjoining tranquillity and obedience, but to despatch in their stead a circular addressed to the different postmasters, in which the capital was stated to be enthusiastically in favour of the emperor, and deprecating all idea of resistance to his authority. To these steps, by which Lavalette unquestionably committed himself, he added the still more decisive one of sending a courier to meet his old master with a note, the satisfied smile of Napoleon on the perusal of which, and his verbal message in return: 'So I am expected in Paris! Tell Lavalette to meet me to-night at the Tuileries!' sufficiently indicated its flattering, and, as it afterwards appeared, too sanguine tenor. That the sentiments it contained were sincere, and that the writer really rejoiced at the moment in the return of his benefactor, it is only natural to imagine, strenuously as he denies all conspiracy to bring it about, and early and painfully as he learnt to appreciate the hollow and delusive nature of the power thus marvellously resumed.

His account of the first interview with the emperor is striking, and a satire on the evanescence of all earthly greatness. On receiving, about eleven in the evening, the order to attend at the palace, he found Napoleon surrounded by his former ministers, talking as quietly over the details of the administration as if they had all been shoved ten years back. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of so many persons habitually employed under the emperor, would have completely effaced from the memory of Lavalette the existence of the Bourbons, and their reign of scarcely a year, had not some busts of the family been left in the confusion on a side-table, which next morning quickly disappeared.

‘The emperor, on seeing me,’ says the count, ‘advanced a few steps towards me, and pushing me gently before him into the next room, and pulling me by the ear: “Ah! so you are there, Mr Conspirator!”’

“No, indeed, sire; you must be aware, if you have been told the truth, that I would have nothing to do”——

“Well, well!” said he, interrupting me, and resuming his endless interrogatories. The conversation ended by his offering me the ministry of the interior, which I declined, pointing out the necessity of naming one already well known in the Revolution. The choice, an excellent one, fell on Carnot. My audience and others lasted great part of the night. At length, about three o’clock, the emperor returned to the *salon*. “You will make out commissions,” said he to the proper functionary, “for all these gentlemen. As for Lavalette, he has no need of one—he has taken the post by storm.” A slight shade of bitterness in the tone with which this was uttered, shewed he had been piqued by my conduct.’

Scarcely eight days had elapsed ere the sagacity of Lavalette enabled him to fathom the abyss about to open under their feet. Not only had the famous proclamation of the congress of allies convinced the emperor that the storm would ere long burst over France, but the revolutionary spirit which pervaded the country itself alarmed and perplexed him, and he sought in vain the profound respect and submission, nay, the etiquette, of the imperial court.

‘He would send for me,’ says Lavalette, ‘two or three times a day, to talk for hours together; but sometimes the conversation languished; and one day, after pacing several times in silence up and down the room, tired of this sort of work, and pressed by my own urgent duties, I bowed and took my leave. “What!” exclaimed the emperor, astonished, but with a good-humoured smile, “is this the way I am left?” I certainly should not have dreamt of doing it a year before; but somehow I had lost my courtier’s routine, and could not again acquire it. One thing I have no doubt of. Had the emperor beaten the allies, and enjoined a peace, his power would have encountered the most imminent danger from intestine commotions. In appearance at least, however, no man could conform more admirably to his position. At no period of his life did I see him more imperturbably calm; not a word of anger or impatience, but listening patiently to everything—confessing his errors with affecting ingenuousness, and discussing his situation with a penetration his very enemies failed to equal.’ The result is matter of history. The battle of Waterloo caused Napoleon to abdicate the throne, and to flee from the country. It would appear, from the parting interview at Malmaison between the abdicated sovereign and his minister, that mutual presentiments as to the fate of each weighed on the other’s mind. These were shared, on Lavalette’s account, by nearly all his friends, who no sooner became aware

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that an extensive proscription was meditated, than they urged him, as its certain victim, to immediate flight.

From this step his wife's delicate health and advanced pregnancy might have probably sufficed to deter him; but so little apprehensive was one of the three state criminals to be excepted by the Bourbon family from their general amnesty, of the blow about to fall upon him, that while vainly bending all his energies to urge the escape from Paris of the young General Labédoyère, a similar infatuation prevailed, over all the hints and remonstrances of his friends, to detain Lavalette himself on the fatal spot.

Strong in the impression, if not of his entire innocence, yet that he had not committed any serious error in having resumed office during the Hundred Days under his old master Napoleon, he persisted in remaining in Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons by the allies. He was at length arrested, and henceforward the account of what befell him must be given in his own words.

CAPTIVITY.

'On the 18th of July,' says Lavalette, 'I was at dinner with my wife and a friend, when an officer came to request me to speak to Monsieur de Cayes, the prefect of police. I was set down by a hackney coach, with two or three officers of police mounted behind it for footmen, in the outer office of the prison of the prefecture, where for some time (the turnkey being busy assigning lodgings to various new-comers) nobody took any notice of me; and seeing among them a Monsieur —, long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, whom I knew well, looking very sad and sorrowful at seeing me there, I naturally experienced a reciprocal feeling, and was condoling with him on his misfortune, when, suddenly averting his head as he pointed to me, and rushing out of the place, he said to the turnkey: "Take that gentleman to No. 17." "Yonder goes a man who has turned his coat quickly!" thought I, as, a little ashamed of my blunder, I followed my conductor.

'It was to a filthy garret, whose only window was in the roof, at a height of twelve feet, my only means of opening which was by an iron bar, so heavy that I was never able to move it a single notch. I suppose every one's first impulse on being put in prison, after the surprise is over, is to be very angry; and I launched out in pretty strong invectives against the head of the establishment, for not having condescended to see one whom he had sent for to speak with him. I was not yet *au fait* as to the code of politeness of prefects of police.

'There being no bell, I had to wait for three hours till the arrival of the jailer, who brought my sorry prison dinner, and I could not help asking him who were my next neighbours; as I had seen, through the key-hole, men carrying bottles, and all the apparatus

of a feast. "They are two aides-de-camp of General Labédoyère," said he. "What !" exclaimed I, "is he then arrested?" "I believe so." Little did I then know that these two wretches—who had denounced their late commander, when that ill-advised young man insisted on revisiting Paris and his family before proceeding to take refuge in America—were thus carousing with the rewards of their treachery!

'Towards ten at night I was sent for to go down to the chief of division, whose business it was to interrogate me; and as an examination was a relief from my own thoughts, I readily obeyed. The functionary, after a few pages of questions and answers, amused himself by telling me anecdotes, almost too atrocious for belief, of his skill in making prisoners criminate themselves; which he wound up by saying: "As for you, your affair will not go far—it is not of consequence enough for me."

'I remained a week longer in this preliminary incarceration, during which the bad air and prison hardships brought on an inflammatory illness, to which I owed my removal, and the hastening on of my trial, lest I should escape, by a natural death, the one intended for me.

'On the 24th of July I was abruptly put in a coach, and transferred to the too famous Conciergerie, of the very existence of whose dungeons, beneath the noble halls of the Palais de Justice, many even in Paris have not an idea. A tall and insolent turnkey, after reading aloud my description, marshalled me along a dark passage to my new abode. It was a long narrow slip of a place, having at one end a window so overhung by *jalousies* as to afford one a glimpse of about a foot square of sky, and its bare walls blackened with prisoners' names and effusions of despair. A wretched pallet, an old table, and two buckets were its sole furniture, in the description of which I should not have been so particular, had it not formed for the previous three weeks the abode of Marshal Ney.

'I shewed myself to be weaker than he, for he never complained, while I did; for when I found it would be impossible for me to read more than half an hour in the day, I wrote to the prefect of police to tell him I should soon be a dead man if they did not change my lodgings. That evening the turnkey came to take me out to walk in the courtyard called the Préau, and at nine, instead of taking me up again to my hole, he led me to a ground-floor room, which boasted of a fireplace, and a window looking into a smaller court, separated from that of the women by a pretty high wall. "I could not put you here this morning," said he, "because General Labédoyère was confined next door; but he is removed to the Abbaye. Next day I got him to shew me the chamber, which was still more inconvenient than that I had left, and where the poor fellow had remained in total solitude for eight days, without books or any other recreation, seeing even a jailer only twice in the

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twenty-four hours, and deprived, by the narrowness of his cabin, from even such exercise as pacing its length would have afforded.

'I, too, was to spend six long weeks in secret, receiving no letters that were not first opened, nor seeing any friend except in presence of the prison clerk. I had but sorry news of my wife, whose assurances of perfect health were sadly belied by her trembling handwriting, and the sufferings I knew to be inseparable from her situation of advanced pregnancy, to which she carefully abstained from alluding. My slumbers, which these tidings were not likely to render sounder, were broken at all hours by the vicinity to my cell of a huge iron door, the incessant opening and shutting of which, when the sentries were relieving, shook me in my bed, and often made me start up in alarm; while the cold and damp obliged me, even at midsummer, to keep up a fire night and day.'

During this period of suspense, Lavalette seems to have been chiefly supported under his misfortunes by reflections on the yet greater reverses of the emperor. It was not without a degree of melancholy satisfaction that he was permitted occasional short interviews at his window with Marshal Ney, who was confined in the same prison, and on a similar charge of breaking his faith with the Bourbons, and going over to Napoleon. Ney was cheerful under his reverses, consoling himself, like Lavalette, with the reflection that he had only done as his sense of duty and gratitude had dictated. Not a little of his time he spent in playing the flute, and when his companions in misfortune could not see him, they knew from the notes of his flute that he was still a living man. Of the three victims confined on a similar charge, Labédoyère was first tried and executed. 'Labédoyère is gone,' said Ney to Lavalette at their last interview; 'it will be your turn next, dear Lavalette, and then mine.' This anticipation proved correct. Lavalette was brought to trial in the course of November; but before proceeding with his story, we may present a few details respecting the unfortunate Ney.

MARSHAL NEY.

Michel Ney was the son of a poor tradesman of Saarlouis, on the borders of Germany, and, like Lavalette, rose to a high post in the army entirely by the force of his character. At first he was intrusted with only the command of a body of irregular troops, called partisans, who, knowing very little of discipline, yet exceeded all other men in the impetuosity of their attacks, and were ready for any enterprise, however daring or desperate. To execute missions of extraordinary peril, to traverse the enemy's lines, to reconnoitre his positions and strength, to cut off his convoys, and to destroy or make prisoners such separate detachments as they might encounter—such were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of the *Indefatigable*.

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A daring act of intrepidity which he performed at the siege of Mannheim in 1799, raised him to the head of a division in the regular army. This act was his assumption of the character and costume of a peasant, and entering the town to spy the nature of its defences. German being his native language, and being well acquainted with the manners of the peasantry, he escaped suspicion, and returned in safety to the French camp. With the knowledge he had so gained, he proceeded, during the darkness of night, with a chosen band, and by the fury of his attack captured the place.

Now installed in the favour of Napoleon, Ney rose to distinction, and was created Duke of Elchingen, in reward for the victory he achieved at the battle of that name. In the French campaigns in the Peninsula, he was in active service, and conducted the retreat from Torres-Vedras with an ability which greatly increased his fame. Colonel Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, has an anecdote about his brother, honourable alike to Marshal Ney and the French commander-in-chief, Soult. Major Napier, at the battle of Corunna, having been wounded and made prisoner, 'he was returned among the killed. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia, being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The marshal also obtained for the drummer (who had saved him from being murdered by a French soldier) the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Corunna, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney; and that marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of the captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve until regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney.'

Ney served in the Russian campaign, and for his gallantry during this disastrous expedition he was created Prince of Moskwa. In 1813, when the power of Napoleon was crumbling to ruin, Ney still adhered faithfully to him. Like others, however, as has been

already said, he went over to the Bourbons, and, more fortunate than many of his brethren in arms, was intrusted by them with a high military command, and created a knight of St Louis, and a peer of France. But France was now at peace with all the world ; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted. During the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew nor wished to know the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good-nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he shewed it not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste ; his professional cares and duties, which during twenty-five years had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity. Contrary to his wife's inclinations, Ney seldom appeared at court, and it was while at his country seat, in March 1815, that he was surprised by a summons to join the division of the army of which he was commander. He undertook the commission, but the universal defection of the army caused him to abandon the attempt, and he hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.*

In the brief campaign of 1815, Ney had an important command, and at Waterloo, where the whole energies of Bonaparte were concentrated for a final effort, he led the attack on the enemy's centre ; and after five horses had been killed under him, he remained the last French general on the bloody field. His clothes were full of bullet-holes, and he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the plain. All being lost, and aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, he fled to Auvergne, a remote part of France, and found shelter and concealment in the castle of a friend at Aurillac. During an entertainment given by his friend, one of the guests observed a splendid sabre. The account of it reached the ears of the sub-prefect, and it was immediately recognised as the sabre of Ney. The castle was searched, the marshal taken, and imprisoned on the 5th of August. Ney might have escaped with ease, but he

* Court and Camp of Napoleon.

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was confident of acquittal. He was brought before a court-martial, which on the 10th of November declared itself incompetent to take cognizance of his case. His trial was therefore referred to the Chamber of Peers, where the minister, the Duke de Richelieu, was eager for his punishment. His advocate was Dupin. The twelfth article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favour; but Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Marshal Davoust, who had made the treaty, and who explained it in favour of Ney, he was sentenced to death by 169 votes against 17. With the calmness which had distinguished him through the whole trial he listened to the sentence; but when the person who read it came to his titles, he interrupted him: 'What need of titles now? I am Michel Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust.' When the assistance of a priest was offered him, he replied: 'I need no priest to teach me how to die; I have learned it in the school of battle.' He permitted, however, the curate of St Sulpice to accompany him to the scaffold, and compelled him to enter the carriage first, saying: 'You mount before me now, sir, but I shall soonest reach a higher region.' On the 7th of December 1815, at nine o'clock A.M., he was shot in the garden of the Luxembourg. When an attempt was made to blindfold him, he tore away the bandage, and indignantly exclaimed: 'Have you forgotten that for twenty-six years I have lived among bullets?' Then turning to the soldiers, he solemnly declared that he had never been a traitor to his country, and, laying his hand upon his heart, called out, with a steady voice: 'Aim true. France for ever! Fire!' He fell, pierced with bullets; and his melancholy fate will long be remembered as one of the most vengeful and imprudent acts of the elder Bourbons.

STORY OF LAVALETTE'S CAPTIVITY CONTINUED.

We now turn to Ney's companion in captivity, the Count Lavalette, the period of whose confinement previous to his trial in November 1815 was extremely irksome. 'Time in prison passes but slowly,' says he in his memoirs, 'and to the evils of my own situation were now added deep anxieties about my wife, whom I had won upon to promise not to come and see me till after her confinement, well knowing the interview would be enough to kill her. On her account, and that of my family, I succeeded in persuading myself that I should get off with a few years' imprisonment, during which I could watch over and occasionally see them; and though the idea of the scaffold would intrude, it was as yet but as a vague threat, scarce likely, I flattered myself, to be realised. When such thoughts became too oppressive, I escaped from them by mentally following the bark which bore Napoleon over the wide waters to St Helena.

‘One of the worst features of my domicile was the vicinity to it, right opposite, though separated by a wall, of the women’s court, whence, from eight in the morning till seven at night, issued a perfect torrent of stunning vociferation, couched in the lowest and coarsest and most depraved terms to be found in our own or any language, and sounds of riot, which the jailers were often obliged to rush in to quell. On this same court, be it remembered, had looked out the two windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! This chamber, which I had daily to pass through during my sojourn, was a large waste place, divided by a sort of pillar forming two arches, with a brick floor whose obsolete designs indicated extreme antiquity. How often did I walk up and down this prison when about to become a prey to despondency! How often did I blush there for complaining of a lot which, be it what it might, could not transcend in horror that endured by a queen of France!

I had denied myself, since my imprisonment, the visits of my daughter, now nearly fourteen, from the dread of deepening her sorrows by the sad realities of a dungeon. But my wife having sent her to receive my blessing on the eve of her first communion, it was in vain that I strove to keep within bounds my long-repressed affections. On seeing before me my only child, adorned with all the charms of youth, first drowned in tears in my arms, and then stretched in a deep swoon at my feet, my heart was torn with inexpressible parental anguish, and for the first time awakened to the full extent of my misfortunes. I was wholly unable to control my grief; my silent tears mingled with the sobs of my child; and when I laid my hands on her head, the words of blessing died away on my lips.

‘This scene, as I have said, first roused me to a true sense of my situation, and my kind and zealous legal defenders drew aside, in their consultations, a part at least of the veil which had hitherto blinded me to it. My chief adviser, Monsieur Tripier, a clear, logical-headed man, prepared for my defence by first attacking me on every vulnerable point of my case. “What business had I at the post-office? Why had I gone thither so early? Why did I despatch a courier to meet the emperor? Why take upon me to stop the royal proclamation, while accelerating by the same posts the bulletin of Napoleon?” My answers appeared to him candid and straightforward, but insufficient to secure my acquittal. Yet up to the eve of my sentence, his opinion was, that I should be condemned to five years’ imprisonment for my unauthorised resumption of office. What, however, engrossed far more of my thoughts than even my trial, was the situation of my wife, whose new-born infant—the long-wished-for son on whom I reckoned to console her in the event of my loss, and her cares for whom might reconcile her to survive me—had been taken from her suddenly, after an illness

of a few short hours. My anxieties on her account, in the event of my condemnation, grew quite dreadful—the calamities attendant on revolutions having deprived her of nearly all her near relatives. Her father, indeed, survived, and had returned to France, but bringing with him a second wife and family; and residing, as he did, at a distance from Paris, could offer little in the way of present protection.

‘It was amid these dismal reflections that my trial began, the first day of which was marked by animosity, and was stormy and unfavourable; though towards its close, prejudices seemed giving way, and on the second, matters appeared taking a more favourable turn. Just as the jury, about six in the evening, were going to retire to consider their verdict, a question arose, on which its fate turned, between my counsel and that for the crown, as to the order of putting the questions: ‘Was I guilty of conspiracy, or only of a usurpation of power?’ If put in this order, and separately, no act of conspiracy having been proved, the capital offence and consequent penalty fell to the ground, and the misdemeanour, carrying imprisonment, alone remained. But this was not the aim of my prosecutors, and they prevailed to have the questions joined in one; and thus working partly on the timidity and partly on the humanity of the jury, by assuring them that an example of clemency was alone now wanted by the government, and an opportunity of pardoning in my person (Ney being already executed) the third great state offender.

‘During the deliberation I was taken back to prison, and a kind young friend volunteered to keep me company. After a very melancholy dinner, wishing to keep up his hopes, though my own were at an end, I proposed to him our usual game at chess, and won it, contrary to my custom, as he was more than my match. But indeed, poor fellow! as the night wore on, his firmness gave way with it, and when, at ten o’clock, obliged to take leave, he fairly melted into tears. I remained alone two endless hours longer, and at midnight was summoned back to hear my sentence. The verdict had been read in my absence, and it was easy for me to gather its tenor from the ominous silence which reigned in the vast hall, whose benches were still occupied, and even by women, among whom I in vain sought for a single compassionate glance. One jurymen alone had his face buried in his handkerchief. It was Monsieur Jurien, a returned emigrant, whose nomination I had looked upon as peculiarly disastrous, yet who, I afterwards learned, had for six hours advocated my cause in a jury where eight out of twelve had voted against me.

‘The judges returned, for form’s sake, for a few moments; but I had read my doom in many a countenance ere the president pronounced aloud the article of the code which involved capital punishment! I was pronounced guilty, and doomed to death under the guillotine. As I went back to my cell, the turnkey met and

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questioned me. "All is up with me!" said I; and the man recoiled as if he had received a shot. Hitherto, and in public, I had kept up; but night and solitude gave full effect to the terrible words: "Guilty of death!" My first impulse was again an indignant one. I strode rapidly through my cell, appealing to France and the whole world against an iniquitous sentence; but by degrees I grew calm, and exhausted nature found oblivion in sleep.

'My earliest care next day was how to break the sad tidings to Madame Lavalette. I wrote to the Princess de Vaudemont and another old female friend, who hastened to her, and whose deep mourning garb made her at once aware of their mission. But the princess, a woman of firm, decided character insisted on dictating a letter to the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the bedchamber, soliciting an interview with the king. It was granted, contrary to all expectation, Mesdames Ney and Labédoyère having been refused; but the hopes it gave rise to proved cruelly delusive.

'Led by the hand by Monsieur de Duras through all the assembled courtiers to the king's closet, my wife fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her: "Madam, I have at once received you, to give you a mark of my deep interest." He added no more; but the words had been overheard, and were whispered abroad in the ante-room as Madame Lavalette passed. Her grief, her beauty, the grace and nobleness of her demeanour, notwithstanding her deep dejection, affected all who beheld her. It was remembered that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and no one doubted that a pardon would follow, since the king had granted the audience. It was not, however, thus to be.

'The next day, for the first time during four months, we met, and her paleness, her thinness, her deep depression, shocked me dreadfully. She fell speechless into my arms, unable during the first hour to articulate a single word. At length she slowly came to herself, and I drew from her the particulars of her interview with the king. For her sake and that of my child I assented to appeal, as I had the right of doing, against my sentence to the Court of Cassation; though my first impulse had been to shrink from the torturing suspense of the month, perhaps, which might intervene before its decision. During this period I strove to familiarise myself, by means of closely interrogating the jailers, with all the horrible minutiae of the scaffold and its preliminaries; and though at first the very marrow in my bones seemed frozen at their cold circumstantial recitals, by degrees I got wonderfully hardened, and could listen without blenching. The mode of execution alone revolted and disgusted me; and while the jailer, who informed me of poor Ney's fate, and told me he had been shot, thought me mad because I said he was "a happy fellow!" I left no stone unturned to procure for myself a similar soldier's death.

'I failed; and not death itself could be more bitter than the

terms in which this was conveyed by some on whose gratitude I had strong claims; while from others, especially the Duke of Ragusa (from whom circumstances had estranged me), I received the most unexpected testimonies of devoted interest. He proved it when, on the confirmation of my sentence, and the extinction of all hope, save from the royal clemency, he risked, and actually lost his favour at court, by introducing my poor wife once more to the presence of the monarch. It was in vain. Repulsed in all directions, she remained sitting for above an hour on the stone steps of the court, without one of the numerous comers and goers venturing to bestow on her the smallest token of recognition or compassion; and at length, worn out in body and mind, and deprived of all hope from man, she returned, broken-hearted, to my dungeon.

‘My hours, I felt, were now literally numbered, only forty-eight remaining of the three days allowed for the condemned to apply for a pardon. All my friends were in consternation; the jailers themselves avoided my presence; even Eberle, the one employed about my prison, had no longer the heart to address me, but moved silently about the room, scarcely seeming to know what he was doing.

‘On the Tuesday night I said to him: “It is usually on Friday, is it not, that executions take place?” “Sometimes on Thursdays,” said he, smothering a sigh. “At four o’clock in the afternoon generally?” asked I. “Sometimes in the morning,” he replied, hastily running out, without ever remembering to shut the door behind him. A female turnkey from the women’s ward happening to pass by, and observing this, slipped into my room, and passionately kissing my cross of the Legion of Honour, rushed out again, drowned in tears; and thus it was to a woman I had scarcely seen, and never spoken to, I owed the certain knowledge of my impending fate.

‘My wife came as usual at six o’clock to dine with me, accompanied by a female relation. When we were alone, she said: ‘There no longer remains a hope for us but in one plan, which I am going to propose. You must leave this at eight o’clock in my clothes, along with my cousin, and go in my sedan-chair to such a street; Monsieur Baudus will have a cabriolet in waiting, to conduct you to a retreat he has secured for you, where you will remain in safety till you can quit the country.” I listened and looked at her in silence. Her voice was so firm, and her aspect so calm, she seemed so persuaded of success, that I hesitated to reply; and yet her project appeared to me sheer madness, and I was obliged at last to tell her so. At the first word she interrupted me. “No objections,” said she; “your death will be mine; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for God, I feel, sustains me.”

‘In vain did I urge the innumerable jailers who surrounded her

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every night when she left, the turnkey who always handed her to her chair, the impossibility of so disguising myself as to deceive them; and, above all, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of miscreants who, in their first rage at my escape, might actually maltreat her. I was forced to leave off, her increasing paleness and agitation precluding all remonstrance. I could only pacify her by a seeming consent, remarking, however, that if success could be looked for in such a wild scheme, it could only be by stationing the cabriolet much nearer to the prison, as, in the course of nearly an hour's journey, a sedan-chair could not fail to be overtaken, nor could I perform the distance on foot in women's garb without similar danger.

These considerations induced her to agree to defer till next day (the last I had to call my own) the execution of her plan; and exacting my solemn promise then to make the attempt, she left me, in some degree quieted and comforted.'

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

The plan of escape proposed by Madam Lavalette was not new in the annals of female devotedness. The same means had been successfully employed by the Countess of Nithsdale to aid the escape of her husband from the Tower of London, on the night preceding that designed for his execution (February 23, 1716).^{*} Whether Madame Lavalette was acquainted with the particulars of this heroic incident, is unknown: they were not at least likely to be remembered on the present occasion by the functionaries of the conciergerie, and hence the plan of escape had all the benefit of being new and unexpected.

Lavalette himself, however, had serious misgivings as to the propriety of so hazardous a project. 'The more,' says he, 'I reflected on the scheme suggested for my escape by my wife, the more hopeless did it appear. Not only was she taller than myself, but her figure was slight and agile; while I, greatly as confinement had reduced me, was still too much the reverse for the jailers, who saw both daily, to be taken in. And then I was so thoroughly prepared to die! I had so often, and at length so firmly rehearsed the cruel drama, even to the dreary journey in the cart, and the last offices of the executioner; and now I was to mingle a possible burlesque with all this tragedy, most likely to be retaken in my woman's disguise, nay, perhaps exposed in it to the derision of the public! But, on the other hand, my poor wife, so happy, so secure in the success of her project, to refuse my concurrence in it would be to kill her.

'While lost in these tormenting conflicts, she arrived, and after communicating to me the distressing results of some other unavail-

^{*} See Tract, 'Last Earl of Derwentwater.'

ing efforts she had been making on royal clemency and ministerial sympathy, she said : "I am coming as usual to dine with you. Keep up your courage, for we shall require it all ! As for myself," added she, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, "I feel I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and not one moment longer, I am so thoroughly worn out !" Poor thing ! her hours of energy and consciousness were indeed numbered !

"I had gone through a sad scene in taking leave, as I thought, of my daughter (who had been brought to me the day before by the portress of her convent), when, to my surprise, she reappeared, along with her mother. "I have bethought me," said she, "that you had better have our child to accompany you. She will do more punctually as I desire."

"My wife had put on over her dress a merino pelisse, richly lined with fur, which she used to wear in coming home from balls, and had brought in her bag a black silk petticoat. Having sent the child out of hearing, she said to me rapidly in a whisper : "These will suffice to disguise you perfectly. I could have wished to add a veil, but having, unfortunately, not been in the habit of wearing one, it is out of the question now. Be sure, before going into the outer room, to draw on these gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk very slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop as you go out at these low doors, for if they should catch the feathers of your bonnet, all would be lost. The jailers will be as usual in the ante-room, and remember the turnkey always hands me out. The chair to-day will be drawn up close to the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you very soon, and point out your hiding-place. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband ! But oh, be sure and mind my directions, and keep calm ! Give me your hand ; I wish to feel your pulse. Now, feel mine, and see how quietly it beats ; there is not the slightest quickness." Poor thing ! I ascertained she was in a strong fever ! "Nor, above all," added she, "no giving way to our feelings ; we should be ruined." I could not, however, forbear giving her my wedding ring, on the pretext that if stopped, it might help to betray me.

"She now called back her daughter. "Listen well, my child," said she, "to what I am going to say, as I shall ask you to repeat it. I shall leave this evening at seven instead of eight o'clock. Keep behind me in going out, as you know the doors are narrow ; but when we come into the outer hall, take care to be on my left, the side the turnkey comes on to hand me out, which I hate. When we are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then come to my right, that the odious gendarmes at the guardhouse may not come and stare under my bonnet, as they always try to do. Do you understand me ?" The dear girl rehearsed her lesson very faithfully.

"One or two friends who had dropped in with the kindest

intentions, but whose emotions would have been fatal to the firmness of the parties, had to be got rid of ere dinner was served ; and, more perplexing still, a poor old nurse of Madame Lavalette's, who had been left waiting outside, but whom grief and the heat of the stove had upset, was to be allowed to sit in the room, and yet be kept in ignorance of the scheme, which the slightest alarm or indiscretion on her part might have betrayed.

'This dinner, which might prove my last upon earth, was very frightful. The morsels stuck in our throats, and not a word was exchanged ; and thus nearly an hour had to be spent. Three-quarters past six at length struck, and my wife rung for the faithful valet, whose services I had dispensed with, that he might attend her. She spoke a few words to him in a whisper, and then added aloud : "Take care that the chairmen are at hand ; I am just coming." And when he was gone, turning to me : "Now you must be dressed."

'For want of a dressing-room, I had luckily made them place a large screen in my apartment, behind which we now retired, and while my dear wife made my toilet with equal quickness and dexterity, she kept saying : "Mind you stoop your head at the doors ; be sure and walk slowly through the hall, like a person worn out with suffering." In three minutes my disguise was complete, and we were back into the room ; and Emilie said to her daughter : "What do you think of your papa?" An incredulous smile was the poor child's only answer. 'But seriously, my dear, will he do?' "Not very badly," said she, on seeing me walk a few steps before her ; but her head sunk on her breast, and her dejected tone betrayed her apprehensions. Not a word more was spoken till I was close to the door. I then said to Emilie : "The turnkey looks in every evening as soon as he has seen you off. Take care and remain until then behind the screen, and make a noise by moving about some of the things : he will conclude all right, and give me the few minutes indispensable for my getting clear away." She understood me, and as I put forth my hand to ring the bell, I gently pressed her arm : we exchanged looks : "Adieu !" said she, lifting up her eyes to heaven. Had we ventured on an embrace, all would have been lost.

'The jailer's step was now heard. Emilie sprung behind the screen—the door opened : I passed out first, next my daughter, then the old nurse. On coming to the door leading from the passage to the outer room, I had at the same time to lift my foot and stoop my head, to prevent the catching of my feathers—no easy matter : but I succeeded ; and had now to face in this large room a file of five seated jailers ranged along the wall. I held my handkerchief to my eyes of course, and expected my daughter to come, as directed, on my left ; but in her flurry the poor child took the right, thus leaving the jailer at liberty to hand me out as usual. He laid his hand on

my arm, evidently much moved (for he concluded we had taken an eternal leave of each other), and said : "You leave early to-night, madam?" It has been said that my child and I gave way to screams and sobs. So far from that, we durst not so much as indulge in a sigh. At length I got to the further end, where, night and day, sat a jailer in a huge arm-chair, in a space sufficiently contracted to allow him to place his two hands on the keys of two doors ; one an iron grating, the other (the outer one), called the first wicket. This man looked at me, but did not open. I had to put my hand through the bars to hurry him. At length he turned his two keys, and we were out ! And now, recollecting herself, my daughter took my right arm. We had twelve steps of a stair to go up to get at the court where the chair waited ; and at the foot of them was the guardhouse, where twenty soldiers, with an officer at their head, stood within three steps of me, to see Madame Lavalette pass ! My foot was at length on the last step, and I got into the sedan, which was close by. But not a chairman was there—not a servant ! only my daughter and the old woman standing beside it, and a sentry not six feet off, immovable on his post, staring at me. My first surprise was giving way to violent agitation : I felt my eyes fixed like a basilisk's on that sentry's musket, which, at the smallest noise or difficulty, I should certainly have sprung on, and used it against any one who offered to take me. This dreadful suspense may have lasted some two minutes, which to me appeared the length of a night. At length I heard the voice of Bonneville, my valet, whispering to me : "One of the bearers has failed me, but I have found another !"

'I then felt myself caught up, the chair crossed the court, and we went down a street or two. When it was set down, the door opened, and my friend Baudus offering me his arm, said aloud : "Madam, you know you have a visit to make to the president." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet which stood a short way off down a little dark street. I sprang into it, and the driver said to me : "Hand me my whip." I sought it in vain ; it had fallen. "Never mind," said my companion, giving the reins a shake, which set off the horses at a round trot. As I passed, I caught sight of my daughter Josephine standing on the quay, with her hands joined, praying for me with all her soul before getting into the chair ; which, as I had predicted, was quickly overtaken, and finding her only in it, was allowed to proceed.

'Beginning to breathe at length, when we had driven a long way, I had time to look at my coachman, and what was my astonishment to recognise the Count de Chassenon, whom I little thought of seeing in that capacity. "Is that you?" asked I in unfeigned surprise. "Yes ; and you have at your back four well-loaded pistols, which I hope you will use in case of need." "Not I, indeed ; I have no mind to involve you in ruin !" "Well, then, I suppose I must shew

you the example, and woe to whoever attempts to stop us!" We drove on to the Boulevard Neuf, where we stopped, and I displayed my handkerchief, as agreed, on the apron of the cab; having, by the way, got rid of all my female paraphernalia, and slipped on a groom's frock, with a round laced livery hat. Monsieur Baudus soon joined us: I took leave of the good count, and modestly followed in the wake of my new master. It was now past eight; the rain fell in torrents; the night was dark; and nothing could be more lonely than this part of the town. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep pace with Monsieur Baudus before I lost one of my shoes, which did not mend matters. We met several gendarmes at full gallop, little aware that he whom they were probably in quest of was so near them! At length, after an hour's march, worn out with fatigue, and with one foot bare, we came to a large mansion. "I am going in here," said Monsieur Baudus; "and while I engage the porter in conversation, slip into the courtyard; you will find a staircase on the left; go up it to the highest story. At the end of a dark passage to the right is a pile of firewood; stand behind it, and wait." I grew dizzy, and almost sunk on seeing Monsieur Baudus knock at the very door of the minister for foreign affairs—the Duke de Richelieu! But while the porter let him in, I passed on quickly. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "Oh, 'tis only my servant." I found the staircase and everything else as directed, and was no sooner on the appointed spot, than I heard the rustling of a gown; my arm was gently taken; I was pushed into a room, and the door closed upon me.

Lavalette was now concealed in what was in all probability the least suspected place in Paris—the house of the minister of foreign affairs. For an asylum under this roof he was indebted to the gratitude of Madame de Brisson, the wife of the cashier. M. de Brisson, it appears, had been proscribed at the first revolution for voting against the king's death, and was two years in hiding, along with his wife, among the Vosges, a cluster of mountains on the east of France. Here they received so much kindness from the inhabitants, that Madame de Brisson made a vow to save, if ever in her power, a person similarly circumstanced. She now had it in her power to afford a shelter to Lavalette, and nobly did she redeem her vow. Every comfort, down to the minutest luxuries of the toilet (so acceptable to a prisoner long deprived of them), had been provided by this lady's thoughtful kindness; even the felt slippers in which alone he was to dare to move about, and the profusion of books and wax-lights, which were to compensate to a studious man for the necessity of keeping his windows carefully closed all day. When the shades of night permitted him to open them, it was often to hear street-criers bawling forth proclamations, of which he could sometimes catch little more than his own name, threatening with the utmost penalties of the law all landlords or lodgers who might be

giving him a harbour; and truly, considering not only the dangers to which their generous conduct in his behalf was exposing his benefactors, but the fearful risk to all involved, in a nephew (who slept next room to him) and a couple of faithful servants being necessarily in the secret, it may be imagined that Lavalette's was not a bed of roses. His meals had to be literally purloined from their own table by Madame de Brisson, who, on some refreshment not habitually consumed by the family being requested by her prisoner, was obliged to remind him of the recapture and death on the scaffold of Monsieur de Montmorine, from the trifling circumstance of some chicken bones being found near the door of his landlady—a woman too poor to indulge in such dainties. She was, however, able to afford him the more substantial alleviation of hearing that, spite of proclamations, at which every one laughed, his escape was the subject of rejoicing all over Paris; that Madame Lavalette was extolled to the skies, and every possible allusion to her conduct at the theatre received with rapturous applause.

It is now time to return to that interesting woman, whose agitating suspense after her husband's departure may be easily conceived. No sooner was Lavalette beyond the gates, than the jailer peeped as usual into the room, and hearing some one behind the screen, went out. He returned, however, in five minutes, and still seeing no one, bethought him of pushing aside a leaf of the screen, and at sight of Madame Lavalette, gave a loud cry, and ran towards the door. She flew to prevent him, and, in her despair, kept such fast hold of his coat that he left part of it in her hands. 'You have ruined me, madam!' he exclaimed in a rage, and extricating himself by a desperate effort, and calling out as he went along: 'The prisoner has escaped!' he ran, tearing his hair like a madman, to the prefect of police.

The intelligence of Lavalette's escape, hastily communicated to the prefect, spread universal surprise. Indignant at the trick which had been played, the prefect, who was officially responsible for the safety of the prisoner, instantly ordered the widest and most minute search to be made to recover the lost captive. Gendarmes galloped about in all directions, and every suspicious-looking individual was seized. Cafés, hotels, and all places of public resort were visited. Every supposed lurking-place was searched. The pursuit continued all night, and domiciliary visits of the strictest kind were made, not only at the house of every acquaintance of the count, but of all who had ever held official connection with him. The effort was vain. Clever as the police of Paris unquestionably are, they were completely baffled on this memorable occasion. To intercept a possible flight to the country, the barriers were closed, and no one was permitted to pass without undergoing a personal scrutiny. All, however, would not do. Lavalette, safe in the house of the minister of foreign affairs, who little knew what guest he entertained, continued undiscovered; and all Paris chuckled to see the police fairly at fault.

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Defeated in their attempts to recover the fugitive, the police and other authorities meanly revenged themselves on Madame Lavalette, who for some time remained in an agony of suspense with respect to the fate of her husband. From the brutal insults of the enraged jailers, she was rescued by the arrival of the attorney-general, but only to be exposed to a set of formal interrogatories and reproaches from that functionary. In the eye of the law, she had been guilty at most of a misdemeanour, for which a severe punishment could not properly be inflicted. By the orders of the attorney-general, however, she was treated with unbecoming disrespect and severity; and being at the time in a poor state of health, this treatment was not only a sore aggravation of her immediate distresses, bodily and mental, but laid the foundation of complaints which afterwards unsettled her reason.

Instead of throwing open to this magnanimous woman the doors of the prison she had hallowed, her confinement was, for six weeks, as close and rigorous as that of the worst criminals. She was subjected to the nuisance of being within hearing of the reprobate of her own sex, while no female attendant was allowed her save a jailer; not a line was she permitted either to despatch or receive, and therefore a continual prey to anxieties on her husband's account, which, at every change of sentries, made her start up, concluding they were bringing him back, and for twenty-five nights wholly deprived her of sleep. Fortunately for her husband, he was kept in ignorance of these distressing details, and taught to believe that, though subject to restraint, she was enjoying every comfort under the roof of the wife of the prefect of police.

To him we must now return. In consequence of the unabated vigilance of the authorities, the friends of Lavalette were anxious to get him conveyed, if possible, beyond the barriers, and thence out of France. Several plans of escape from the country were suggested, without success. One, to escape in the suite of a Russian general, failed, from the dread inspired, by hearing the name of Lavalette, of himself being sent to Siberia. Another, more promising, to join a Bavarian battalion quitting Paris, whose commandant, a friend of Prince Eugène, would have earned praise instead of blame by conniving at it, was frustrated by the surveillance naturally enough exercised by the police over both men and officers of this suspected corps. At length, on the eighteenth day of his seclusion, Monsieur Baudus, in a transport of joy, announced to Lavalette his probable escape through the co-operation of Englishmen.

The political sentiments of some then in Paris had been too openly declared, against the execution of Marshal Ney especially, to make sounding them a matter of difficulty; and the office being undertaken by some French ladies of rank and the most amiable character, had all the success anticipated with Mr Michael Bruce in the first instance, and through him, with yet more efficient

coadjutors, General Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson of the Guards. It was humanely resolved by these gentlemen that Lavalette should, if possible, escape from France by wearing the uniform of a British officer. This plan, which was accordingly put in execution, is described as follows by Sir Robert in a letter to Earl Grey, which was intercepted on its way to England, and led to the subsequent trial and imprisonment of the parties engaged.

'It was agreed,' says Sir Robert, 'that the fugitive, wearing, as well as myself, the British uniform, should accompany me beyond the barriers in an English cab; that I should have a fresh horse stationed at La Chapelle, and from thence get on to Compiègne, where I was to be joined by my own carriage, in which Lavalette and I would proceed by Mons to Cambrai. At my request, and on my responsibility, I easily procured passports from Lord Stewart for General Wallis and Colonel Losack; names which we made choice of, because their initials corresponded with the real ones. On their being taken to be signed at the Foreign Office, one of the secretaries took it in his head to ask who Colonel Losack was, when Hutchinson coolly answered: "Oh, the son of the admiral." Bruce now found out that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris next day with his horses and baggage. With this young man, reluctantly as we involved him in the affair, it was agreed that he should provide for us a place where an individual, desirous of avoiding publicity, might remain *perdu* a few hours at Compiègne—a precaution which proved of the greatest use.

'Bruce next procured Lavalette's measure, and a uniform was ordered as if for a quarter-master of the Guards; but the regimental tailor happening to observe that it was for a very stout gentleman, and, moreover, that it had not been taken by a professional *snip*, the parties got alarmed, and fell on the plan of borrowing for the expedition the coat of a strapping brother-guardsman—a very young man, whom they persuaded it was wanted to assist in an elopement.'

It is not the least curious of the many odd features of this remarkable escape, that on Lavalette proceeding under cloud of night the previous evening to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings in the Rue de Hilder, he only exchanged one lion's den for another, having for a neighbour under the same roof the very judge who had presided at his trial! He was there met by Mr Bruce (whom he had once or twice seen at the queen of Holland's) and Sir Robert Wilson, who, after partaking of a bowl of punch (the ostensible pretext for the meeting), left him to take on a sofa such slumbers as, on the eve of such an expedition, he could hope to enjoy. These were rudely broken in upon about one in the morning by a prodigious noise and loud colloquy at the outer door, the object of which was plainly to effect a forcible entry. Lavalette, never doubting he was discovered, and firmly grasping his pistols, woke his companion, who, he tells

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us, went out very quietly, and after five minutes (which to Lavalette seemed ages) came back and said : ' It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lodges on the third floor about letting him in at so late an hour ; so we may go to sleep again.'

There was no more sleep, however, for his guest, who got up at six and dressed himself, and at half-past seven was called for by Sir Robert in a general's full uniform, in Bruce's cabriolet, while Captain Hutchinson rode alongside, both to give it the air of a pleasure party, and that Lavalette, if hard pressed, might exchange the carriage for a swifter conveyance. ' The weather,' says our hero in his memoirs, ' was splendid, all the shops open, everybody in the streets ; and, by a singular coincidence, as we passed the Grève (the place of execution in Paris), they were setting up the gallows customarily used for the execution in effigy of outlawed criminals.'

Numerous were the occasions on which the party were threatened with discovery ; indeed, that one with such marked features as Lavalette—personally known, from his office, to half the postmasters in France, and, moreover, minutely described in placards in almost everybody's hands—should have escaped detection, seems little short of a miracle. Before they were out of Paris, they met an English officer, all surprise at seeing a British general with whose person he was unacquainted. The gendarmes at the gate took a hearty stare at him ; but the ceremony of presenting arms screened at once his profile and his life. When they met people or carriages, Sir Robert took care to talk very loud in English, and Colonel Losack to sit well back in the carriage, the white feather in his regimental hat serving to divert attention from the wearer. Another object of the same colour had, however, nearly served to betray him ; namely, a few white hairs straggling from beneath his wig, which Sir Robert observed ere entering Compiègne, and being fortunately provided with scissors, was enabled to act the barber's part.

Their chief peril was at the previous village of La Chapelle, where their relay horse had been stationed at a bustling inn, about the door of which four gendarmes were lounging, and were only got rid of by the presence of mind of Captain Hutchinson, who, by pretending to be on the look-out for cantonments for a corps of English troops, diverted their attention, and kept them drinking till the others had got clear off. Their stay of some hours at Compiègne, to await the arrival from Paris of Sir Robert's carriage, passed off equally well, and under cloud of night it arrived safe. With post-horses the rest of the journey could now be more expeditiously, and, thanks to the words ' English carriage and English general,' passed on from postilion to postilion, was at length safely performed.

At Cambrai three hours were lost at the gates by the supineness of the English guard, who, having no orders to call up the porter, refused to do so, and might have ruined all. At Valenciennes, the party were three times examined, nay, their passports carried to the

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commandant. A long time elapsed, and Lavalette felt as if on the brink of shipwreck when almost in port. Luckily, it was very cold weather (early in January), and day had scarcely dawned; and the officer, instead of coming to inspect the travellers, signed their passports in bed. 'On the *glacis* of the same town,' says Lavalette, 'an officious douanier chose to examine if all was right. His curiosity, however, was satisfied, and we were ere long bowling joyously along the firm road to Mons. Now I would peep out of the little back-window to see if we were pursued; and then I would fix my longing eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the first Belgian custom-house, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length we gained it: I was out of the French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, deeply moved, the whole extent of my gratitude, while he only answered me by a quiet smile.' 'Having made at Mons every arrangement for facilitating Monsieur Lavalette's ulterior proceedings, I returned,' says his generous deliverer, 'to Paris, from whence I had been absent only about sixty hours.'

EXILE AND DEATH.

Lavalette was now safely sheltered in a foreign country. From the Netherlands he proceeded to Germany, and there found a refuge in the dominions of the king of Bavaria, though scarcely with the willing consent of that monarch. In a remote country retreat Lavalette lived for years, almost forgotten by the world. The only matter for serious regret was the absence of his affectionate wife, the state of whose mind rendered seclusion from the world indispensably necessary. The manner in which the count spent the greater part of his time may be gathered from a touching letter which he wrote to the Duchess of Ragusa, the wife of General Marmont.

'You ask me where I live, and how. I dwell on the banks of a lake not unworthy of Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I have a room and a closet at the lodge of the keeper of a forsaken chateau. My view consists of a fine sheet of water, pretty low hills, and high mountains beyond, covered with snow. For walks, I have wild woodlands, abounding with game, which remain unmolested for me. My hosts are honest peasants, whose Spartan broth and black bread I partake of with tolerable relish. I dare not have in a servant a possible spy, so my sole companion is a poor artist unknown to fame, who smokes all day long, and does not know one word of my language; but I am learning his, and we get on very well. He wakes me every morning at six, and we labour together till nine. After the most frugal of breakfasts, we set to work again till noon, and after dinner from two till five. I then read a couple of hours; and at seven we go to walk till supper.'

STORY OF LAVALETTE.

I have taught him chess, and we play till ten, when I go to my room, but seldom to bed till one o'clock. These hours of night are for the heart's anguish, and a host of bitter reminiscences. I pray and weep over all those I love, and in thinking of my poor, humbled, subjugated country.

'But I do not at all times give way to such sad thoughts. I should be unworthy of my glorious misfortune did I not draw from it the sweetest consolations. I often feel less thankful at having escaped the scaffold, than for being saved from it by such generous hearts. Wife, child, friends, domestics, nay, those noble strangers, all combined to suffer, to sacrifice themselves; but, thank Heaven, ultimately to triumph in my cause. I of all mankind have no right to complain of my fellows. Never was unfortunate being honoured by so much devotedness and courage!

'I am so happy that you are within reach of my poor wife. You love and appreciate her. She is not understood in a world of base wretches, who little thought that that weak, dejected, unhappy woman would prove too strong and bold for them all! Oh, take care of her, I beseech you; watch over her, and shield her from every sorrow! And my poor little Josephine; good God! what will become of her? How fondly had I looked forward to perfecting her education! When I think of all this, I could beat my head against the very walls, and dread what I may be tempted to do! Above all, my wife!—see her often, console, and protect her if necessary.'

It is consolatory to know that Lavalette outlived the vengeance of his enemies. After an exile of six years, the crime of which he stood guilty was remitted, and he was allowed to return to France a free man. He now had the additional happiness of being permitted to see his wife, and to repay by the most devoted attentions her exertions in his behalf. The acute mental malady brought on by anxiety and terror, under which she had for some years laboured, seems to have gradually yielded to a deep melancholy and frequent abstraction; 'but she remained,' says Lavalette, 'as she had ever been, good, gentle, and amiable, and able to find enjoyment in the country,' where for her sake he chiefly resided, pretty much forgotten by the world, until his death in 1830. Whether Madame Lavalette ultimately recovered from her alienated mental condition, we have not heard: it is, however, gratifying to learn that her daughter Josephine, who was married to a man of worth and talent, lived to contribute to her comfort and happiness, in that scene of rural quiet to which she had been removed by an affectionate and grateful husband.



RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

ALL excesses are dangerous, and none perhaps more so than an excess in devotional feeling. Of religious excesses, originating either in imposture or the delusions of an overheated temperament, the world has had many lamentable examples. During the last thousand years, there have appeared as many as twenty false Messiahs, besides an incalculable number of persons who have presumed, with equal impiety, to declare themselves to be prophets specially sent by God. History abounds in accounts of these deluded beings, and of their temporary success in working on the credulity of followers. For the sake of general information, and, if possible, to guard simple-minded people from being deceived by the claims of all such pretenders, we

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present the following account of a few of the principal religious impostors, or at least self-deceived fanatics, of modern times, commencing with

MUNZER AND BOCKHOLT.

In the year 1525, amid the turmoil of the Reformation, there arose a remarkable sect in Germany, headed by a fanatic named Thomas Munzer, who declared himself to be an inspired prophet. The members of the sect pretended to be the peculiar favourites of Heaven, the chosen instruments of God to effect the millennium reign of Christ on earth. They believed that they had familiar personal intercourse with the Deity, that they were on an equal footing with the prophets and apostles of old, and were armed against all opposition by the power of working miracles. Their pretended visions, miracles, and prophecies soon kindled the flame of fanaticism in the minds of the peasants. Their prophet and leader at length took the field, attended by his deluded followers, with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, giving as a reason that the world was now to be governed by the founder of Christianity in person. The Elector of Saxony and other princes raised an army to withstand the dangerous pretensions of the sect. About five thousand were slain in battle, the leader of the mob was executed, and the fanaticism apparently quelled.

A few years later a similar delusion was propagated in Westphalia, a district in Lower Germany, by John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden, in Holland—hence his popular name of John of Leyden. This man, with the aid of a few equally infatuated zealots, began to spread his doctrines in Munster, the capital of Westphalia, in the year 1533, and, as in all similar cases, soon gained listeners, some of whom became believers in his pretensions. John of Leyden, like a number of his predecessors, assumed the character of a temporal prince. He persuaded his credulous followers that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, whence laws should be sent forth to govern all the kings of the earth. This presumptuous idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards John of Leyden was proclaimed *king* of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to shew his approbation of the polygamy

which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem ; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these religious embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there ; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics ; the whole of them were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect that all things should be in common among the faithful ; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so ; and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded, crying, ‘Woe! woe! woe to Babylon!’ and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying, ‘We are the naked truth!’ Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates and resisted ; nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe

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laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value; perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, 'the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms.' There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. 'In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death in its worst forms to a retraction of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments.' The more enlightened policy of modern times would either leave alone such unhappy beings, or consign them to the humane treatment of a lunatic asylum.

RICHARD BROTHERS.

Richard Brothers was born in Newfoundland in 1760, and for several years served as a midshipman and lieutenant in the British royal navy. In the year 1784 a reduction of the navy took place, and he was paid off, to live for the future upon an allowance of three shillings a day. No particular eccentricities of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year 1790, when his understanding, according to his own shewing, began first to be really 'enlightened; although,' says he, 'I had always a presentiment of being some time or other very great.' The enlightenment took the shape of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by form to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which bears to be a 'voluntary' attestation that the annuitant has received the benefit of no public employment during the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Brothers found here a difficulty which seems really somewhat puzzling. 'I do not wish,' he reasoned, 'to take any oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my attestation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me utter and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my pay not being procurable without it.' The head of the Admiralty (the Earl of Chatham) would not depart from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Brothers was left half starving, for the space of a year or so, on the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind appears to have given the decisive bent, at this period, to his awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers result from the

application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lodging-house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workhouses in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owed her thirty-three pounds, and whom she was unable to keep any longer, as his conscience would not allow him to draw the pay due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse board pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the honesty, good temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. They sent for Mr Brothers. 'His appearance,' says a writer who was present, 'prepossessed me greatly in his favour. He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, and well formed, and shewed in his address and manner much mildness and gentility.' He answered questions calmly, though his replies were all tinctured with fanaticism. The issue was, that the board took him off Mrs Green's hands for a time, and stated the case fully to the Admiralty; which body, on the score of the eccentricities deposed to by the widow, granted the pension to Mr Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in worldly circumstances, now came before the world as a prophet. He did not publish his 'great' works till 1794; but long before that time his prophetic announcements had been spread abroad, and he had made a mighty stir in the world. His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages. There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet; scores of pious enthusiasts 'testified' in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of woe; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he 'had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man.'

To glance at the mass of absurdities—blasphemous in the extreme, if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity—which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times*, with a further heading which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though 'separated from that race for fifteen hundred years, such a length of time as to make them forget they

ever belonged to the name.' The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the 'prince and restorer of the Jews by the year 1798.' Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halhed in parliament, of such a descent as to render him 'nephew' to the Divine Being!

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted; but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. 'London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found.'

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shewn 'the queen of England coming towards me, slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt in the month called June 1792.' In another vision he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him 'a most magnificent star.' What this meant the prophet could not at first tell, but it was 'revealed' to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, 'with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the exchequer were put into the penny post-office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation.' But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says: 'I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease.' The 'revelation' spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. 'I am to take a rod and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be re-changed into a rod.'

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than eighty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with

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Richard Brothers. He shewed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was about to do so, he went to that place for the purpose of prophesying to the members of wars and rumours of wars, and of directing them, as their true 'king and minister of state,' how to avoid the coming perils. Strange to say, the reckless speaker sent back the letter of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off with what he felt to be, 'in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility.' But the House of Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brothers. On the 4th of March 1795 the poor prophet was taken into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of high treason, founded on the printed passages relating to the king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man in a regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a jury to be *insane*. The imputation both of insanity and high treason was combated, in two long speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr Halhed, and these speeches shew both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. But the case was too strong for Mr Halhed, and his motions fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the lord-chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of his remaining days, we believe, in private confinement. Doubtless he would there be much more happy than in the midst of a world for which his unfortunate situation unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a world of their own around them, and in imaginary intercourse with the beings that people it, find more pleasure than in any commerce with the material creation. Richard Brothers, as far as he lived at all for the ordinary world, lived only to give another proof of the strength of the superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in man, as well as of the difficulty which even education has in repressing their undue exercise.

FEMALE FANATICS.

During the past century the religious world has been scandalised by the wild fancies and pretensions of several female fanatics, equally mad or self-deceiving with the most visionary impostors of the male sex. We shall first speak of

Ann Lee, the founder of the religious sect commonly called Shakers. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, who lived in Toad Lane in Manchester; a very poor man, who gave her no education, and sent her while a mere child to work in a cotton-mill. She seems to have been a violent, hysterical girl, ambitious of notice, and fond of power, and to have always possessed, in virtue of her strong will and vehement temper, a great deal of influence over the people around her. Marrying, while very young, a blacksmith named

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Stanley, she had four children, all of whom died in infancy, and to this, perhaps, may be ascribed the preference of the celibate to the married life, which she ultimately raised into a part of her religious system. She became one of the earliest believers in a prophetess, who appeared about a hundred years ago, in the town of Bolton-on-the-Moors, in Lancashire—a poor woman, named Jane Wardlaw, the wife of a tailor, who believed she had ‘received a call’ to go forth and testify for the truth. The burden of Jane Wardlaw’s message was, that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was coming to reign upon the earth, and that his second appearance would be in the form of a woman, as prefigured in the Psalms. In subordination to this, she took up several of the tenets of the Society of Friends, to which she and her husband originally belonged; especially, she raised her voice against war and against profane swearing. Her followers believed that she was filled with the Holy Spirit; they received her utterances as the voice of God; and she acted as if all the powers of earth and heaven had been given into her hands. Ann Lee, on her conversion (about 1758), began to preach the same message in Toad Lane and the adjacent streets of Manchester; but she soon went beyond her teacher, and gained the leadership of her co-believers for herself. It happened that she was brought before a magistrate, charged with an obstruction of the streets, caused by the crowd collected to hear her preach, and she was sent to the Old Bailey Prison in Manchester. When she came out of prison, she gave forth, that one night a light had shone upon her in her cell; that the Lord Jesus stood before her; and that He became one with her in form and spirit (1770). Her pretension was, that Christ was come to reign in her person. It was favourably entertained by the followers of Jane Wardlaw; and they acknowledged her as their Head, or Mother, in place of Jane, whose pretensions had never gone so far. She found, however, that among her neighbours and fellow-workers, her claim to be the Bride of the Lamb seen in the Revelation by St John, excited only jeering and ridicule; and she received a revelation that she should seek in America a home for herself and her few disciples—that it was in America that the foundations of Christ’s kingdom were to be laid. So she went to New York in 1774, accompanied by seven disciples—five males and two females. Her husband also went with her; but he seems to have had no faith in her, and he left her soon after their arrival, in consequence of one of the features then introduced into her system. This was the practice of celibacy, which she had not previously enforced upon her followers, though she had commended it. Her teaching was, that men called into grace must live as the angels do, among whom there is no marrying or giving in marriage; that no form of earthly love could be allowed in the Redeemer’s kingdom. Finding a populous city unfavourable to her designs, she removed, with her followers, first to Albany, then far into the wilderness to Niskenna,

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and there founded the settlement which still exists, of Water Vliet. It was in the spring of 1780—when she had been three years and a half at Niskenna, looking for new believers to come in, but making no attempt to win them—that the first American converts joined her Society. A revival had taken place at Albany, and had spread through the surrounding districts; and from Hancock and New Lebanon a deputation was sent to Niskenna, to see what light its inhabitants enjoyed as to the way of salvation. The deputation consisted of Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright—subsequently the heads of the Shaker Society. These persons became believers in Ann Lee; and through their agency, other converts were won, and a Shaker Society established at New Lebanon. Towards the close of 1780, the revolutionary war being then in progress, notoriety was given to Ann Lee's pretensions, through an incident seemingly unfavourable. Owing to her British origin, her denunciations against war, and her refusal to take the colonial oaths, Ann was imprisoned for some time at Poughkeepsie, on suspicion of being a British spy. Before she was let out of prison, in December 1780, all the colonies had heard of 'the female Christ.' In the following year, she started upon a missionary tour through New England and adjacent colonies; she found the people everywhere curious to see her, and she made not a few converts. She did not return to Water Vliet till September 1783, and about a year after, she died. Her death was a surprise to many of her followers, who believed that she was to live among them for ever; but her successors—the Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright already mentioned—to whom, on her death-bed, she had made over the headship of the Society, were ready with a theory accounting for it. 'Mother Ann,' they said, could not die, and was not dead, and had not ceased to live among her people. She had only withdrawn from the common sight; she was still visible to eyes exalted by the gift of grace; she had cast the dress of flesh, and was now clothed with a glory which concealed her from the world. So it would be with every one of the saints in turn; but the spirits of those who 'passed out of sight' would remain near and be in union with the visible body of believers. This explanation was generally accepted, and has become a vital part of the Shaker creed, which thus falls in, in so far, with the more recent doctrine of 'Spiritism,' as it is called.

By Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, the successors of 'Mother Ann,' the Shakers were gathered into settlements, ten in number; and a covenant was drawn up embracing the chief points of their creed, and of the social system since associated with it. Their head was, of course, 'Mother Ann'—the second incarnation of Christ—of whom Joseph and Lucy were temporarily the representatives: elders and deacons, male and female, were appointed; the institution of celibacy was confirmed; and a community of goods was introduced. On the death of Joseph Meacham in 1796, 'Mother

Lucy' became the sole head of the Society, and she governed it with ample powers for twenty-five years. She named a female successor with the title of Elderess; and the name of 'Mother' has not, since that time, been applied to the female head of the community. The Shakers were, at the census of 1860, more than six thousand in number, included in eighteen societies; of which three are in the state of New York, four in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, one in Connecticut, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. Their numbers have increased considerably since 1860; the influence of their opinions has greatly increased; and the eighteen separate settlements continue to form a united and peaceful Society.

Their doctrine has been to some extent developed as well as systematised since the death of 'Mother Ann.' They believe that the kingdom of heaven has come; that Christ has appeared on earth a second time, in the form of 'Mother Ann,' and that the personal rule of God has been restored. Then they hold that the old law has been abolished, and a new dispensation begun; that Adam's sin has been atoned; that man has been made free of all errors except his own; that the curse has been taken away from labour; that the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed. Believers, on going 'into union,' die to the world, and enter upon a new life, which is not a mere change of life, but a new order of being. For them, there is neither death nor marriage; what seems death is only a change of form, a transfiguration which does not hide them from the purified eyes of the saints; and in union, as in heaven, there is no marrying or giving in marriage—the believer owes love to all the saints, but his love must be celibate in spirit and in fact. The believer, living in union, *is* in heaven. The Shakers believe that the earth, now freed from the curse of Adam, is heaven; they look for no resurrection besides that involved in living with them in 'resurrection order.' The believer, upon entering into union, leaves behind all his earthly relationships and interests, just as if he had been severed from them by death. Those who have 'passed out of sight' are still in union; and the Shakers live in daily communion with the spirits of the departed believers.

It being the work of the saints to redeem the earth from the effects of the curse, labour is a sacred and priestly function, especially when bestowed in making the earth yield her increase, and in developing her beauty. It should be done in a spirit of love; the earth, they say, yields most to those who love it; and love and labour will in time restore it to its primitive state. According to Mr W. Hepworth Dixon, from whose *New America* (London, 1867) the materials of this sketch have been chiefly derived, they bestow upon their gardens and fields the affections which other men bestow upon family or worldly goods. Their country they regard only as it is a part of the earth, which they love, and as the favoured land

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in which God's kingdom is first to be established. In its politics and its fortunes, they take no interest; and, indeed, their whole system is a protest against the existing constitution of society, as well as against the ordinary lives of men. Consistently with their belief in the second appearance of Christ in the form of a woman, the Shakers seem to hold that there is a female as well as a male essence in the Godhead—to believe in the motherhood as well as the fatherhood of God.

Their mode of worship is thus described: 'The two sexes are frequently arranged in ranks opposite to and facing each other, the front ranks about six feet apart. There is usually an address by one of the elders upon some doctrinal subject, or some practical virtue, after which they sing a hymn; then they form in circles around a band of male and female singers, to the music of whom they "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," in which they manifest their religious zeal; and at times the excitement and fervency of spirit become very great, and their bodily evolutions, while maintaining the order and regularity of the dance and the music, are almost inconceivably rapid.' It was in ridicule of the bodily movements accompanying their worship that the name of Shakers was given to them; the name by which they designate themselves is, the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. In their church-service, music bears a prominent part; the hymns and chants which are used being all of Shaker origin, communicated to believers in dreams and reveries by the spirits with whom they have communion. The spirits, it is said, shew no great regard for rhyme or grammar.

They do not consider a life of celibacy as a duty for all, otherwise the race would soon come to an end. There are two orders in the world—the Order of Resurrection, and the Order of Generation. Those who have entered the Society are of the Resurrection order, for whom there is no marriage; they claim, says Mr Dixon, to be a sort of priesthood of saints, appointed to serve God, and to redeem the world from sin. The outside world is of the Generation order, and for them marriage is still, for a time, allowed.

A Shaker settlement is, for convenience, divided into families, consisting of the brothers and sisters, who live in the same houses, each governed by an elder and an elderess. There are two orders of members—Probationers and Covenanters—that is, novices and full members. It is on becoming a covenanter that the Shaker puts his property into the common stock. On entering upon residence, he becomes subject to all the rules of the society; but he is free—whether a covenanter or a probationer—to leave the body whenever he pleases. Both men and women wear a dress of prescribed cut. Some latitude is allowed as to the materials of the dress. Men and women, it is said, have the look of persons at peace with earth and Heaven. All labour with their hands, both men and women; but

the latter do only indoor work. Every man, whatever his rank in the church, follows some manual occupation, and most of them have more than one. Working not for gain, but with loving care, and with the sense that they are exercising a priestly function, the Shakers are unrivalled among their neighbours in the arts to which they apply themselves, especially the culture of their land, and the production of fruits and flowers. They pay great attention to ventilation and to all sanitary conditions ; they live almost entirely upon the produce of the soil, and drink only water ; they employ no doctors, and take no drugs, and are, nevertheless, among the healthiest of communities. Their Society is recruited mostly by young men and girls ; but occasionally, married persons with their children come 'into union.' Husbands and wives, when they have come 'into union,' become as brothers and sisters. The education of the children attached to the Society is the work of the sisters, and they do it exceedingly well. The brothers and sisters take their meals in a common room, eating at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the afternoon. Their meals are taken in silence, any direction that has to be given being given by a gesture or in a whisper.

Such is this singular body, which is described as exerting a powerful influence on the course of American thought and sentiment. And yet, strange to say, all this originated, only a hundred years ago, in the morbid visions of an illiterate, hysterical factory-girl.

Femima Wilkinson was another American fanatic who flourished at the same time as Mrs Lee. She was the daughter of a member of the Society of Friends of Cumberland, Rhode Island. Mentally deranged, her first visions occurred in 1775, when she pretended that she had been ill, and had actually died. Her soul having gone to heaven, as she alleged, she there heard the inquiry : 'Who will go and preach to a dying world?' Whereupon she answered : 'Here am I, send me.' Her body, as she said, was then reanimated by the spirit of Christ, upon which she set up as a public teacher, to give the last call of mercy to the human race. She declared that she had arrived at a state of perfection, and knew all things by immediate revelation, that she could foretell future events, heal all diseases, and discern the secrets of the heart. If any person was not healed by her, she conveniently attributed it to the want of faith.

Mrs Wilkinson made many other extravagant pretensions. She assumed the title of universal friend ; declared that she had left the realms of glory for the good of mankind, and that all who would not believe in her should perish. She pretended that she should live a thousand years, and then be translated without death. She preached in defence of a community of goods, and took herself whatever 'the Lord had need of.' Multitudes of the poor, and many of the rich, in New England believed in the truth of these frantic assumptions, and made large contributions to her. Some gave hundreds, and one even

a thousand dollars for her use. In a few instances wealthy families were ruined by her. No detection of her fallacies undeceived her willing dupes. She pretended that she could walk on water, in which she signally failed. She pretended that she could raise the dead to life, but a corpse placed in a coffin remained dead in spite of all her efforts. Her own death occurred in 1819, and thus her claims to immortality were completely falsified. Yet her followers would not at first believe that she was dead. They refused to bury her body, but at last were compelled to dispose of it in some secret way.

Mrs Buchan, a resident in Glasgow, excited by a religious mania, announced herself in 1783 as a mother and leader of the elect. She likewise was resolute in proclaiming that she was the woman spoken of in the Revelations; that the end of the world was near; and that all should follow her ministrations. For some time she wandered from place to place, attended by hundreds of half-crazy dupes. This woman appears to have been one of the least selfish or arrogant of the class to which she belonged. She seems simply to have been a lunatic, whom it was cruel to allow to go at large. She announced that she was immortal, and that all who believed in her should never taste death; but in time, like all other mortals, she died; and this event staggered the faith of her followers. The Buchanites, as they were termed, are now, we believe, extinct. Perhaps some of them were absorbed by the next impostor-fanatic who appeared in England.

Joanna Southcott.—This person was born in Devonshire about the year 1750, of humble parents. In early life, and till near her fortieth year, she was employed chiefly at Exeter as a domestic servant. Having joined one of the Methodist bodies, her religious feelings were powerfully awakened, and becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to the spirit of prophecy, the notion of a like pretension was gradually impressed on her mind. Possessing a very inferior education, and naturally of a coarse mind, her efforts at prophecy, whether in prose or verse, were uncouth and unworthy of the notice of people enjoying a sane mind. There being, however, always persons of an unsettled turn ready to give credence to pretensions confidently supported, her influence extended; she announced herself, like her predecessors in England and America, as the woman spoken of in the Book of Revelations; and obtained considerable sums by the sale of seals which were to secure the salvation of those who purchased them.

Exeter being too narrow a field for the exercise of her prophetic powers, Mrs Southcott removed to London, on the invitation and at the expense of William Sharp, an eminent engraver, who had become one of her principal adherents. Both before and after her removal to the metropolis, she published a number of pamphlets containing her crude reveries and prophecies concerning her mission. Towards the year 1813 she had surrounded herself with many

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credulous believers, and among certain classes had become an object of no small importance. Among other rhapsodies, she uttered dreadful denunciations upon her opposers and the unbelieving nations, and predicted the speedy approach of the millennium. In the last year of her life she secluded herself from the world, and especially from the society of the other sex, and gave out that she was with child of the Holy Ghost; and that she should give birth to the Shiloh promised to Jacob, which should be the second coming of Christ. Her prophecy was, that she was to be delivered on the 19th of October 1814, at midnight; being then upwards of sixty years of age.

This announcement seemed not unlikely to be verified, for there was an external appearance of pregnancy; and her followers, who are said to have amounted at that time to 100,000, were in the highest state of excitement. A splendid and expensive cradle was made, and considerable sums were contributed, in order to have other things prepared in a style worthy of the expected Shiloh. On the night of the 19th of October a large number of persons assembled in the street in which she lived, waiting to hear the announcement of the looked-for event; but the hour of midnight passed over, and the crowd were only induced to disperse by being informed that Mrs Southcott had fallen into a trance. On the 27th of December following she died, having a short time previously declared that 'if she was deceived, she was at all events misled by some spirit, either good or evil.' Under the belief that she was not dead, or that she would again come to life, her disciples refused to inter the body, until it began to be offensive from decomposition. They then consented, with much reluctance, to a post-mortem examination, which fully refuted Joanna's pretensions and their belief. The appearance which had deceived her followers was found to have arisen from dropsy. The pretended mission of Joanna Southcott might be expected to have been now thoroughly abandoned; but whether influenced by fanaticism or shame, her disciples clung to the cause of the deceased. They most reluctantly buried the body, without relinquishing their hopes. Flattering themselves that the object of their veneration would still, some way, reappear, they formed themselves into a religious society, under the name of the Southcottian Church. The members affected a peculiar costume, of which a brown coat of a plain cut, a whity-brown hat, with a long unshaven beard, were the chief features. Joanna Southcott was unquestionably, for the last twenty years of her life, in a state of religious insanity, which took the direction of diseased self-esteem. A lunatic asylum would have been her most fitting place of residence.

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ROBERT MATTHEWS.

Some years ago a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York by the mad and grotesque pranks of Robert Matthews, who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813 he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a storekeeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed. He became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talent in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch Church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as to sit up a great part of the night repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829 his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of

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exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed ‘Rally round the Standard of Truth;’ this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow, in obedience to a Scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was

seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half madman, half knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum ; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822 a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation, in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes perhaps equally well meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and, by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830 his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This

event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be 'raised up' from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for extract; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say, that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of Scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of de-

claring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S—, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S—, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disused the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a night-cap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, 'the kingdom,' and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was

only as a great favour; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus, procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833 he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singsing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a

number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal-time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over ; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences ; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a day was further made to his wife in Albany ; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews ; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table ; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin ; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline ; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits ; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews shewed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil ; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other

malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried; but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told

him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of 'devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank-notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid.' Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men, who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examiners could not agree that the stomach shewed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. On this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated;

but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture.

JOHN NICOLLS THOMS.

In the summer of 1838 the people of Great Britain were startled by the intelligence of a remarkable disturbance in Kent, caused by the assumptions of divine power by a madman named John Nicolls Thoms.

This religious impostor was the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb, in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833 he appeared as a candidate successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, knight of Malta and king of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birthright of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a shewing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose

opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant peasantry around Canterbury that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor: 'Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then, again, he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you of. And there was Mr — of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the — Hotel, in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the country who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent to jail in 1833 about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day; and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin, she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and king of Canterbury!'

It is further to be observed, that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful—a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribblings on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences: ‘If you new he was on earth, your harts Wod turn;’ ‘But dont Wate to late;’ ‘They how R.’* On the right side were the following: ‘O that great day of gudge-ment is close at hand;’ ‘It now peeps in the dor every man according to his works;’ ‘Our rites and liberties We Will have.’

On Monday the 28th of May 1838, the frenzy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farmhouses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him with a ‘mother’s blessing,’ as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be ‘a glorious but bloody day.’ At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, ‘Feed my sheep.’ To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills and two others of the rioters, saying to them: ‘Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder,’ pointing to a bean-stack, ‘and strike the bloody blow.’ When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farmhouse of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers named Mears, and another man, accordingly went next morning; but on their approach, Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty,

* Apparently, *They who err.*

in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter who was following his business at the spot: 'Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed throughout the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against him, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied: "Follow me in the body." Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed: "Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!" Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that at that moment Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable? "Yes," replied Thoms coolly, "I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of Heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me."

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms's party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants,

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and fired at Mr Handley, who then deemed it necessary to obtain military aid before attempting further proceedings. A detachment of the 45th Regiment, consisting of a hundred men, was brought from Canterbury, under the command of Major Armstrong. A young officer, Lieutenant Bennett, who belonged to another regiment, and was at Canterbury on furlough, proposed, under a sense of duty, to accompany the party, on the condition that he should be allowed to return before six o'clock to dine with some friends. At the approach of the military, Thoms and his men took up a position in Bossenden wood between two roads. Major Armstrong divided his men into two bodies of equal numbers, that the wood might be penetrated from both of these roads at once so as to enclose the rioters: the one party he took command of himself, the other was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Bennett. The magistrates who accompanied the party, gave orders to the officers to take Courtenay, as Thoms was usually called, dead or alive, and as many of his men as possible. The two parties then advanced into the wood by opposite paths, and soon came within sight of each other close to the place where the fanatics were posted. A magistrate in Armstrong's party endeavoured to address the rioters, and induce them to surrender; but while he was speaking, the unfortunate Bennett had rushed upon his fate. He had advanced, attended by a single private, probably for the purpose of calling upon the insurgents to submit, when the madman who led them advanced to meet him, and Major Armstrong had just time to exclaim, 'Bennett, fall back,' when Thoms fired a pistol at him within a few yards of his body. Bennett had apprehended his danger, and had his sword raised to defend himself from the approaching maniac: a momentary collision did take place between him and his slayer; but the shot had lodged with fatal effect in his side, and he fell from his horse a dead man. Thoms fought for a few seconds with others of the assailants, but was prostrated by the soldier attending Mr Bennett, who sent a ball through his brain. The military party then poured in a general discharge of firearms on the followers of the impostor, of whom nine were killed, and others severely wounded, one so fatally as to expire afterwards. A charge was made upon the remainder by the surviving officer, and they were speedily overpowered and taken into custody.

A reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, who was immediately after on the spot where this sad tragedy was acted, gave the following striking account of the local feeling on the occasion: 'The excitement which prevails here, in Boulton, the scene of the murder of Lieutenant Bennett, and of the punishment of his assassins, and the wretched peasantry who were deluded and misled by Courtenay, exceeds anything I ever before witnessed. It was evident, upon listening to the observations of the peasantry, especially of the females, that the men who have been shot are regarded by them as

martyrs, while their leader was considered, and is venerated, as a species of divinity. The rumour amongst them is, that "*he is to rise again on Sunday.*" Incredible as it may appear, I have been assured of this as a positive fact with respect to the utter folly and madness of the lower orders here. A more convincing proof of the fanaticism that prevails cannot be afforded than the fact, that a woman [by name Sarah Culver] was apprehended yesterday who was discovered washing the face of Courtenay, and endeavouring to pour some water between his lips. She, upon being interrogated, declared that she had that day followed him for more than half a mile with a pail of water, and her reason for it was, that he had desired her, if he should happen to be killed, *to put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month.* One of the prisoners, Wills, who had received a slight wound from Major Armstrong, the commander of the party, told him that he and the other men who were with Courtenay would have attacked two thousand soldiers, *as they were persuaded by Courtenay that they could not be shot,* and it was under this impression they were determined upon fighting.'

Another local observer reports : 'Such is the veneration in which numbers here hold Thoms, that various sums of money have been offered to obtain a lock of his hair and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died. The women, with whom he was a prodigious favourite, seek these relics with the greatest avidity, and are described as receiving them with the most enthusiastic devotion.'

Two of the rioters were tried at Maidstone, August 9, on the charge of being principals with Thoms in the murder of Nicolas Mears, and found guilty. Eight were tried on the ensuing day, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Bennett; they pleaded guilty, and received the appropriate sentence. It was, however, thought proper that capital punishment should not be inflicted on these men, seeing that they had been acting under infatuation.

Mr Liardet, a gentleman deputed to make some inquiries respecting the Kentish disturbances, observes, in a report on the subject, that the main cause of the delusion was *ignorance*. 'A little consideration of rural life,' says he, 'will shew the danger of leaving the peasantry in such a state of ignorance. In the solitude of the country, the uncultivated mind is much more open to the impressions of fanaticism than in the bustle and collision of towns. In such a stagnant state of existence the mind acquires no activity, and is unaccustomed to make those investigations and comparisons necessary to detect imposture. The slightest semblance of evidence is often sufficient with them to support a deceit which elsewhere would not have the smallest chance of escaping detection. If we look for a moment at the absurdities and inconsistencies practised by Thoms, it appears at first utterly inconceivable that any persons out of a lunatic asylum could have been deceived by him. That an imposture so gross and so slenderly supported should have succeeded,

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must teach us, if anything will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them.'

We will conclude with some account of one of the most remarkable pretended Messiahs of modern times,

SABBATHAIS ZWI.

This confessed impostor was born at Smyrna in 1641. A boy of extraordinary gifts, he had at the age of fifteen already mastered that great treasury of Jewish learning, the Talmud, and at eighteen was an adept in the Cabbala, a system of mystical doctrines mixed up with magic, which was greatly in vogue in those days. Very soon, incited by fantastic dreams and more fantastic friends, he declared himself to be the Messiah, who had been sent to shake off the thralldom both of Christianity and Mohammedanism from the Jews, and to convert all humanity. The supreme council of the Jewish church thereupon excommunicated him. He, however, continued to preach his 'mission' as before. He was now declared an outlaw, and his death was decreed, yet nobody dared to touch him. At last, his expulsion from Smyrna was resolved upon by the municipal authorities. Four apostles—one of them a reconverted Jew, who had previously turned Christian—followed him on his way to Saloniki, where he arrived in 1659, having gathered a vast number of disciples, mostly wealthy, on his road. His extraordinary personal beauty and his fiery eloquence soon brought the most influential Jewish inhabitants on his side, and his cabbalistic formulas and prayers were adopted into the ritual of their synagogue. Two years later, however, he had to leave Saloniki, where powerful antagonists had risen in the meantime, and went first to Palestine, and soon after to Alexandria, accompanied by several thousand disciples. Here his power and influence grew so rapidly, that the revenues of the commonwealth to be founded by the new Messiah, and the ways and means of supporting the wars he was going to wage, were seriously taken into consideration. In 1664, no fewer than about 80,000 people belonged to the new empire; and in the following year, Sabbathais and six disciples, all clad in white raiments, with garlands on their heads, proclaimed aloud in the streets of Alexandria that the Messianic reign would begin within a few months, and the Temple be rebuilt next year. Somewhat later, he returned to Jerusalem; and the resurrection, to take place within six years, and the deposition of the sultan, whose crown would be placed upon Sabbathais's head, were proclaimed far and near. Upon this all the Jews of Asia, Africa, and Europe were divided into two camps. Those who believed, finding all the predicted signs fulfilled now, sold everything they had, in order to get ready-money for their journey to, and final abode in, the new capital,

Jerusalem; others, and among them some of the highest spiritual authorities, declared all the pretended Messiah's miracles to be cabbalistic tricks, and himself an impostor. Notwithstanding this, when Sabbathais returned to his native place, Smyrna, he was received with full royal honours. Meanwhile, the attention of the Divan was drawn to this movement, and Mohammed IV., then in Adrianople, ordered the grand vizier to secure the person of Sabbathais, and to commit him to prison, until the investigations set on foot should be concluded. Accordingly, two agas, with their janizaries, were sent to apprehend him; but they returned without having effected the order, not having dared 'to stretch forth their hand against the sacred man.' He now offered to surrender voluntarily, and was committed as prisoner of state to Kuthajah, where he received visits and deputations from all parts. Being at last brought before the sultan, his courage failed him, and he declared himself to be nothing more than a simple rabbi: it was only his disciples, he averred, who had called him a Messiah. The sultan then proposed to test his 'mission.' Three poisoned arrows were to be shot at him. Did these prove harmless, he, the sultan, would at once range himself under his flag. In speechless terror, Sabbathais, at the instigation of his Jewish interpreter, now took the turban from the head of an official standing near, and placed it upon his own, thereby indicating, as the interpreter declared, that his sole object had been all along to embrace Islam or Mohammedanism, and to carry over all the Jews with him. The sultan declared himself satisfied, and honoured him with the title of Effendi, equivalent to Sir, giving him an honorary post at the same time.

But, extraordinarily enough, the movement was far from having reached its end. The most wonderful stories were circulated among the believers. A supposititious man was supposed by some to have embraced Islam, while the real Messiah had ascended to heaven. Others believed that Islam was to form part of the new religion; and Sabbathais, countenancing this view, converted many Jews to that faith. Nathan, one of his most enthusiastic disciples, travelled about, and caused strife without end, even sanguinary revolts. Many, however, had turned from him by this time, and the voices of the rabbis and their excommunications began to tell more forcibly. Finally, the grand vizier was persuaded to arrest Sabbathais once more, and to send him to a prison in Belgrade, where he died—according to some, in consequence of poison, while according to others he was executed in 1677, ten years after his conversion to Mohammedanism.

It is very difficult to judge correctly of a character like his. Even his worst enemies never had a word to say either against his morality or against the extraordinarily brilliant powers of his mind, and his erudition. Probably, he was a self-deceiver, whose plans were not measured by the means at his command for their

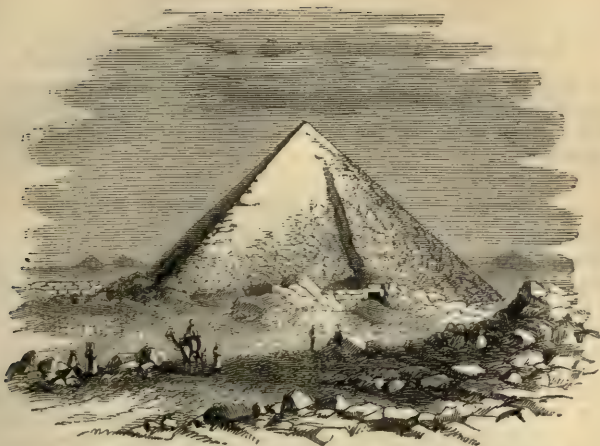
execution. His death, however, was only the signal for the increase of his sect, which even many of his former antagonists now joined, and which now, for the first time, was developed into a proper religious system—that of the Sabbathaites or Sabbathians (Shebsen). Among the succeeding apostles of the sect were Nehemiah, previously a bitter enemy of Sabbathais, and Nehemiah Hajun, who flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The latter taught the dogma of the Trinity as part of the new faith; and it became a principle of this religion to accept and to modify itself to the dominant creed of the country—Islam in the East, Christianity in the West. Remnants of the sect are said to be still in existence in Poland and Turkey.

Of founders of sects in the nineteenth century, the most remarkable is Joseph Smith, who originated the sect of the Mormons. A full account of this wonderful movement is given in a previous number of this series, *The History of the Mormons*, in vol. vi.





TEMPLE CALLED KAILASA, AT ELLORA.—From Fergusson's *Handbook of Architecture*.



The Pyramids.

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

THE erection of structures for shelter, for worship, for commemoration, or for any other useful or ornamental purpose, is one of those branches of art in which mankind very early excelled. Hence it is that in Eastern countries, from which, as a starting-point, we trace the progress of civilisation, some of the noblest and most stupendous of human erections are still to be found. Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, and China had their pyramids, catacombs, walls, towers, and temples long before Greece and Rome had being; and though these may be deficient in that taste and ornamental gracefulness which make the Athenian structures models even to the present day, still many of them possessed a vastness and grandeur of conception which has stamped them as wonders to all following ages. When science and art arose in Greece, and flowed onward along the southern and western shores of Europe, even to our own remote island, the genius of architecture displayed itself in another form; the semi-barbaric vastitude of the Oriental pile gave way to chastened elegance and symmetrical compactness—beauty of form and skilful arrangement were substituted for mere magnitude and expense of labour.

ANCIENT AND PAGAN ARCHITECTURE.

It may be convenient to separate into two groups the structures taken as illustrative examples—the one comprising those which are either ancient or pagan, the other those which are either Christian or modern.

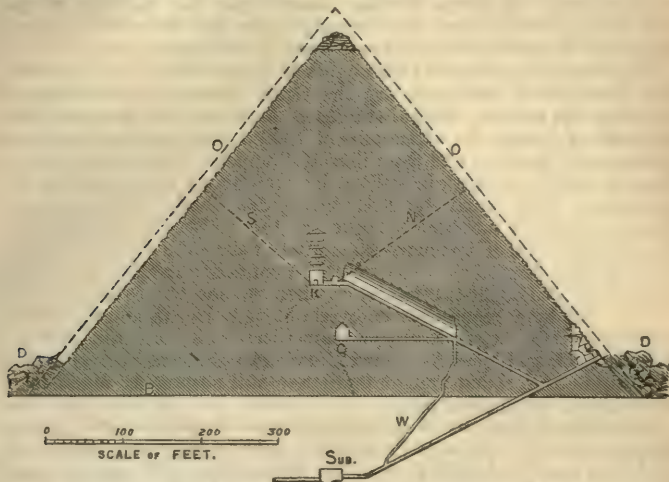
PYRAMIDS AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

The whole of this interesting country is crowded with monuments of the gigantic architecture of former times and of different ages ; among the most ancient, and by far the most stupendous of which are the Pyramids. These colossal erections, to which there is no parallel in other countries, are situated on a rocky tract at the foot of those mountains which form the western boundary of the valley of the Nile. They are about thirty in number, and are scattered along a tract of nearly seventy miles in length—commencing with those of Gizeh, near Cairo, and ending with a small group a little below Feshu. The principal group occurs near the place where stood the ancient city of Memphis, and consists of four nearly entire pyramids, with a number of smaller ones in a state of dilapidation. The four faces exactly correspond to the four cardinal points. The most northern, commonly known as the ‘ Great Pyramid,’ is the largest ; its perpendicular height being little short of 500 feet, and its base covering more than eleven acres of land. The base forms a square, whose side is 733 feet ; and as the length of the sloping side upwards is about equal to that of the base, each face may be regarded in a general way as an equilateral triangle. It must not be supposed, however, that these structures are smooth-sided, sharp-pointed, mathematical pyramids ; for the summits are not now entire, and the sides, whatever may have been their original condition, consist in reality of a number of steps formed by the successive layers of stone. The steps in the Great Pyramid are variously estimated at from 207 to 212, the length of some of the blocks forming them being not less than thirty feet. The size of the blocks is unequal, but they have all right angles, that they may fit closely together. The external layers have neither mortar nor cramps ; but in the body of the Pyramid a kind of cement is used, composed of lime, sand, and clay. The only foundation is the surface of the subjacent rock, which is about eighty feet above the level of the ground annually overflowed by the Nile.

Respecting the purpose of these erections numerous conjectures have been offered ; but the opinion generally entertained is, that they were erected by the ancient kings of Egypt as private mausoleums or tombs. This idea is so far supported by the fact, that the

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larger pyramid, near Memphis, has interior chambers, in one of which is a marble sarcophagus, supposed to have contained the ashes of the monarch who completed the structure. It is necessary to mention, however, that Mr Piazzi Smyth published, in 1864, a large volume on purpose to develop a theory that the Great Pyramid was built as a universal standard of weights and measures.* The passages and chambers of this pyramid, which are walled and



Section of Great Pyramid of Gizeh (from Vyse's *Pyramids of Gizeh*).

D, debris and remains of casing; Q, queen's chamber; K, king's chamber; O, outer casing line; S, N, air channels; W, well; Sub., subterranean apartment.

covered with polished marble and granite, are of a curious and intricate kind (see cut). They have been entered and explored by various travellers.

* Since the above was written, Mr Piazzi Smyth has published a second work concerning the Great Pyramid, in which he gives some measurements recently obtained by Mr Inglis. It is found that the base of the pyramid is not a perfect square, the lengths of the four sides being respectively 9120, 9114, 9102, and 9104 English inches. Of course, such small deviations may be due to instrumental errors. The vertical height Mr Inglis found to be 5478 inches up to the platform, or 5857 to the once existing apex. There have been many hypotheses concerning the proportions of the pyramid. (1.) That the perimeter of the base equals six times the vertical height; (2.) That the perimeter of the base is to the vertical height as the circumference of a circle to the radius; (3.) That the vertical height, the sloping height from the middle of one side of the base, and the length of one side are in the ratio of 4, 5, 6; (4.) That each face of the pyramid equals in area the square of the vertical height. Colonel James, in 1867, found that the rise at the four angles is in the ratio of 9 vertical to 10 horizontal; and that the length of each side of the base equals 360 Egyptian cubits.

The Egyptian pyramids, as has been stated, are of different ages ; but those we have described are considered by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to be the most ancient, and to have been built by Suphis, and his brother Sensuphis, about 2120 years before the Christian era. But whatever was the time of their erection, or by whom erected, there can be no doubt of their being amongst the earliest, as they are unquestionably the most stupendous, monuments of human architecture. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

The other architectural monuments of Egypt which have attracted the attention of after-ages are the Great Sphinx, the labyrinth of Arsinœ, the reputed musical statues of Memnon, the hieroglyphical obelisks of Luxor, the catacombs of Thebes, the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, and the Pillar of Pompey. The Great Sphinx, though sadly mutilated, is still to be seen about sixty yards to the south-east of the Great Pyramid already described. This enormous figure—which is intended to represent the body of a lion with the breasts and head of a woman—is cut out of the solid rock, and seems to have been formed as a monument in connection with the inundation of the Nile, which takes place when the sun passes from Leo to Virgo. Its huge recumbent body, about sixty feet in length, and its outstretched fore-legs, are almost entirely buried in sand and rubbish ; but the neck and head rise above the wreck—the latter being twenty feet high—and, though much mutilated, still possessing a considerable degree of feminine beauty.

Of all the labyrinths of antiquity, that of Arsinœ was the largest and most costly ; those of Crete and Lemnos being mere imitations, and not one-hundredth part of its dimensions. It was so extraordinary that Herodotus, who partly explored its chambers, declares it to be even more wonderful than the Pyramids. It was situated near the city of Crocodiles, or Arsinœ, a little above the lake Mœris, and is reputed to have been the conjoint work of the twelve kings among whom Egypt was at that time divided. It seems to have been designed as a pantheon, or universal temple of all the Egyptian deities which were separately worshipped in the provinces. It was also the place for general assembly of the magistracy of the whole nation ; for those of all the provinces met here to feast and sacrifice, and to judge causes of great consequence. For this reason every province had a hall or palace appropriated to it—the whole edifice being thus divided, according to Herodotus, into twelve, though Pliny makes the number sixteen, and Strabo even so many as twenty-seven. The former authority tells us that the halls were vaulted, and had an equal number of doors opposite to one another, six opening to the north and six to the south, all encompassed by the same wall ; that there were 3000 chambers in this edifice—1500 in the upper part, and as many under ground ; and that he viewed

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every room in the upper part, but was not permitted by those who kept the palace to go into the subterranean part, because the sepulchres of the holy crocodiles, and that of the kings who built the labyrinths, were there. He reports that what he saw seemed to surpass the work of man ; so many exits by various passages, and infinite returns, afforded a thousand occasions of wonder. He passed from a spacious hall to a chamber, and from thence to a private cabinet ; then again into other passages out of the cabinets, and out of the chamber into the more spacious rooms. All the roofs and walls within were lined with marble, and adorned with hieroglyphic sculpture. The halls were surrounded with pillars of white stone, finely polished.

Of the other monuments above mentioned, we can only shortly advert to the so-called ' Pillar of Pompey,' situated about a quarter of a league from the southern gate of Alexandria. It is composed of red granite, apparently brought from the quarries of Upper Egypt. What renders it particularly wonderful is, that the shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, 90 feet long, and 9 feet in diameter ! The base, which is a square block of marble, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is 114 feet high, beautifully polished, and only a little weathered on the eastern side. ' Nothing can equal,' it has been said, ' the majesty of this monument. Seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels ; and on a nearer approach, it produces an astonishment mingled with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the proportions of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal ; although the latter has been rather damaged by the instruments of travellers, who were anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity ; and one of the volutes of the capital was immaturely brought down, in 1781, by some English captains, who reached the summit by a rope-ladder, carried thither by the ingenious device of flying a kite, to the string of which the ropes were attached.'

STRUCTURES OF SYRIA AND PERSIA.

In the region comprehended by these names—a region which is generally considered as the cradle of mankind—arose some of the most magnificent cities, temples, and monuments which the world has yet beheld. The wasting hand of time, and the devastations of war, have long since laid most of them in ruins ; the very sites of some of the most renowned are even matter of doubt ; their history, mingled with not a little of fable, is all that remains. Among these, Babylon holds a prominent place—its walls, towers, and hanging-gardens having been considered as the noblest of the seven ancient wonders of the world. As an example of the decisive instead of the critical way of treating such subjects two or three centuries ago, we

shall quote the description of Babylon from *Time's Storehouse*, published in 1619: 'This city was surrounded, like a quadrangle, with walls 87 feet thick, 360 feet high, and about 60 English miles in circumference. These were built with lime and cement made into large bricks, which bound together like pitch, and grew so solid by time, that six chariots might easily drive abreast on the top. This wall was encompassed with a vast ditch filled with water, and lined with bricks on both sides; and as the earth dug out made the bricks, we may judge of the size by the height and thickness of the walls. There were one hundred gates round the wall, twenty-five on each side, all of solid brass; between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners, and each of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls: in all, there were 250 towers. The Euphrates flowed through the middle of the city from north to south, over which there was a bridge 1100 yards long, and 30 feet wide; on each end of the bridge was a palace of vast magnificence, which communicated with each other by a tunnel under a channel of the river. Added to this, ancient historians tell us of the hanging-gardens built in Babylon upon arches and towers, wherein grew trees of great height. There are said to have been five of these, each containing about four English acres, consisting of terraces one above another, as high as the wall of the city. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by steps ten feet wide, and was strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side twenty-two feet thick; and the floors on each of them were laid in this order: first, on the tops of the arches, a bed or pavement of stones, sixteen feet long and four feet broad; over this a layer of reed, mixed with earth, and over this two courses of brick, and over these thick sheets of lead, and on these the earth or mould, which was so deep as to give root to the largest trees. Upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by an engine with water from the river Euphrates.'

The celebrated Tower of Babel, originally built in the plains of Shinar, but afterwards enclosed as a part of Babylon, was carried on, according to Scriptural chronology, 2247 years before Christ. Its altitude is said to have been about 843 feet (being 343 feet higher than the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt), and its circumference at the base 8430 feet—admeasurements conventionally repeated, but for which there is no authentic record.

Ecbatana, the capital of Media, was also of immense magnificence—being eight leagues in circumference, and surrounded with seven walls, in form of an amphitheatre, the battlements of which were painted of various colours, and gilded. Nineveh, according to Diodorus, was sixty miles in circuit; the walls, which were defended by 1500 towers, were 100 feet high, and so broad, that three chariots could go abreast on them. A flood of light has been thrown upon the history and art of Nineveh and Assyria, within the last few

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years, by the researches of Layard and Botta; some of the marvellous sculptures at the British Museum were brought from the walls of the ruined palaces in those regions. Persepolis was another city, of which all historians speak as being one of the most ancient and noble of Asia. There remain the ruins of one of its palaces, which measured 600 paces in front, and still displays the relics of its ancient grandeur. Tyre, Baalbek, and Palmyra were likewise famous cities of antiquity—the temple of the sun in the latter being regarded, in its day, as one of the most gorgeous of Oriental erections. Every one has heard of the famous towers and walls of Troy; and few readers of modern travels can fail to be familiar with the ruins of Petra—whose temples, theatres, and tombs are not built, but hewn in proper proportions out of the solid rock, which encloses the curious valley in which the city is situated.

Ephesus, which is now a paltry village, was once one of the most celebrated cities of Asia Minor. It had its theatres, circus, aqueducts, and temples, and other costly structures, among which was the celebrated temple of Diana, regarded by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. This magnificent building, according to Pliny, was 425 feet long and 220 feet broad. It was adorned on the outside and inside with 127 columns of the most exquisite marble—curiously carved, and 60 feet in height—of which thirty-six had ornaments in basso-relievo. Two hundred and twenty years were spent in the building of this wonderful temple, whose beams and doors were of cedar, and the rest of the timber cypress. It was burned by Herostratus, 356 years before Christ, through no other motive, as he himself confessed, than to immortalise his name.

Another curious structure in Asia Minor, and one which formed the fourth wonder of the ancient world, is the Mausoleum of Artemesia, built by that queen in honour of her husband Mausolus, king of Caria. Aulus Gellius says, she, being so affected at her husband's death, had this built to his memory. The stone of the whole structure was of the most costly marble. The mausoleum was 411 feet in circumference, and 25 cubits in height; it had twenty-six columns of fine stone, and was open on all sides, with arches 73 feet wide.

The British Museum contains many extraordinary specimens, recently obtained, of very ancient sculptures from Asia Minor.

TEMPLES AND STATUES OF INDIA.

Passing to India, we find there also numerous temples and erections, which may justly be regarded as curiosities of human art. The most wonderful of the Hindustani erections were the dams and water-courses necessary for irrigation in a tropical country, and of which vast remains still exist in Ceylon and other provinces. Next to these were their forts and temples—the latter

often of gigantic proportions, and ornamented with columns, statues, and other sculpture. That of Elephanta, on a small rocky island of that name, on the coast of Bombay, has been long regarded as the chief. The temple is situated well up the island, and all its compartments, pillars, and statues are hewn out of the solid rock. 'The entrance,' says Mrs Grahame, 'is 55 feet wide, its height 18, and its length about equal to its width. It is supported by massive pillars, carved in the solid rock; the capital of these resembles a compressed cushion, bound with a fillet; the abacus is like a bunch of reeds supporting a beam, six of which run across the whole cave; below the capital, the column may be compared to a fluted bell, resting on a plain octagonal member placed on a die, on each corner of which sits Hanamam, Ganesa, or some of the other inferior gods. The sides of the cavern are sculptured in compartments, representing persons of the mythology; but the end of the cavern, opposite to the entrance, is the most remarkable. In the centre is a gigantic trimurti, or three-formed god—including Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—sculptured with all their ornaments and attributes. On each side of the trimurti is a pilaster, the front of which is filled up by a figure, 14 feet high, leaning on a dwarf. To the right is a large square compartment, hollowed a little, and carved into a great variety of figures, with all their appropriate symbols. The upper part of the compartment is filled with small figures in the attitudes of adoration. On the left side of the trimurti is a compartment answering to that I have just described, but appropriated to other deities. All these figures are in alto-relievo, as are those of the other sides of the cavern. On the right, as you enter the cave, is a square compartment with four doors, supported by eight colossal figures; it contains a gigantic symbol of Maha Deo, and is cut out of the rock, like the rest of the cave. There are several other more secret chambers and smaller recesses, to which there is no outlet; these are lighted from above, the whole thickness of the hill having been cut through for that purpose.' One of the most beautiful of these rock-cut structures is the Hindu temple called Kailasa at Ellora. It is one of a number of similar temples existing there. A representation of it is given as frontispiece to this volume.

There are other Brahmin temples, remarkable for their size and for the elaborate manner in which they are sculptured and ornamented; but these we pass by, to give an example of their statues, which, like those of Egypt, were frequently of colossal dimensions. That of Ningydeo is thus described by Colonel Welsh in his *Military Reminiscences*: 'Estimated as a military post only, this place must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder in this respect was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat staircases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about 70 feet

high, and representing a youth with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon his head; and the upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man, who stood on the top of the building, with the legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock, cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column, to place it there on the top of so steep and slippery a mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building, of which it forms the back wall. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. From the nose inclining to the aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shews it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished.'

Of a higher order of architecture than what may be regarded as the native Hindustani, is that introduced into India by the Moham-medans after the time of Timur. It is exhibited in mosques and mausoleums, so remarkable for their beauty and chasteness of design, grace of proportion, and excellence of material and workmanship, as to be entitled to be compared with the finest remains of Greek and Roman art. The most remarkable of these monuments is that known by the name of Tajmahal, situated near the city of Agra, on the right bank of the Jumna. It is a mausoleum, occupying, with its garden, a quadrangle of forty acres; the principal building, with its domes and minarets, being almost wholly of white marble. It was built by Shah-Jehan in the early part of the seventeenth century.

In the Burmese empire there are likewise to be found the remains of several remarkable structures, chiefly pagodas or temples. Of these, the most celebrated is that of Pegu, known as Shoe-madoo, or Great Pagoda. It is an edifice of high antiquity, and is raised on successive terraces, in a manner similar to the religious structures of the Mexicans. It stands, according to Colonel Symes, on an apparently artificial hill, the sides of which are sloped into two terraces, the lower about 10, and the upper about 30 feet high. Each side of the lower terrace is not less than 1391 feet in length, and of the upper 684 feet. The brick walls sustaining the terraces were formerly covered with plaster, wrought into various figures, but they are now in a ruinous state. On the second terrace is the pagoda, a pyramidal building of brick and mortar, without excavation or aperture of any sort, octagonal at the base, each side measuring 162 feet, and diminishing in breadth abruptly, till it becomes of a

spiral form. Its entire height from the ground is 360 feet; it is surrounded by two rows of small spires, a great variety of mouldings, ornaments in stucco, &c.; the whole being crowned with the *tee*, a sort of umbrella of open ironwork, gilt, 56 feet in circumference, and surrounded by a number of small bells.

One of the most remarkable things in the history of architecture is the discovery of a vast ancient temple in Cambodia, so recently as 1860, by M. Mouhot. It is evidently connected with serpent-worship, differing from the present faith both of Siamese and Hindus. So far as inquiries have yet gone, Nakhou Wat ('the temple of the city') appears to have been built about 1000 A.D. It is exactly square, and measures nearly an English mile each way. There is an inner enclosure, surrounded by a moat 250 yards wide. A causeway crosses the moat, and this leads to a magnificent gateway, which anywhere else would be a palace in itself. The temple itself consists of three enclosures, one within another, each raised 15 to 20 feet above the one outside it. The outer enclosure has three portals adorned with flowers on each face; and on either side are open galleries or verandahs, filled with bas-reliefs. M. Mouhot describes the walls of these galleries as a marvel of masonry, the large stones being adjusted without cement, and so beautifully fitting that the joints can barely be seen. Standing out from this frontage, at intervals, are bold and massive piers, with pillars, capitals, architraves, cornices, and friezes of very striking character. The bas-reliefs in the walls of the three successive enclosures are among the most wonderful yet discovered in Asia. These are distributed in eight compartments, one on each side of each central group of entrances. Each compartment is from 250 to 300 feet long by 6½ in height; their aggregate length is at least 2000 feet; and it is estimated that there are little less than 20,000 figures of men and animals sculptured on them. Generally speaking, the bas-reliefs represent battle scenes, expressed in a very animated manner, and somewhat Hindu in character. One subject, however, supposed to represent Heaven, Earth, and Hell, has a different tone about it. Within the outer peristyles or enclosures is a court-yard, bounded by about a hundred columns. Within this is the central or veritable temple itself, surmounted by four very elaborate towers, one at each corner, and one in the middle. The pillars everywhere are unlike those of India. Snakes or serpents are abundantly sculptured on all sides; every roof has an image of a seven-headed snake; every cornice is composed of snakes' heads; every one among the thousands of convolutions of roof terminates in snakes; and the balustrades are snakes. Besides Nakhou Wat, there are two other temples near at hand, called Ongcor Thom and Paten-ta-Phrohm, nearly as large and quite as elaborate. Mr Fergusson gives several wood-cuts of these wonderful buildings, from photographs executed very recently by Mr J. Thomson.

WALLS AND TOWERS OF CHINA.

The greatest architectural curiosity which China affords is undoubtedly the frontier wall, built by the Chinese to prevent the frequent incursions of the Tartars. When this amazing barrier was first commenced is not known with accuracy, but the time of its completion was about three centuries before the Christian era; so that, at all events, it has withstood the wind and weather of two thousand years. It is called by the inhabitants 'the Great City Wall, a thousand *le* in length,' and bounds the whole north of China, along the frontiers of three provinces extending from the shore of the Gulf of Pe-chih-le to Se-ning, 15 degrees west of Pekin. It is in general about 20 feet high, and broad enough for six horsemen to ride abreast on it; and throughout its whole length it is fortified at intervals with strong square towers to the number of three thousand, which, before the Tartars subdued the country, used to be guarded by a million of soldiers. Its whole length, with all its windings, is computed at 1500 miles—running over mountains 5000 feet high, across valleys, rivers, and marshes, and along sandy hollows, which seem incapable of admitting a foundation for such a weighty structure. The body of the wall, according to Captain Parish, who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy, is an elevation of earth, retained on each side by solid brickwork, and terraced by a brick platform furnished with parapets. The total height of the masonry is 25 feet; the basis of it is of granite, projecting about 2 feet beyond the brickwork, the height of which is irregular. The thickness of each retaining-wall is about 5 feet, and the entire thickness of the whole work is 25 feet. In many places there is a fosse or ditch, beyond the foundation. The towers are furnished with embrasures and loopholes, but vary much in their dimensions. The bricks used in the construction are kiln-dried, and well moulded, and are cemented by a strong mortar of white calcined lime. Besides the great barrier, there is an additional inner wall near to Pekin, which was built by the emperors of the Ming dynasty, for the purpose of enclosing a portion of the province between it and the old wall. These vast erections are now of little or no use, and are viewed by the people with indifference.

Outside the gates of several cities in China lofty towers or pagodas are erected, which, according to Sir J. F. Davis, are of a religious nature, and, like the steeples of churches, were at first attached to temples. The most remarkable of these is that of Nankin, called the Porcelain Tower; from the roofs of its different stories or stages being covered with porcelain tiles beautifully painted. It is of an octangular figure, contains nine stories, and is about 200 feet high, raised on a very solid basis of brickwork. The wall at the bottom is at least 12 feet thick; and the building gradually tapers to the top, which forms a sort of spire terminating in a large golden ball. It is

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surrounded by a balustrade of rough marble, and has an ascent of twelve steps to the first floor, from whence one may ascend to the ninth story by very narrow and incommodious stairs. Over each story is a kind of penthouse or verandah on the outside of the tower, from the eaves of which are suspended brass bells, diminishing in size as they approach the top, and set in motion by the wind. Each story is formed of strong beams of timber well boarded; the ceilings of the rooms are adorned with paintings; and the light is admitted through windows made of network or lattices of wire. There are likewise many niches in the walls filled with idols; and the variety of ornaments that embellish the whole, render it one of the most beautiful structures in China. Unfortunately, however, this remarkable structure must now be spoken of rather in the past tense than the present, seeing that when the Taeping rebels captured Nankin in 1853, they commenced a system of devastation which has laid in ruins most of the fine buildings in the city, including the Porcelain Tower.



Porcelain Tower of
Nankin.

STRUCTURES OF GREECE AND ROME.

Turning to the western world, we pass from the huge and wondrous structures of the Orientals to the less gigantic but more elegant and equally surprising efforts of Greek and Roman architecture. Few of these now remain entire; but contemporary writers describe them, and this description, aided by a study of their ruins, leaves us in little doubt either as to their extent or their matchless elegance and splendour.

In Athens the temples of Minerva, Neptune, Theseus, and others, have long been subjects of admiration—their columns, external sculptures, and statues within, or what remains of them, still serving as models to the sculptor and architect. The Athenians could also boast of their public institutions—their theatres, baths, and monumental trophies—most of which were formed of the finest Pentelic marble, and erected in the most classic styles that the fertile but chaste imagination of Greece could produce. 'The chief glory of the Acropolis,' says a modern writer, 'was undoubtedly that of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. It was a peripteral octostyle, of the Doric order, with seventeen columns on the sides, each 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet in height, elevated on three steps. Its height from the base of the pediment was 65, and the dimensions of the area 233 by 102 feet. The eastern pediment was adorned with two groups of statues, one of which represented

the birth of Minerva, the other the contest of Minerva with Neptune for the government of Athens. On the metopes was sculptured the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; and the frieze contained a representation of the Panathenaic festivals. Ictinus, Callocrates, and Carpion were the architects of the temple; Phidias was the artist; and its entire cost has been estimated at one and a half millions sterling. Of this building eight columns of the eastern front, and several of the lateral colonnades, are still standing. The sculptures with which it was enriched constitute the chief portion of the matchless Elgin marbles at the British Museum, obtained by the English ambassador to Turkey (the Earl of Elgin) between the years 1801 and 1812, and afterwards purchased by the English government for £35,000. The Parthenon, dilapidated as it is, still retains an air of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity; and it forms at once the highest part in Athens and the centre of the Acropolis.' The temple of Theseus is regarded as one of the most noble remains of the ancient magnificence of Athens, and the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, existing specimen of Grecian architecture. It is built of Pentelic marble; the roof friezes and cornices still remain; and so gently has the hand of time pressed upon this venerable edifice, that the first impression of the mind in beholding it is doubt of its antiquity.



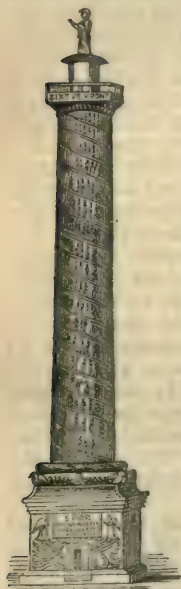
The Parthenon of Athens.

Of their numerous sculptures, the statue of Jupiter Olympus—regarded as one of the seven ancient wonders—was perhaps the most gigantic and costly. This statue was made by the famous sculptor Phidias. It was composed of ivory, gold, and precious stones, and was seated upon a throne equally remarkable for its costliness and workmanship. The height was about 180 feet. It was placed in the innermost recess of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Achaia, between the cities of Elis and Pisa, where the Olympian games were observed. The statue of Minerva, executed by Phidias after the battle of Marathon, and placed near the gate of the Acropolis, was another colossal sculpture—the height, including the pedestal, being about 60 feet.

The temples, theatres, baths, monumental columns, and triumphal arches erected by the Romans, though not equal in point of taste and genius to those of Athens, were perhaps of a bolder and more gigantic description. The baths, as they now exist, are an assemblage of naked, half-dilapidated brick walls, which surprise by their huge size and the extent of ground they cover—those of Caracalla, for example, occupying not less than twenty-eight acres! In the palmy

days of Rome, these were fitted not only as baths, but as gymnasia, reading and lecture rooms, gardens, theatres, and the like—being, as a whole, the most gigantic places of recreation ever built or known in any age or in any country. Among the numerous sacred edifices that once adorned Rome, the Pantheon, and the temples of Vesta, Peace, Fortune, and Bacchus, present extensive and very interesting remains. The former, though stripped of its external ornaments, to furnish materials to decorate the modern cathedral of St Peter's, is still incomparably the finest. It is a perfect circle of 180 feet in diameter. 'Its beauty,' says Forsyth, 'consists in its admirable proportions; and its portico, 110 feet in length by 44 in depth, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns of white marble, has a most majestic appearance.'

The great wonder of ancient Rome, however, is the Colosseum, unquestionably the most august ruin in the world, and by far the largest theatre of which we have any knowledge. It consists of a vast ellipse, the length of the longest diameter being 620 and that of the shortest 513 feet, so that it covers about five and a quarter acres of ground! The longest diameter of the arena has been variously given at from 287 to 300, and the shortest at from 180 to 190 feet; the space between the arena and the outer wall (from 160 to 167 feet) being occupied by the walls, corridors, and seats, that rose, tier above tier, from the wall round the arena nearly to the top of the outer wall. The latter, which is about 179 feet in height, consists of three rows of vaulted arches, rising one above another, exclusive of which it had, when perfect, upper works of wood. This colossal amphitheatre is said to have had seats for 87,000 spectators, and standing room for 20,000 more! Belonging to the same class of buildings were the circuses, of which Rome had at one time no fewer than fifteen. Of these the chief was the Circus Maximus, of which there are now no remains; but of whose dimensions we may judge from the statement of Pliny, that it was capable of accommodating 200,000 spectators.



Trajan's Pillar.

The only other remains to which we can allude are those triumphal columns alike remarkable for their antiquity and workmanship. That erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan is about 130 feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. It consists of large blocks of white marble, hollow within, and so curiously cemented, as to seem but one entire stone.

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Within, there is a spiral staircase leading to the summit, to which the light is admitted by a number of loopholes ; and the outside is adorned with fine bas-reliefs, representing the principal actions of the emperor. It is now inappropriately surmounted by a statue of St Peter, instead of the golden urn in which the ashes of Trajan were deposited. The Column of Antoninus Pius is higher than the preceding, but inferior in point of workmanship. The emperor's statue, which originally adorned the summit, has been succeeded by one of St Paul. The ornaments on the outside are of the same nature as those on Trajan's Pillar ; and amongst them there is one representing Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on Antoninus's fainting army and thunderbolts on his enemies. Of the Roman obelisks now remaining, the most beautiful is that which stands in the piazza before St Peter's, whither it was brought from the circus of Nero, after it had lain buried in ruins for many centuries. It is of one entire block of Egyptian marble, 72 feet high, 12 feet square at the base, and 8 feet at the top. Notwithstanding its immense weight (calculated at four hundred and seventy tons), it was erected on a pedestal 30 feet high, by the celebrated architect Dominico Fontanæ, in the pontificate of Sixtus V. with vast expense and labour.

SARACENIC OR MOORISH STRUCTURES.

Posterior to the introduction of Christianity, but yet neither Christian nor pagan, are those works which were executed by the Saracens during the reign of the caliphs in Asia, and by the Moors during their ascendancy in Spain—both nations being alike Mohammedan. There is a great deal of richness and beauty in those works, an offshoot from the Roman architecture of earlier times, but modified by oriental luxuriance and ornamentation. We can only spare room to mention one illustrative example—the far-famed Alhambra in Grenada. This was at one time a Moorish stronghold in that city, with the palace of the Moorish kings in the centre. Around all was a wall a mile in circuit, studded with towers. One of these towers contains the famous Hall of the Ambassadors. There are only portions of the real palace still remaining, running round two oblong courts, called the Court of the Lions and the Court of the Fishpond. These consist of a wonderfully rich assemblage of porticoes, halls, columns, arches, cupolas, &c. elaborately adorned with gold, colours, and marble. The much-admired Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is a reproduction of the Court of the Lions and some of the smaller adjacent portions.

STRUCTURES IN MEXICO AND YUCATAN.

Mexico, with its Aztecs and Toltecs, is a puzzle to architects as well as to ethnologists ; there are old buildings of a remarkable

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character in that land, which no one seems able to trace to the early civilisations of the old continent. Cities have been rediscovered which were inhabited and in the full tide of prosperity at the time of the Spanish conquest. How much is reliable of the alleged history of the Aztecs and Toltecs between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries is not certain ; but the remarkable temples of Mexico and Yucatan were built somewhere within that wide interval. Some suppose that the Toltecs were of Esquimaux origin, who crept down the Pacific coast from Behring's Strait to Central America in the lapse of ages ; that the Aztecs were an offshoot from the Red Indians, who arrived from the inner portions of America ; and that the Yucatanians had Carib blood in their veins : but the recently discovered temples in that region are far in advance of anything that Esquimaux, Red Indians, or Caribs have produced elsewhere. Messrs Stephens and Catherwood actually visited sixty old ruined cities in Yucatan, full of remarkable buildings, and supposed to be from 500 to 700 years old. One of the most celebrated buildings of which detailed descriptions have been given, is the *teocalli* or temple of Cholula. It now looks little other than a vast mound of earth ; but examination shews it to be a pyramid-temple, 1440 feet square at the base, by 177 feet high ; it is four times as large as the great pyramid of Egypt in area, but only one-third the height. The bulk of the pyramid is formed of clay and sun-dried bricks. It consists of four terraces ; and on the top was once a temple of the Toltec god of the air. It contains spacious sepulchral cavities ; a square chamber formed of stone and cypress-wood, when discovered a few years ago, was found to contain two skeletons and several painted vases. The *teocalli* at Palenque was a far more splendid structure, comprising sanctuaries, sepulchres, courts, cloisters, galleries, and cells ; forming altogether a spacious quadrangle enclosed by porticoes, and resting on a platform composed of three graduated terraces. Much of the interior is decorated with sculptures and hieroglyphics in stucco. The palace of Mitla is another of these large and remarkable Toltec structures, and seems to consist of five tombs of kings, exhibiting notable works in porphyry, stone, stucco, and cypress-wood, adorned with elaborately painted representations of sacrifices, trophies, weapons, &c.

CHRISTIAN AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

We shall now take a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable structures which are either modern, or Christian without being modern. They may be more correctly designated curiosities than wonders ; but some of them, nevertheless, are wonders in beauty, and a few in size. It will be convenient to group them according to kind or purpose, rather than according to country or age.

LEANING-TOWERS.

Great celebrity has been attained by the cathedral and the leaning-tower of Pisa, in Italy. This cathedral is one of the most regular, beautiful, and lightsome pieces of Gothic architecture to be seen in Europe. The choir is of the finest marble, and the roof is supported by eighty columns of the same stone, each of one solid piece. The pavement is of tessellated marble; and the gates, which are of brass, are exquisitely wrought with the history of our Saviour's birth, life, and passion. The most celebrated portion, however, is the campanile or leaning-tower, which stands detached. This erection is of a round form, and 190 feet high, entirely built of white marble. It was begun in 1174, but was not completed till about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is ascended by 230 steps, has several galleries on the outside, and is open in the interior. It stands not less than 15 feet out of the perpendicular. Some conceive this reclining position, which produces a very singular effect on the traveller, to be occasioned by a sinking of the foundation on one side, and others, to the ancient builders aiming at eccentricity in erecting this remarkable tower; but as the observatory and baptistery, which stand in the same square, have also a slight inclination, there can be little doubt that the former is the correct opinion.



Leaning-tower of Pisa.

The only other lofty structure known to incline so much from a perpendicular position is the leaning-tower of Saragossa, in Spain, which was erected in 1503. It is built entirely of brick, and stands in the centre of the square of San Felippo, in solitary grandeur, insulated and lofty, being ascended by a stair of 284 steps.

CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES.

Among the numerous cathedrals which have been considered remarkable for their dimensions, their architecture, or the richness

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of their decorations, that of St Peter's at Rome is, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent. The first stone was laid by Pope Julius II. in 1506, the main body of the edifice was completed in 1614, and the colonnade added in 1667. The extreme inside length of the building, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is 607 feet; the length of the transepts 445 feet; and the height from the floor to the cross, which surmounts the cupola, 458 feet. 'So vast are its dimensions,' says Maclaren, 'that colossal statues and monumental groups of figures are stowed away in its aisles and recesses, without impairing the unity and simplicity of the plan, as they are in the St Paul's of London. Comparing it with the British cathedral, which, though *longo intervallo*, may well claim to be the second in the world, the floor of St Peter's covers about five English acres (nearly the size of the Colosseum), while that of St Paul's occupies only two acres; and the actual bulk, or entire contents of the former as compared to the latter, are as four to one. And taking into account the number and splendour of the decorations of St Peter's, we need not wonder that it is supposed to have cost, with its monuments, gilding, and embellishments, from twelve to sixteen millions sterling; whereas the cost of St Paul's did not exceed £750,000! In the interior of these two noble buildings, the difference is scarcely less striking than between one of our old barn-like meeting-houses and the most elegant of our modern Episcopal churches; but as regards the exterior, all admit that in symmetry, purity of design, and true architectural beauty, the English is superior to the Roman temple.' The extreme inside length of St Paul's is 510 feet, the length of the transepts 283, and the height to the cross 365 feet—an altitude which is greatly exceeded by the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 feet.

Milan Cathedral is the largest and richest of all the churches erected in the middle ages; and it is one in which the architect planned to cover the largest possible space from the fewest points of support. The interior has double rows of aisles on each side of the nave, thus giving a magnificent width to the structure. Being erected between 1385 and 1440, it exhibits all the richness of architecture of that florid period. Not only is it the largest of all medieval cathedrals (covering 108,000 square feet), but it is almost unparalleled for beauty of effect in being built wholly of white marble. The decoration is most lavish, the whole of the exterior being adorned with tracery and sculpture of the richest kind. The cathedral is 493 feet long, and 356 feet high to the top of the spire. The marble statues are said to amount to the almost incredible number of 4400!

The cathedral or *Duomo* of Florence, begun in 1296 and finished in 1426, is about 500 feet in length, and 384 in height to the top of the cross; its cupola is said to have furnished Michael Angelo with the first idea of that of St Peter's. The well-known cathedral of

Strasburg has an interior length of 378 feet, and the height of its spire 474 feet—being, if the dimensions be accurate, little less than that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. This spire is open work, and combines, with the most perfect solidity, extraordinary lightness and elegance.

St Sophia at Constantinople was built by the Emperor Justinian about 535 A.D., on the site of a small church which had been built by Constantine. It is nearly an exact square in plan, being 250 by 235 feet, exclusive of projections called the narthex and the apse. The exterior is more remarkable for stability and majesty than for beauty ; but the interior is famed for its dome. This dome is very little lower than a hemisphere, being 107 feet diameter by 46 feet high. Beyond the great dome, east and west, are two semi-domes, of a diameter equal to the great dome ; and these are again cut by two smaller domes. All the pillars are of porphyry, verd antique, or rich marble ; all the flat surfaces are covered with a mosaic of beautifully varied slabs of marble ; and all the domes, roofs, and other curved surfaces with mosaics on a gold ground. The effect of the dome, semi-domes, and quarter-domes has been to give to the centre of the church the character of a gorgeous hall 250 feet long, 100 wide, and 180 high—proportions which no Gothic architect has since attempted to equal.

St Petersburg contains one of the largest and most costly churches in Europe ; though architectural critics are divided in opinion as to its artistic merits. It stands in a magnificent square, bounded by the Neva on one side, and by large public buildings on the other three sides. This cathedral or church, St Isaac's, is the third which has occupied the site. It was begun by the Emperor Alexander I. in 1818, and finished by Alexander II. in 1858—one architect, Montferrand, having superintended its construction from first to last. The cathedral is a rectangle, 305 feet by 166 ; it covers a much smaller area than St Paul's, and therefore, regarded as a cathedral, is far from large ; but it is certainly to be ranked among the largest of churches. It has the unusual feature of four magnificent porticoes, one in the centre of each front ; these are octastyle Corinthian, and have rich alto-rilievi in the pediment. Two towers flank the principal façade ; two others flank the opposite side ; and in the centre of the whole mass is a dome. The porticoes are considered to be the finest that have been erected in any part of Europe since the time of the Romans. Each column consists of one single piece of the most beautiful rose-coloured granite, 56 feet in height by $6\frac{1}{2}$ diameter. The entablature and nearly the whole exterior of the building are faced with granite. The drum of the dome is surrounded by a peristyle of twenty-four equidistant columns, each being a monolith of red granite. The four towers or cupolini are bell-towers—the Russians being famous for bells in their ecclesiastical arrangements. The interior of the church is absolutely crowded with magnificence ;

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malachite and marble, painting and gilding, sculpture and ornament, are carried to such an excess as absolutely to weary the eye, and destroy all idea of repose.

Every country in Europe, with few exceptions, is rich in specimens of cathedral architecture—especially England, France, Germany, and Italy. We can only notice one more in these brief pages. The greatest recent work of this kind in Europe is unquestionably Cologne Cathedral. The old structure, consisting of little more than the choir, was in progress from the 13th to the 16th century; since which time the works remained dormant till the beginning of the present century, when the Germans throughout the 'Fatherland' took up the matter with much enthusiasm. Associations were formed, not only over the whole of Germany, but elsewhere in Europe, to collect funds for achieving the noble work; and the successive kings of Prussia have taken a lively interest in the work. The nave, aisles, and transepts were finished in 1848; the portals in 1859; the central spire in 1860; and all the other parts are now finished except the great towers—at an expense of three-quarters of a million sterling. When finally completed, the cathedral will be 511 feet long, 231 broad, and nearly 500 feet high to the top of the towers. The whole is in the purest style of Gothic.

America has made one approach to the style of St Peter's, so fine as to obtain for it the character of being the noblest ecclesiastical building in the New World. This is Mexico Cathedral, begun in 1573, but not finished till 1657. It is 504 feet long, and 228 broad. The western façade presents two bold towers 305 feet high. The dome is curiously placed, being near the east end, an arrangement which some authorities consider to give a magnificent interior vista. The next best ecclesiastical building in America is Arequipa Cathedral, Peru, built about two centuries ago, nearly destroyed by fire in 1844, and since rebuilt nearly on the same plan as before. The façade is of very considerable extent, and divided into five compartments by Corinthian pillars standing upon a low basement, but supporting only a fragment of an entablature.

ROYAL PALACES.

Let us glance at the palaces of a few of the European sovereigns, as examples of a kind of structure on which much splendour has been lavished and much cost incurred.

Versailles has been designated 'the largest and most gorgeous palace in Europe.' It is at anyrate the largest palace in France. It extends to the immense length of 1400 feet; with a depth of 500 in the centre, though much less in the wings. The chapel is at the junction of the centre group with one of the wings, and the theatre is at the other end of the same wing. There was an old hunting-seat at this spot belonging to Louis XIII.; Louis XIV. requested that

this old structure should be incorporated in the new building ; and it is generally admitted that the architect, Mansard, failed somewhat in his design for the palace, owing to this obstacle. The old château or hunting-seat is a small brick building with stone dressings, and this was repaired and adorned as the king's residence in the new structure. The garden-front, however, is really the palace, in an architectural point of view. The grand gallery, with the square vestibules at each end, is considered to be one of the most magnificent apartments in Europe, so rich is it in marbles and in decoration ; although it cannot compare in dimensions with the galleries of the Louvre. The theatre and the chapel are both very sumptuous ; while the gardens are almost unrivalled.

The famous palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries have gradually been so linked together as to become almost one. There had for many centuries been a palace for the kings of France at the spot where the Louvre now stands ; but the present structure was commenced by Francis I. about 1540. The south-west angle was the part first commenced. Catherine de Médicis, a few years later, began the Tuileries from the design of Philibert de l'Orme. The original plan was for a rectangular block, 860 feet by 550, with a square court in the centre and smaller courts nearer the sides. Only the garden façade, however, was finished by its foundress. During the time of Henri Quatre the façade was extended to the excessive length of 1000 feet, by the addition of two pavilions at the ends. Louis XIV. afterwards raised the height of the whole façade, to make it correspond better with the length, and with the pavilions of Flore and Marsan at the ends. Among the works of Henri Quatre was the commencement of a gallery to connect the Louvre with the Tuileries. It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that an effort was seriously made to finish the Louvre ; and the eastern façade, by Perrault, is considered to be a very favourable specimen of the architecture of that period in France. Very little more was effected until recently, when Napoleon III. resolved to make the Louvre and the Tuileries as nearly as possible parts of one vast building. The space that used to separate the two palaces, called the Place du Carrousel, is a vast square of 930 feet by 850 ; but this is now enclosed by new buildings on the north and south. Another court, called the Place Napoléon, is 600 feet by 400, and this is bounded on the north and south by new buildings still more palatial. The result of all this is, that the Louvre and the Tuileries, in whatever way the interior is occupied, now really form one enormous palace so far as the exterior is concerned, about 600 feet along the west end (Tuileries), 300 on the east end (Louvre), and no less than 1100 feet on the north and south sides, facing the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine.

The most famous civil structure in Spain is unquestionably the Royal Palace of *Escorial*. Commenced in 1563 by Gianbattista, it

was finished several years afterwards by Herrera. Externally the vast mass is singularly destitute of grandeur in design ; but the inner façades around the several courts, and the church in the middle of the whole, are much finer. The quadrangular mass is 680 feet long by 520 wide, or, with certain outworks, 744 by 580. The shorter sides or flanks are little more than plain granite walls pierced with five stories of unornamented square windows, 'with as little design and as little ornament as one generally finds in a Manchester cotton-mill ;' but the main façade is a little more diversified by columns, arches, and pediments. A multitude of courts in the interior, and passages leading from one court to another, have given rise to a story that the Escorial was built in the form of a gridiron, to typify the martyrdom of St Lawrence ; but this idea has not been traced to any authentic source. The great feature of the interior is the church, a grand cathedral-like structure, 320 feet long by 200 wide. The western façade has two bold flanking towers ; and in the centre of the pile is a dome, not so large as some others in Europe, but grand in its general appearance. The church is square in plan, and is divided into a sort of Greek cross by the four great piers and arches of the dome. One of the finest features in the building is what is called the Court of the College, about 140 feet square, with an arcaded cloister in two stories running round its four sides. The central entrance in the main front leads to a well-proportioned atrium or court ; on one side of which is the college, on the other a monastery, and at the further end the church ; and beyond the church are the state apartments of the palace.

The Caserta, or royal palace, at Naples is one of the largest palaces in Europe, being 766 feet long, 500 wide, and 125 high to the top of the balustrade. It was built about a century ago, from the plans of Vanvitelli. Each angle is surmounted by a square pavilion, and a dome crowns the centre. The design is uniform throughout all the four façades, presenting a four-storied range of Italian character. Even the centre of each façade is only slightly broken by a pediment. It is, in fact, something like a Pall Mall club-house of unprecedentedly large dimensions. The mass of the interior is divided into four equal courts or open quadrangles by two ranges of buildings, which contain the state apartments. This arrangement is somewhat remarkable, leaving the whole of the exterior buildings visible to the outer world, to the officers and subordinates of the household. The interior courts present more architectural richness than the exterior façades. Naples no longer being the residence of a sovereign, the Caserta is shorn of some of its importance.

St Petersburg has been called 'a city of palaces ;' no other capital in Europe presenting so numerous an array of vast palatial edifices. Even the barracks for the soldiery, and the offices for the government, are quite palatial in character. True, many of these buildings are only of brick, with ornaments of stucco ; but nevertheless the

aggregate effect is unquestionably majestic. The finest of the buildings is the Imperial Winter Palace, commenced about a century ago on the plans of Rastrelli, and gradually brought to its present state. It is 731 feet long, by 584 wide; being a hollow square, it has a rectangular court in the centre, 385 feet by 300. The main façade is on the banks of the Neva. It is nevertheless an unsatisfactory specimen of architecture, striking only for its vastness. The palace of the Grand-duke Michael, though smaller in size, is considered by men of taste to be superior in design and general effect. All the offices and domestic buildings are placed in the wings, leaving a magnificent central block wholly for the imperial family and suite. The staircase in this block is one of the grandest in Europe; it is in the entrance-hall, a noble apartment 80 feet square, and the whole height of the building.

The *Kremlin* at Moscow is a far more remarkable structure, or rather group of structures, than anything at St Petersburg. It was built five hundred years ago, but has been frequently rebuilt since. It is surrounded with a wall from 12 to 16 feet thick, and from 28 to 50 feet high, with battlements, embrasures, numerous towers, and five gates. The chief buildings within the walls are the Palace of the Czars and the Cathedral. The latter is not large as a cathedral, but is adorned with profuse magnificence; there are more than two thousand paintings on the walls, of angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, czars, czarinas, and patriarchs; and there are numerous highly prized relics. Besides this cathedral, in which the czars are solemnly crowned, there are no less than thirty-one churches within the Kremlin, three of which are known as the cathedrals of St Michael, the Annunciation, and the Transfiguration; the first of these contains the tombs of the Russian sovereigns and grand-dukes, for many centuries. The Kremlin is, in short, an imperial palace embedded in a mass of imperial cathedrals and churches.

The only palace in England worthy of being compared with those on the continent is one which illustrates castellated as well as palatial architecture. Windsor Castle is most magnificently situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the Thames. The Round Tower or Keep is a sort of centre, with the royal apartments on one side, and various adjuncts on the other. The keep is not perfectly circular, being 102 feet in one direction by 93 in the other, and rising 80 feet above a kind of mound on which it stands, with a watch-tower 25 feet high. Starting from this keep, and proceeding from right to left round the buildings which surround the royal court or quadrangle, we come in succession to St George's Gateway; Edward III.'s and George IV.'s Gateways, between Lancaster and York Towers; South Turret; and Victoria Tower. Then we come to the east front, where are Clarence Tower; Chester Tower, with the state drawing-room; and Prince of Wales's Tower, with the state dining-room. Next, on the north side, are Brunswick Tower, an octagon

38 feet in diameter externally, by 100 feet; Cornwall Tower, with the ball-room, 90 feet by 32; Waterloo Gallery, 95 feet by 46; George IV.'s Tower; the State Staircase, 50 feet by 36; Henry VII.'s Building; Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and Norman Tower and Gateway, which bring us round again to the keep. The quadrangle frontages of this vast range of building present numerous vestibules and corridors connected with the state apartments, and with the private apartments of the royal family. Some of these apartments are furnished with palatial magnificence; and the clustering of buildings, varying in date from the Norman times down to those of Victoria, give to this castle a historical interest scarcely paralleled by any other in Europe. But this is not all. On the western side of the keep are St George's Hall and the Royal Chapel, on which much cost has been lavished; and there are a vast number of subsidiary buildings, which render the whole castle a small town in itself. The stables, erected at a cost of £70,000, form quite a distinct structure at a short distance from the castle, and are unquestionably the most magnificent stables in England.

LEGISLATIVE PALACES.

The Palace of Westminster, or Houses of Parliament, is the grandest modern Gothic building in England, and the grandest structure ever devoted to the sittings of a legislative body. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there is another Gothic edifice in the world covering so large an area. The old legislative buildings were burned down in 1834; the present, from the plans of Sir Charles Barry, were commenced after two or three years' delay and consideration, and are not even finished now; nor can they be brought into harmony with the complete design until a total sum of £3,000,000 has been spent on them. The building, in its present form, extends 900 feet in length along the river-front, but about 1000 feet in a line with the Clock-tower. The eastern or river front is a magnificent display of Gothic work—traceries windows, carved mullions, niches, statues, pinnacles, and ornaments being lavished in a degree unequalled in any other modern building in Europe. The statues and the shields-of-arms alone form almost an epitome of the history of England. The whole building covers an area of nearly eight acres, and comprises the enormous number of 1100 apartments and 100 staircases. In a building of such vast magnitude, it is necessary to have many interior open quadrangles or courts, to afford window-light. These (beginning at the northern end) are the Speaker's Court, Star-chamber Court, Commons' Court, Cloister Court, Commons' Inner Court, St Stephen's Court, Peers' Court, Peers' Inner Court, Judges' Court, Chancellor's Court, and Royal Court. Besides the two main chambers—the House of Lords and the House of Commons—the chief apartments and halls are the Queen's Robing-room, the Royal

Gallery, the Norman Arch, the Prince's Chamber, St Stephen's Porch, St Stephen's Hall, the Central Hall, the Peer's Lobby, the Commons' Lobby, Conference Rooms, and Refreshment Rooms. The Victoria Tower, at the south-west angle, is one of the finest Gothic towers in the world, being 340 feet high by 75 feet square. The Central Tower, over the beautiful octagonal Central Hall, is 300 feet high. The Clock-tower, 320 feet high by 40 feet square, contains the celebrated bell weighing 14 tons, and a clock which is now considered to be the most accurate of all the great clocks in Europe, having dials 30 feet in diameter (12 feet larger than those of St Paul's). The chamber in which the Peers meet (popularly known as the 'House of Lords') is so lavishly decorated as to be almost oppressive in its grandeur; sculpture, carving, bronze-work, gilding, painting, and stained glass are so combined as to leave scarcely a square inch of plain surface; while the windows are so high up and so deeply stained as to leave the chamber insufficiently lighted. The dimensions are 97 feet long, 45 feet high, and 45 feet wide. The House of Commons (35 feet shorter than the House of Lords, but the same height and breadth) is much plainer, but is now found to be too small for its intended purpose. The Royal or Victoria Gallery contains two magnificent water-glass fresco paintings by Mr Maclise; there are six other large frescoes in the Peers' Chamber by Maclise, Dyce, Cope, and Horsley; in the corridors on either side of the Central Hall are frescoes on subjects from the history of England, by Ward, Pickersgill, Cross, and other painters; while in the Upper Waiting-hall are subjects from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and other poets. In St Stephen's Hall are statues of twelve statesmen whose eloquence adorned parliament in past days—Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Walpole, Somers, Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Grattan. Taken altogether, this sumptuous building is one of which the nation has reason to be proud, albeit there is a want of space in some of the rooms, and of light in still more.

The finest civil or secular building in America is perhaps the Capitol or legislative palace at Washington. The eastern or principal front consists of a centre 352 feet wide, and two wings which increase the total façade to 751 feet. Each of the three portions has a rich Corinthian portico. In the centre of the whole mass is a dome resting on a drum or tambour, the latter surrounded by a circular colonnade. This dome, when finished, will be 130 feet diameter by 310 feet high; and under it is a fine circular rotunda. The chambers for the two Houses of the legislature are far larger than those of our English legislative palace—one being 139 feet by 93, and the other 112 by 82.

PILLARS AND STATUES.

In imitation of the ancients, the moderns have often erected monuments, trophies, statues, and the like ; but these, though often of exquisite workmanship, are generally of inferior dimensions. Of this class, the London Monument is one of the most remarkable. It is a column of the Doric order, erected to perpetuate the memory of the fire of London in 1666, which broke out near the place where it stands ; and was begun, according to a design of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1671, and finished in 1676. It is 15 feet in diameter, and 202 feet high from the ground ; it stands upon a pedestal 40 feet high and 21 feet square. On the cap of the pedestal are four dragons, the supporters of the city arms, and between them trophies, with symbols of regality, arts, sciences, and commerce. Within is a spiral staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, with iron rails leading to a balcony, which encompasses a cone 32 feet high, and supporting a blazing urn of gilded brass.

Rather a notable example is the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, commenced in 1840, and not finished till 1867. It is formed of Portland stone, and is surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson by Baily, sculptured in Granton granite. The capital is of bronze, the melting down of cannon captured from the French. The square base presents bronze *bassi rilievi* of events which distinguished the career of Nelson—namely, the death of Nelson, by Carew ; the battle of the Nile, by Woodington ; the battle of Copenhagen, by Ternouth ; and the battle of St Vincent, by Watson. Four bronze lions on the pedestal, the only works in sculpture by Sir Edwin Landseer, were finished and set up early in 1867 ; they are among the largest specimens of the kind ever executed.

A multitude of memorial columns have been erected on hill-tops in Great Britain ; such as that near Dunrobin Castle, in Scotland. Most of these derive their importance chiefly from magnificence of situation.

Paris can also boast of several, perhaps of more remarkable, monuments of this kind than any other modern city. The chief of these are the noble column erected in the Place Vendôme, formed on the model of that of Trajan at Rome, covered with bronze castings, representing the achievements of the Grand Army in 1805, and surmounted by a statue of Napoleon ; and the Colonne de Juillet, a large Doric column, erected in the Place de la Bastille in commemoration of the Revolution of 1830, 130 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of the genius of France.

The colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great in the Russian capital, is another of the magnificent achievements of modern art. The monarch is represented in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. This rocky

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pedestal, which consists of a single block of granite, weighing between 1500 and 2000 tons, was quarried at a distance of several miles from the capital, and its conveyance thither was a work of extraordinary difficulty. The column erected in honour of the Emperor Alexander I. is a surprising monolith, being one of the largest yet known. The column is 150 feet high; the pedestal is of granite and bronze; and the shaft consists of a single piece of red granite, 84 feet long and 14 feet in diameter! The column is surmounted by a capital and a small dome in bronze, on which is placed a statue emblematical of Religion.

EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND CRYSTAL PALACES.

International Exhibitions have led to the construction of buildings of unusual vastness. The original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851, covered about 800,000 square feet. It was 1851 feet long (the same figures that represented the date of construction), 408 feet wide, 64 feet high to the main level of the roof, but 108 feet to the top of the centre transept. The ground covered was seven times as large as the area of St Paul's Cathedral. There were 3300 iron columns and 3500 iron girders. There were 4000 tons of iron, 17 acres of glass in the roof, 1500 vertical glazed sashes, 200 miles of sash-bars, and 1,000,000 square feet of flooring (ground-floor and galleries together). Although there was not the slightest pretence to architectural beauty in the building—it being literally nothing but a glass-house—nevertheless, it pleased every one. The novelty, the lightness, the spaciousness, the simplicity, made a favourable impression on most of the persons who saw it; while the unbroken vista, exceeding a third of a mile in length, gave to the interior an effect which had seldom or never been paralleled.

The Exhibition buildings at Dublin and at New York, for the international industrial displays of 1853, were also Crystal Palaces, more elaborate in some of their details, but of far smaller dimensions, and not so productive of a fine interior effect.

The Paris Exhibition of 1855 did not afford suitable means for comparison with the Hyde Park structure; seeing that it was accommodated in four distinct buildings, entirely unlike in character, and almost wholly disconnected. The Manchester Exhibition building of 1857 bore some resemblance to those at Dublin and New York.

The International Exhibition at Brompton in 1862 was in a building which covered 24 acres. The main structure was 1200 feet long by 560 wide, besides two annexes or wings of considerable length. The area roofed in was very little less than 1,000,000 square feet. The southern façade, in Cromwell Road, was of brick; indeed, the southern portion of the whole structure was of brick, for the exhibition of pictures; while the northern portion was of iron, wood, and glass.

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The interior of the chief nave was 100 feet high ; while the east and west ends were surmounted by stupendous domes 160 feet in diameter by 250 in height—among the largest domes ever constructed.

The Paris Exhibition building of 1867 was entirely unlike any that preceded it. It formed a vast oval amphitheatre, nearly three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and covered 35 acres of ground. The exterior was practically a wall of iron, 80 feet high. The interior was divided by avenues or passages into numerous blocks of exhibition space ; those which went radially, from the exterior towards the centre, divided country from country ; while those which ranged concentrically, like the rings in a trunk of timber, divided one class of goods from another. Every gallery was thus a curve or a portion of a curve ; and the whole of these was lighted from the roof by skylights. The centre of the entire structure was occupied by a garden, being the only portion which was not under cover. There were no upper galleries, except in the outer ring for machinery, where there was an elevated platform, which made the entire circuit. Ten thousand tons of iron were used in the building, and 15,000,000 rivets to fasten the various pieces of iron. The length of the building was 1580 feet, and the breadth 1214—not so long by nearly 300 feet as our Hyde Park building in 1851, but vastly greater in breadth, and covering a much greater area of ground. The central garden was 540 feet by 170. The sixteen radial avenues were each about 500 feet long, and received such names as *Rue de France*, *Rue d'Angleterre*, *Rue de Prusse*, &c. The chief avenue, broader and more imposing than the rest, took the direction of the long axis of the oval, and was in fact part of that line ; it was 50 feet broad and 82 high. Vast as the building was, it had little besides its size to recommend it. The subsidiary buildings in the park, occupying the remaining portion of the Champ de Mars, were wholly of a miscellaneous character—imitations of almost every kind of structure—a world in miniature. The Champ de Mars presents a surface of about 500,000 square yards, of which 160,000 were occupied by the Exhibition building, and 340,000 by the surrounding park. The centre of the Champ de Mars being much lower than the outer portions, and it being desirable that this centre should be raised to the same level, a neighbouring hill, called the Trocadero, was made to supply many hundred thousand cubic feet of earth for this purpose.

Two Crystal Palaces for popular amusement, one at Sydenham and one at Muswell Hill, have been constructed in part with the iron and glass of the Hyde Park Exhibition building of 1851, and the Brompton Exhibition building of 1862. One of them, the 'Alexandra Palace and Park,' need not here be described ; but the other, the world-renowned Crystal Palace at Sydenham, is unquestionably the most beautiful glass structure in the world. It is 1600 feet long, 380 feet wide, and no less than 200 high at the centre transept. It

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consists of a nave with three transepts, all having arched roofs ; and the construction is almost wholly of iron and glass. Galleries run round the interior, from which vistas can be obtained of almost matchless beauty. Marble basins and crystal fountains are ranged at intervals along the nave. A magnificent amphitheatre of seats affords unparalleled accommodation for an orchestra of 5000 persons. On either side of the nave are elaborate courts or halls, representing the architecture, sculpture, and mural decoration of the Roman, Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, Pompeiian, Alhambraic or Saracenic, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, Medieval, Renaissance, Palladian, and Elizabethan styles of art. (Such at least was the rich assemblage until the unfortunate fire early in 1867, when much of the northern portion of the Palace, including the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, was destroyed, entailing a loss of not much less than £100,000.) At the north and south ends of the main building, but detached from them, are stupendous water-towers, at least 250 feet high. Water is pumped up into tanks, which surmount the towers, by steam-power ; and the pressure thus obtained supplies water to a grander set of fountains than has ever been exhibited elsewhere. On one of the grand gala-days there are 12,000 jets playing at once, some rising to a height of 250 feet ; and it requires 6,000,000 gallons of water to feed them all. Whether considered in regard to its cost (£1,500,000), its vast magnitude, its external and internal beauty, its profuse illustrations of architecture and sculpture, its grand musical capabilities, its fine botanical and arboricultural collection, its park, its majestic terraces, its marble basins, or its fountains and cascades—the Crystal Palace is probably the finest place of amusement in the world, and its amusements the most wonderful shillingworth.

HOTELS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

Hotel meant, in the middle ages, a nobleman's mansion, or even a municipal building, such as an hôtel de ville ; but in most cases at the present day it is a house for boarding and lodging guests, who come and go whenever they please. Architectural display has never been bestowed upon these buildings in England until recent years ; but some of our railway hotels are now really magnificent buildings. Witness, as an example, the City Hotel, forming the frontage of the Cannon Street Station. Its façade presents one grand scene of decoration from top to bottom—the central mass crowned by a Mansard roof, while the wings are surmounted by pavilions with high truncated roofs ; balconies adorn almost every range of windows. Besides coffee-rooms and bed-rooms for the usual class of hotel visitors, there are a great hall for public dinners and balls, a large room for public meetings, a restaurant, a chop-room, and a

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luncheon-bar. The building is 218 feet in length and 76 feet high, but the pavilion roofs rise to a further height of 32 feet. A tower at the south-east angle, containing a ventilating shaft and the kitchen flue, rises still higher. The ground-floor is mainly occupied by the entrances to the railway station. The next floor above it presents, as its chief feature, the great hall or ball-room, 114 feet long, 41 feet wide, and 36 high—one of the grandest rooms recently built in the city of London. The principal room on the next floor is the room for public meetings, 80 feet long. Another hotel, typical of those which do *not* belong to railway companies, nor adjoin railway stations, is the Langham Hotel, Portland Place. There is a vast cubical mass of building in this edifice. On the ground-floor there is a central courtyard, adorned with fountains and flowers; and around this are the *salle à manger*, a noble dining-room 150 feet long, coffee-room, ladies' coffee-room, library, reading-room, audience and meeting rooms, drawing-rooms, post-office and telegraph-office; while up-stairs, besides the smoking-room and the billiard-room, there are ranges of private apartments and sleeping-rooms soaring to a greater height than any other hotel in England. The kitchen, a room 50 feet by 40, is quite a distinguishing feature; so replete is it with all the best appliances for the practical exercise of the culinary art: the roasting-grate alone is 8 feet wide by 7 feet high.

Paris contains two hotels which have no parallels in England for magnitude. One is called the *Grand Hôtel*, and the other the *Grand Hôtel du Louvre*, and each has between 600 and 700 bed-rooms. America has gone beyond even Paris in the magnitude of its hotels, especially in the instance of the Irving House, the Astor, and the St Nicholas Hotels at New York, and the Mount Vernon Hotel at New Jersey. As specimens of architecture, these immense buildings hardly call for detailed description, they being little else externally than windowed stories rising one above another to a great height; but some of the curiosities and marvels of one of the hotels have been summarised in the following brief way: 'Eight hundred bed-rooms under one roof; three hundred servants; a steam laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes!); the beef of one thousand oxen cooked and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; a mile and a half of verandahs and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water baths to every bed-room; and a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished as to be charged at ten guineas a day.'

Clubs are to so remarkable an extent an English institution, that we need not go out of our own country to seek examples of them. So far as regards architectural character, we may select one club-house (the *Reform*) as an illustration of the whole.

The Reform Club-house, on the south side of Pall Mall, built by

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the late Sir Charles Barry, is 140 feet wide by 110 deep. There are two façades which have nine windows on a floor, and one which has eight. The style is of that Italian palazzo kind which does not depend upon porticoes, colonnades, arches, towers, pinnacles, or domes, but upon a bold mass of decorated windowed surface; and the general effect has met with marked approval. There is a beautiful cortile or covered court in the centre of the building, 56 feet long, 50 wide, and 54 high. The coffee-room, on the garden-front, is a grand apartment, 112 feet by 28. The news-room, dining-room, drawing-room, library, card-rooms, are all handsome portions of the building. It was in the kitchen of the Reform Club-house that M. Soyer established his renown as a *chef de cuisine*.

THEATRES AND OPERA-HOUSES.

Instead of describing, in our limited space, any one of the numerous opera-houses and theatres of Europe, we will give in a condensed form some comparative figures, from Fergusson's *History of Modern Architecture*.

OPERA-HOUSES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Milan, La Scala.....	105	87	77
Naples, San Carlo.....	100	85	74
Genoa.....	95	82	80
London, Her Majesty's.....	95	75	45
" Covent Garden.....	89	80	89
St Petersburg.....	87	70	100
Paris, Académie.....	85	80	82
Parma.....	82	74	76
Venice.....	82	78	48
Munich.....	80	75	87
Madrid.....	79	89	55
Darmstadt.....	72	62	70
Berlin.....	70	55	58
Vienna.....	65	55	72
Turin.....	90	71	110

La Scala, at Milan, is the greatest in depth of audience part, and the Vienna the least; the Madrid opera-house is the greatest in width, and the Berlin and Vienna the least; the Madrid is the greatest in width of curtain, and Berlin the least; the Turin is the greatest in depth of stage, and our own opera-house in the Haymarket decidedly the least; the height over the pit varies from 84 feet in San Carlo at Naples, to 51 at Darmstadt.

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A similar comparison is made between

DRAMATIC THEATRES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Versailles.....	77	65	82
Marseille.....	76	65	50
Paris, Historique.....	70	65	42
" Italien.....	60	65	46
Hamburg.....	70	67	65
Bordeaux.....	65	64	70
Mayence.....	65	60	46
Lyon.....	64	66	75
Berlin.....	64	60	70
Antwerp.....	60	58	58
Carlsruhe.....	60	66	50
London, Drury Lane.....	70	70	48
" Haymarket.....	57	48	33
" Lyceum.....	55	52	40
" Adelphi.....	51	56	47

Here we must close. It would be easy, if space allowed, to notice many other classes or groups of buildings which have something about them either of the wonderful or the curious. As a single room, of which the outside is scarcely visible at all, perhaps one of the most remarkable and original in Europe, and the most admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed, is the new Reading-room at the British Museum. Circular in plan, and with a domed ceiling, it admits of being lighted both from the sides and from the top; it secures an effective interior; it affords unexampled accommodation to readers, with wall and press space for 100,000 volumes. The room is about 140 feet in diameter, and the height to the central skylight 108 feet. The dimensions nearly equal those of the Pantheon at Rome. Tables for about 300 readers are placed radially, like the spokes of a wheel, with an ample supply of room, light, chairs, pens, ink, paper, knives, &c. It is one of the few modern English buildings which every one praises. A beautiful new reading-room was opened at Paris in 1868, in the Imperial Library. It consists of a central square room, surrounded by semicircular arcades. The roof consists of nine cupolas of enamelled porcelain, resting on sixteen columns; the centre of each cupola having a circular skylight. There are 345 chairs, desks, and tables, for an equal number of readers. About 40,000 volumes are ranged round the room, in three balconies or galleries; and a large doorway gives access to a number of rooms in which the rest of the books are kept.



‘TIME ENOUGH.’

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, ‘Burnt *Aigle*.’ His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no ‘people,’ no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle’s donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean, but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him Burnt

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Aigle ; all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a gray pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not : he called them Bess and Bell ; and till they were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, Burnt Eagle remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to ‘how he managed to keep so comfortable, and rear the children :’ his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed—in his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather-brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey ; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters : these were few, and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving-box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees : there he would sit ; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man’s hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into snatches of songs, half-English, half-Irish ; for though sharp-mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted ; and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his melodies were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle-strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring-tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time ‘Crab Hall,’ as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said it was not safe to live in it ; but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a gray cat, and certainly were never disturbed by anything worse than their neighbours, or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle’s ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling ; and accordingly, after repairing it, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of, to go on slaving himself for

nothing. What would ail a lone man to live in our town?—wasn’t that enough for him? It would be ‘time enough’ to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time ; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or anything else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty ; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds ; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling ; the neighbours said it would be ‘time enough’ to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had everything ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped, not until then did he commence : and though the neighbours again said ‘it would be “time enough” to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty when the garden was to the fore,’ Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow : the fence was formed round the little enclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand ; these stones the donkey drew up when his day’s work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

‘Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear,’ said Mrs Radford, the net-maker’s wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocher** was doing at the place, ‘that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man ! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at?’

‘Why, I thought I tould ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the *tight* stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here ;

* A lame man.

I understand flowers, and the gentry’s ready to buy them ; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they’ll grow of themselves while I’m doing something else. Isn’t it a beautiful thing to think of that !—how the Lord helps us to a great deal if we only do a *little* towards it !’

‘How do you make that out?’ inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. ‘All that’s wanted of us,’ he said, ‘is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn’t God’s goodness do all the rest?’

‘But it would be “time enough,” sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready,’ said his neighbour, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

‘And have all the neighbours’ pigs right through it the next morning?’ retorted the old man, laughing ; ‘no, no, that’s not *my* way, Mrs Radford.’

‘Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle,’ said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

‘Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma’am?’ inquired Burnt Eagle.

‘No, I thank ye kindly ; it’s not out, I see,’ she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

‘That’s a bad plan,’ observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

‘What is, Aigle dear?’

‘Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma’am ; it might chance to burn ye, and it’s sure to waste the tobacco.’

‘Augh!’ exclaimed the wife, ‘what long heads some people have ! God grant we may never want the bit o’ tobacco ! Sure it would be hard if we did ; we’re bad enough off without that.’

‘But if ye *did*, ye know, ma’am, ye’d be sorry ye wasted it ; wouldn’t ye?’

‘Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it.’

‘If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house’ (‘Lord defend us!’ ejaculated the woman), ‘what would you do?’

‘Is it what would I do? bedad, that’s a quare question. I’d pervint him, to be sure.’

‘And *that’s* what I want to do with the poverty,’ he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth ; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. ‘Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it.’

‘Ah, thin, how?’ said Mrs Radford.

‘By forethought, prudence ; never to let a farthing’s worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes

the most of us—we ought to make the most of him ; so I’ll go on with my work, ma’am, if you please ; I can work and talk at the same time.’

Mrs Radford looked a little affronted ; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, ‘Fair and aisy goes far in a day.’

‘So it does ma’am ; nothing like it ; it’s wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I’m tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs ; and when I’m wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough ; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather ! And when I’ve had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms.’

‘We burn that,’ said Mrs Radford.

‘There’s plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting ; it’s a sin, where there’s so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips,’ replied Eagle.

‘Bedad, I don’t know what ill-luck sea-timber might bring,’ said the woman.

‘Augh ! augh ! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, maybe, extravagance.’

‘Well, thin, Aigle dear !’ exclaimed Mrs Radford, ‘what’s come to ye to talk of extravagance?—what in the world have poor cray-thurs like us to be extravagant with?’

‘Yer time,’ replied Burnt Eagle, with particular emphasis ; ‘yer time.’

‘Ah, thin, man, sure it’s “time enough” for us to be thinking of that whin we can *get anything for it*.’

‘*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma’am : the only work it’ll ever do of itself, if it’s let alone, will be destruction.’

‘Well !’ exclaimed Mrs Radford indignantly, ‘it’s a purty pass we’re come to, if what we do in our own place is to be *comed* over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I’d like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man ! If my husband *did* go to the whisky shop, I’ll pay him off for it myself ; it’s no business of yours ; and maybe we’ll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man’s trade, and making gentlemen’s houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills ; doing what nobody ever did before ! It won’t have a blessing—mark my words ! Ye’re an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it’s rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *unknownst*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast.’

‘I have nothing that doesn’t pay duty,’ replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. ‘I don’t go to deny that the Excise is hard upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I’d rather have no call to what I don’t rightly understand. I am sure ye’re heartily welcome to anything I have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbages, and I’m sure’——

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him.

‘We are ould residents in the place, and don’t want any of your improvements, Misther Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir,’ she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their ‘own sweet will’ in places of dirt and danger—‘I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We’re not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we’re not giving up every bit of innocent diversion for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!’

‘Woman!’ exclaimed Burnt Eagle fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, who, astonished at the generally placid man’s change, drew back in terror; ‘go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who’s right and who’s wrong.’

‘Well, I’m sure!’ said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, ‘to think of that now! how he turns on us like a wild baste out of his sand-hole, and we in all frindship! Well, to be sure—sure there was “time enough”’——

‘Mammy, mammy!’ shouted one of the seven ‘hopes’ of the Radford family, ‘ye’re smoking behind, ye’re smoking behind!’

‘Oh, the marcy of Heaven about me!’ she exclaimed, ‘Burnt Aigle’s a witch; it’s he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I’m murdered intirely through the likes of him! I’ve carried a live-coal in my pocket many’s the day, and it never sarved me so before! Oh, it’s throe, I’m afeared, what’s said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy purtect me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be sarved so. Don’t come near me—I’ll put it out meself; oh, to think of the beautiful *gownd*, bran-new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear? Oh, it’s yer mother’s made a show of before the country to plase him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that *now*, and never to think of it afore! Oh, sorra was in me to come near yer improvements!’

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‘Mammy,’ interrupted the eldest boy, ‘don’t be hard upon Burnt Aigle ; there’s the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago.’

‘Oh, sure it’s not going to put the holy man’s advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle’s ! Come, we’ll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful *gownd* before I came out, but thought it would be “time enough” whin I’d go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford.’ And away she went fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford’s second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

‘Ye’re not a witch, are ye, daddy?’ she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe, in his face.

‘No, darlint.’

‘’Twas the coal done it—wasn’t it?’

‘It was.’

‘Well, good-night, Burnt Aigle ; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all or have it all out—the same thing, you know. I hav’nt forgot the purty noggin you gave me ; only it hurts mother to see how you get on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy ; so just go on yer own way, and don’t heed *us*. Mother wants *that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries* ; but I’ll larn of ye, Daddy Aigle, if ye’ll tache me ; only don’t bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand against.’ And after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and who would have been a credit to any country if she had been well managed—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of ‘Peggy Bawn.’

‘It’s truth she says—God’s truth, anyway,’ said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. ‘It’s truth ; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement ; they’d be ready to tear my eyes out if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part ; and the carelessness of their landlords, part ; the want of sufficient employment, a great part ; and, above all, their being *satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better*. As long as they’re content with salt and potato, they try for nothing else. Set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he’ll look, and why shouldn’t you get as good, Paddy aghra ! But no ; you won’t ; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would

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make you equal to anything the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven’t the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head than your own?’ The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop-shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle’s first settlement in what I still call ‘my neighbourhood.’ I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was ‘time enough’ to mend the boat; ‘it had taken the boys often, and why not now?’ But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. ‘Judy,’ said my mother, ‘if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for manure.’

‘Och, ma’am, wont it be “time enough” to gather it when we have the seed potatoes?—sure it *was always there, and the young ducks would be lost without it.*’

‘Such a heap of impurity must be unhealthy.’

‘We has the health finely, thank God! if we had everything else;’ and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. ‘Indeed, ma’am,’ she continued, ‘the ill-luck is after us: my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us sure enough; but we thought there was “time enough,” and Bill Deasy, who’s put up to all sorts of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise.’

‘Well, did Ailey get the flax-wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?’

‘Oh, ma’am, there it is again; I kep her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be “time enough” to be throubling yer honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand’s turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lint it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she’d* be “time enough,” and she hurt her feelings,

saying, “she thought we’d had enough of ‘time enough’ among us before.” It was very sharp of her; people can’t help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocher*, that’s made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself.’

‘I must say a word for Burnt Eagle,’ said my mother; ‘he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn.’

‘And very impudent of him to say that, whin the gentry war so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!’ said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher’s* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood’s ready tears had been some time previously excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend; for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of everything, was in this particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it: one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey’s grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

‘It can’t be any hurt to a dead animal, sir,’ he said, ‘and yet I can’t do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me. I know the skin would be useful; and the times are hard; but I can’t, sir, I can’t; *it would be like skinning a blood relation*!’ and he threw the knife from him. The finest sea-pinks of the banks grow on the donkey’s grave!

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as I ever saw in England: they are not common—would to God they were!—yet I *have* seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were far less numerous, and Burnt Eagle’s was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular: the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the cockle-strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishes and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which

were placed a few articles of earthenware, was white and clean : a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearth-stone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one ; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. 'As to Mrs Radford,' he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, 'the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and *that* ought to tache her : those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied ; for if it's a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time : the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there's a dale of good done up and down through the counthry, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them !—*stick to the sod* ; and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors ; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice ; and I'm welcome to high and low ; not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion : indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford : but Ailey will do well, poor girleen !—she always took to dacency.'

'You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others ; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed,' said my mother.

'Thank you, my lady, for the compliment ; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, "NEVER TO THINK THERE WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT WANTED DOING." I've a great respect for time, madam ; it's a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and ould—ould in its grateness, yet new to thousands ; it's God's natural riches to the world ; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to eternity ; it's the only true tacher of wisdom—it's the Interpreter of all things—it's the miracle of life—it's flying in God's face to ill-use it, or abuse it ; it's too precious to waste, too dear to buy it ; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer ! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too : do, dear, remember poor Burnt Aigle's words, never to think it "TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT IT'S TIME TO DO."'

'I wish,' said my mother, 'that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept.' The old man's lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly ; his eyes were riveted as by a spell ; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed ; his mouth twitched as by a sudden bitter pain ; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him ; and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was

sacred ; that he should be alone ; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe-struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

'Stay, stay, miss,' he muttered.

'Sit down ; you are not well,' said my mother.

'Look at that child,' he continued, without heeding her observation ; 'she is your only one, the only darlint ye have ; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me.' He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly ; I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house ; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow ; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle's daughter had been 'very naughty,' but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the *character* of my story, but is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew anything of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. 'I wanted it,' he said, 'to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes.'

'I think I wrapt it round the biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle,' said mamma, 'but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is executed by this time ; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children ; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night.'

'And the two children?'

'They were both girls, one a mere baby ; there was nothing more said about them.'

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little, and talked less of Ralph Blundel ; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without anything in his creels. This was in itself remarkable ; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing,

some another. Mrs Radford hinted, ‘the good people had got him at last,’ and began to speculate on the chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him notwithstanding. ‘Oh, Burnt Eagle!’ I exclaimed, ‘Gray Fan staved in Peggy’s best milk-pail, and cook wants some new cabbagenets; and I’ve got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting-pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?’ and I stood on tiptoe to peep in; but instead of nets or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, ‘Is that your little girl?’ but I remembered our last meeting.

‘That’s little Bell, miss,’ he said, and his voice was low and mournful. ‘Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess,’ and his smile was as sad as any other person’s tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep as Burnt Eagle’s own. He wished me good-bye, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned, full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle’s cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protégées: the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man’s emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle’s sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—‘Bess and Bell of Crab Hall,’ or ‘Bess and Bell Burnt Aigle,’ or ‘Bess and Bell of the sand-hills.’

For a long time after the old man’s return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared ‘there was no pleasing him.’ By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old, gentle, and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from

any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. ‘I can work for the girleens still,’ he would say; ‘and by the time I can’t, please God they’ll be able to work for themselves; there’s many wants help worse than me.’ It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nosegays, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said ‘it would be “time enough” another time;’ and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, ‘that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow.’ The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were often asked, and always given.

When we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said: ‘Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil; that there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I’ve spoke to the gentry about it,’ he said, ‘but they say “they’ll see about it,” and it’ll be “time enough.” *If my grave could overlook a little set of boats,*’ he added, ‘going out from our own place, I’d rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to “time enough,” the time will never come!’

I saw the old man no more; but the last time I visited Kilbaggin I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July, and Bess and Bell—the former being not only a wife, but a mother—had come to shew me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green-sward that covered his remains. ‘He died beloved and respected by rich and poor,’ said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), ‘and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvaneys met it without wheeling one shillala, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory, for the fine example he set the counthry, and the love he bore it.’



CHEVY-CHASE.



OD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

CHEVY-CHASE.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow-deer :
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take ;
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer ;
Quoth he : ' Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here :

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay ;'
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

' Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.'
' Then cease your sports,' Earl Percy said,
' And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

CHEVY-CHASE.

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.'

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Shew me,' said he, 'whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said : ' We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

' Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside.'
' Accursed be he,' Earl Percy said,
' By whom this is denied.'

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said : ' I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls,' said Witherington,
' And I a squire alone :

CHEVY-CHASE.

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,*
As chieftain stout and good ;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth ! it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might :
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight :

* This and the three ensuing stanzas were substituted by Dr Percy for one which he considered obscure, as follows :

'To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent ;
Two captains moved with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.'

CHEVY-CHASE.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

‘Yield thee, Lord Percy,’ Douglas said ;
‘In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.’

‘No, Douglas,’ saith Earl Percy then,
‘Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.’

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words than these :
‘Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.’

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said : ‘ Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

In truth ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.’

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

CHEVY-CHASE.

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain :
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
To the hard head haled he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.*

* This stanza is from the old ballad, as being preferable in all respects to the corresponding one in the new :

' For Witherington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.'

CHEVY-CHASE.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain :

'O heavy news,' King James did say,
'Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

CHEVY-CHASE.

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Since 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown ;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die ;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.*

*The popular ballad of Chevy-Chase, here reprinted, is believed to have been written about the year 1600 ; but it was not an original composition. There was an older ballad of somewhat greater length, and more rudely constructed, as might be expected in a composition of earlier age. They are both printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It is now believed that these ballads have no more than a foundation in fact. There certainly existed in the fourteenth century a strong feeling of rivalry between the English Earl of Northumberland and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, and this had in general ample occasion for display in the wars then carried on between the two countries. In 1388, during the reigns of Richard II. of England and Robert III. of Scotland, the Scots under Douglas invaded and ravaged the English border. They were met at Otterbourne by an English party under Henry Percy (surnamed Hotspur), son of the Earl of Northumberland, when a keen contest took place, which resulted in the captivity of Percy by the Scots, who, however, had their triumph saddened by the death of their brave commander. The known incidents of this fight furnish the chief materials of the ballad, both in its ancient and comparatively modern form : but here a difficulty meets us. There is no historical record of such an occasion for a battle as the hunting of Cheviot holds forth. It is nevertheless not improbable that, amidst the mutual jealousies of these great lords, a Percy might indulge in such a freak as hunting upon the grounds of his enemy, the Douglas, and that a battle might be the consequence ; and indeed a fight did take place between these lords at Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, in 1436. This might be the battle which the poet meant to describe ; but, writing perhaps a hundred years after even that later incident, he might easily confound the two conflicts, and give the *transactions* of the one in connection with the *occasion* of the other.

The modern version of Chevy-Chase is mainly an improvement upon the original ; but it is scarcely so good in a few particular passages, and in one the meaning of the old writer has been mistaken. This ballad has for ages been admired by the learned and refined, as well as by the common people.

Chevy-Chase, the scene of the ballad, was the extensive hunting-ground afforded by the Cheviot Hills between Scotland and England—then partially covered with wood, and stocked with deer and roe, though now bare, and devoted to sheep-pasture alone.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF
BETHNAL-GREEN.*

FIT FIRST.

IT was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright :
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say :
' Good father and mother, let me go away
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be.'
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so bright,
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

* This popular English ballad is believed to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth. Like almost every other ballad which has been preserved principally by tradition, there are various versions of it, all less or more differing from each other. The version we have adopted is that which has appeared in *The Book of British Ballads*, a work of great elegance and taste, edited by Mr S. C. Hall, having been revised by him from the version in Dr Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* and a black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. The ballad in the British Museum is entitled *The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-Green. Printed by and for W. Ouley; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye Corner.* With reference to one of the main events in the ballad, history mentions that at the decisive battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side; and in consequence of that defeat his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. The 'angel,' a coin alluded to in the ballad, was of gold, and of the value of about ten shillings. It received its name from having on one side a representation of archangel Michael killing the dragon.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go :
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the highway ;
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she,
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend ;
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;
They craved her favour, but still she said ' No ;
I would not wish gentles to marry with me :'
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night :
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suitor, and proper withal :
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say :
' My father and mother I mean to obey ;
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie.'

To every one this answer she made ;
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said :
' This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie ?'

' My father,' she said, ' is soon to be seen ;
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.'

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

'Nay, then,' said the merchant, 'thou art not for me :'
'Nor,' said the innholder, 'my wife thou shalt be :'
'I loathe,' said the gentle, 'a beggar's degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie !'

'Why, then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.'
'Nay, soft,' said his kinsmen, 'it must not be so ;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie.'

But soon after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away.
The young men of Rumford, as sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straightway he see
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar : 'Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door ;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.'

With that an angel he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound :
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place wherein they did sit,
With gold it was covered every whit ;
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Said : 'Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'
'Then marry,' said he, 'my girl to this knight ;
And here,' added he, 'I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.'

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bethnal-Green ;
And all those that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the knight,
And then made a lady in others' despite :
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fit shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

FIT SECOND.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,
All the discourse thereof you did see,
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates sweet
Were bought to the banquet, as it was most meet ;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen,
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal-Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,
With music performed by the skilfulest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun ;
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles : ' Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.'
' My lords,' said the bride, ' my father's so base,
He is loath with his presence these states to disgrace.'

' The praise of a woman in question to bring
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;
But we think thy father's baseness,' said they,
' Might by thy beauty be clean put away.'

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak ;
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he ;
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,
Said : ' Please you to hear any music of me,
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie.'

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play ;
And after that lessons were played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicately.

' A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her fairness might well be a queen ;
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree ;
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessie.'

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were ready to swound ;
At last said the lords : ' Full well we may see
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes ;
' Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,' saith she,
' That through blind affection thus doteth on me.'

' If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
' Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree ;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee beware
(And look that the truth thou to us do declare),
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.'

' Then give me leave, nobles and gentles each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that it may not win good report,
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,
Once chief of all the great barons was he ;
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttimes he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Evesham plain,
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain ;
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie !

Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he,
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain ;
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

And now lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's array ;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

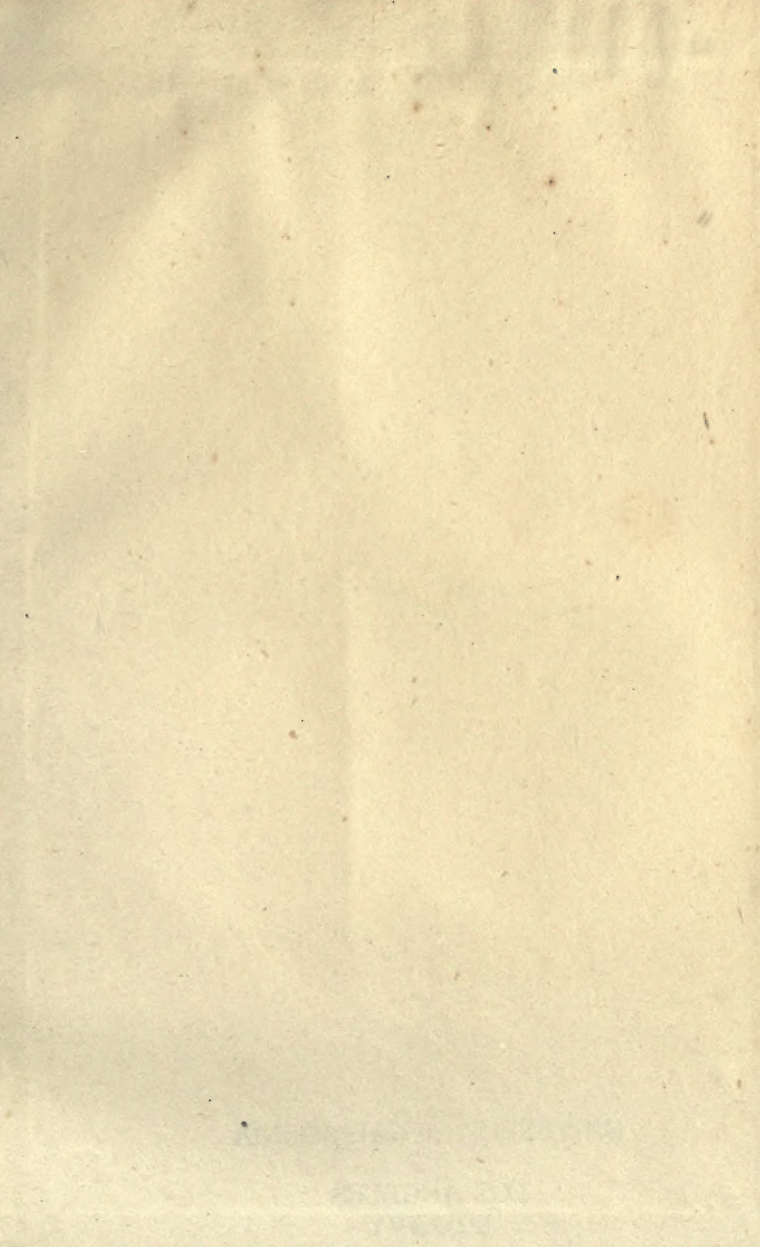
And here have we lived in fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight ;
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green.]

And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one that once to your own rank did belong ;
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie.'

Now when the fair company every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shewn,
They all were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying : 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race ;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.'

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight ;
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight ;
In joy and felicity long lived he
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.



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